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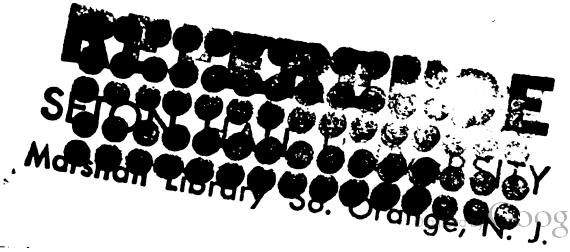

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THE

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

JANUARY, 1819.

ART. I.—*The Resources of the United States of America; or, a View of the Agricultural, Commercial, Financial, Political, Literary, Moral, and Religious Character of the American People.* By John Bristed, Counsellor at Law, Author of 'The Resources of the British Empire.' New York, March, 1818. 8vo. pp. 505.

MORE than half a century has elapsed since the commencement of those disputes between England and her North American colonies which finally terminated in their disunion. The events which followed the separation have contradicted the expectations of the enlightened statesmen of England and the shrewd and calculating politicians of America; who alike supposed that the prosperity of Great Britain was dependent upon the increase and the continued submission of her transatlantic dominions.

It now appears to those who are not so intimately acquainted with the views and feelings commonly entertained in England from the passing of the Stamp Act in 1765 to the beginning of the revolutionary war in 1775 as to make allowance for them, that a kind of infatuation must have possessed their countrymen and their governors; they would not otherwise have expected, that a country like North America, at such a distance from the seat of power—with habits and prejudices averse from any but corporation governments—without an ecclesiastical establishment, or an order of nobility—could, when its population and wealth should be considerably increased, continue in subjection to the country that peopled it. Thinking men had, indeed, looked forward to a time when a separation would of necessity take place, but that period was considered so distant, and the means by which it might be brought about so doubtful, that scarcely any one had viewed it as an event likely to happen within his own time, and had therefore never turned his attention to its practical effects. It is useless now to speculate on what might have been the consequence, if the English government had voluntarily renounced its controul over North America, and left the people to construct the edifice of a civil constitution for themselves. Fortunately, perhaps, for the United States, the bustle of military employment, which allowed no leisure for political speculation, induced them to continue their civil institutions as they found them; hence few deviations were made from their

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their established political and judicial forms and principles but such as were dictated by necessity; and from the declaration of their Independence in 1776 to its final establishment in 1783, the new government became so blended with their former institutions, that they could scarcely have been separated except by some great internal convulsion.

In tracing the causes which have forwarded the prosperity of North America, we shall find the foundation of them all to be laid in the English constitution and the English laws. In a country the far greater portion of whose population is planted in hamlets and villages, and whose employment is chiefly the cultivation of the soil, the security of persons and property is the most essential ingredient in public prosperity. The laws of England are the best foundation for this security, and these, throughout the United States, have regulated the decisions of their courts of justice. The trial by jury, the gratuitous administration of inferior and local law by justices of the peace, the unbought police by sheriffs, coroners, and constables, are all derived from similar institutions of the parent state, and are adhered to with a strictness, which their practical effect on both countries fully justifies.

The Legislature is composed of a few (principally from Virginia and Maryland) whose hereditary property and family connections create an influence; of some who are elected into it on account of supposed talents, or merits; and of too many others, because they have flattered the lowest passions of the populace, or intrigued with their voluble leaders. The landed proprietors are the most considerable, the lawyers the most prominent, but there is a sufficient number of other descriptions to make the whole a pretty fair representation of the mind and knowledge of the community.

The Senate, or upper house, is the concentration of the aristocracy of the state-governments which it represents. These governments are checks on the superabundant influence of the executive power, and the Senate has, occasionally, been found highly useful in calming and suspending the will of the people when clamorous to their own injury.*

The two Houses, thus constituted, though they may sometimes suffer themselves to be led away by the abstract reasonings of

* A late American senator, Governeur Morris, in a debate on the *judiciary law*, when one of his opponents had been urging as an argument the popularity of the repeal, thus expressed himself, 'Examine the annals of history—look into the records of time—see what has been the ruin of every republic—the vile love of popularity—why are *we here*?—to save the people from their most dangerous enemy, to save them from themselves.—What caused the ruin of the republics of Greece and Rome?—Demagogues, who by flattery gained the aid of the people to establish despotism.' From these obvious truths the Americans revolted, and Mr. Morris was never after elected to any public station.

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theorists, and the violence of party spirit, yet in their ordinary proceedings, and in those local and domestic regulations which are of most importance to the rights of property, are considerably influenced by habit and by regard for former usages. The courts of law and the houses of legislature are open to public observation, the national accounts are fully displayed, and an unlicensed press gives free circulation to the opinions and the reasonings of opposite parties.

The federal constitution of the United States was formed before the impression made on the minds of its framers by their own invectives against monarchy had been corrected by cool reflection; and before they had discovered the absolute necessity that the executive government should be armed with extensive power. Washington and some others felt this necessity, and endeavoured to confer on the President such powers as are required by the ruler of a great country; but the state-governments and the popular party were actuated by jealousy, and such fetters were imposed on the executive as tended to weaken and injure it. During the latter part of the short war with this country, such serious altercations had commenced with some of the most considerable of the state-governments, as threatened to dissolve the Union, and to leave to each the business of conducting its own defence. Mr. Hopkinson, a distinguished member of congress, in giving his approbation to the treaty of peace with England, said,

'The federal government was at the last gasp of existence. But six months longer, and it was no more. Yes, Sir, trust me, that but for this providential peace, you and I would not be here listening to proud declamations on the glory of the war; we should have heard nothing of a congress at this time, but as a thing that once was; we should have had no profound plottings about a next president; no anxious longings for federal offices; the general government would have dissolved into its original elements; its power would have returned to the states from which it was derived. Does not every body remember that all the great states, and, I believe, the small ones too, were preparing for this state of things, and organizing their own means for their own defence?'

As the election of President is an exhibition of the relative strength of parties, and as the party which obtained the preponderance about sixteen or seventeen years ago wishes to perpetuate its power, it is found necessary to confine almost the whole patronage of the executive government to those who will support that party: by strictly adhering to this system, the future choice of president will continue, as it has lately been, the work of a few individual members of Congress, who, in an assembly; or, as it is termed in their dialect, a *caucus*, dictate, under the appearance of

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a recommendation, what person shall be chosen to fill the office. The president thus becomes dependent on his party; and provided the suitor for office be supported by them, his morals, his talents, and his knowledge are secondary considerations. Practical illustrations of the evils arising from this dependence may be found in many of the most important offices of the government of the United States.

Towards the close of the American war, the discontent and disappointment arising from it strengthened the internal factions in England, and, as usual, they assumed the character of reformers. Many of them, like their successors of the present day, were full of idle theories and impracticable expedients, among which was that of excluding all officers of government from the legislature. The Americans had been taught to consider those factions as their friends; and, as such, they looked up to them as oracles of political wisdom: they conceived it possible, in their simplicity, to construct a frame of government, in which no common feelings should exist between the legislative and the executive power, and in which the remunerations for services to the public should be less than could be gained by the application of talent and assiduity to any other object. This hopeful plan they have reduced, in some measure, to practice; and Mr. Bristed, an avowed republican, shall tell us with what effect. We should receive with hesitation, the evidence of one who venerated the principle of any legitimate European government; and after all, perhaps, scarcely give that implicit credit to it, which we are bound to yield to this gentleman, who, whilst his facts show the evil of these projects, labours by his reasonings to approve them. Our doubts would arise from disbelieving the possibility of such communities existing, even for the very short period that America has been independent, without a greater degree of confusion than has hitherto appeared; for we join in the opinion of our author, though we cannot applaud his imagery, 'that the United States are now revolutionary, and contain within them the seeds of those sudden changes which scatter upon the wings of ruin all the labours and products of past experience, and mock the hopes of all human expectation.'

After noticing that some of the judges are appointed in one manner, some in another, he says,

'Throughout the separate states, whatever may be the mode of appointing or the official tenure of the supreme judges, the justices and judges of the Common Pleas and other inferior courts are generally appointed during pleasure, and receive their income from the fees of office; whence litigation is grievously encouraged among the poorer classes of the community, and a horrible perversion of justice corrupts the whole body of the commonwealth.

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'The laws of this country generally favour the *debtor* at the expense of the creditor, and so far encourage dishonesty. The number of insolvents, in every state, is prodigious and continually increasing. They very seldom pay any part of their debts, but get discharged by the state insolvent acts with great facility, secrete what property they please for their own use, without the creditors being able to touch a single stiver. There is no bankrupt law in the United States, and no appeal in these matters to the federal courts; whence in every state the insolvent acts operate as a general jail delivery of all debtors, and a permanent scheme by which creditors are defrauded of their property. The British merchants and manufacturers who have trusted our people doubtless understand this.'*

Among the numerous institutions to which England is indebted for its comforts, its security, and its prosperity, we cannot but consider our courts of law to be the most prominent. There is a peculiar character of dignity attached to our judges, which gives them a respectability, almost allied to religious veneration. The nature of their education which requires a considerable degree of seclusion, and their stations which forbid them from being foremost in the circles of even innocent levity, have a tendency to raise their characters, and to inspire a confidence in their decisions, which must be unknown to the people of America. We hear of one of their judges appearing on the bench with a countenance battered in a boxing-match; of another shot because he had approached to attack his neighbour with pistols in his bosom and a concealed dagger; of some engaged in duels as principals and seconds, and of others posted as cowards for declining such contests. In the management of elections, in the fraud of substituting one set of ballots for another, on which the success of the candidate often depends, the judges are the most adroit actors.

If our judges were chosen by the populace, they must court that populace; if they were appointed for a short period, or were removable by the will of a popular and local assembly, they would be deprived of that independence which, as much as their learning, gives weight and character to their judgments. If, as in America, a man could not fill the office of judge after he had attained the age of sixty,

* 'In a single city,' (New York) the author assures us that 'more than six thousand of its inhabitants were declared insolvent in one year.' We could not have believed this alarming fact on less authority than that of Mr. Bristed, who, from his professional knowledge, must be accurately acquainted with the numbers.

'America (he says) has profited in more ways than one by British capital; that is to say, has grown rich, not merely by the amount and length of credit which the merchants of Britain have given her, but also by her own numberless insolvents having made it a point of conscience never to pay a single stiver to a British creditor. From the peace of 1783 to 1789, the British manufacturers did not receive *one third* of the value of all the goods, which they sold to their American customers; and since the peace of 1815, up to the present hour, they have not received *one-fourth*. This horrible piracy upon British property is supported if not created by our system *of state insolvent* laws.'

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this country would have been deprived of some of the most learned, enlightened and honourable men that ever adorned the bench. We do not notice the discrepancy between the laws of different states, though it is a field in which it would be easy to expatiate, and is fruitful in innumerable evils; but that crimes committed in one part of the United States should not be punishable in another, we could not have believed without the authority before us. 'For example, (says Mr. Bristed,) if a man steals a horse or kills his neighbour here in New York, and crosses the ferry into the state of New Jersey, he may escape punishment altogether, for the New Jersey law takes no cognizance of a crime committed in the state of New York, and the New York law has no jurisdiction in the state of New Jersey.' A chance indeed, he adds, exists of inflicting punishment, through a provision in the federal constitution; but this constitutional provision has so little efficacy in preventing crimes, that it is the common practice to pass from one state to another to fight duels, 'which are much more common than in any other country, and more murderous from the superior practice and skill, and the more deliberate deadly coolness with which the Americans aim at each other's life.'

Whilst, from the causes we have seen, the judges are without weight or dignity, the practitioners, who are advocates, solicitors, attornies, proctors, conveyancers, and special pleaders at the same time, exercise their wit if they have any, or their virulence, which they all have, towards those of their profession whom the populace have degraded to the bench. The law is the repository of American talent; that talent however does not often find its way to the station of judge, but is directed to intrigues for offices of state: hence the bar is the school in which their statesmen have been educated, and hence they have learned all those low practices of vulgar chicanery which are easily imbibed in a profession that teaches acuteness, but is not sufficiently elevated to inspire integrity. All the presidents since Washington, with the exception of Adams, have been lawyers. The secretaries of state, of the navy, and of the treasury, and the diplomatic agents, have been almost uniformly of the same profession; and it may be truly said that the people of America, if not priest-ridden like the Spaniards, are in a worse state, for they are lawyer-ridden.

The practical effect of teaching that the executive should not mix with the legislative power has been to exclude lawyers of the best talents from seats in the Congress. Those of the profession who sit there are usually men with so little practice, that the pay of six dollars per day, which they receive, forms a sufficient inducement for them to abandon their homes, take a passage in a steamboat, live at a cheap boarding-house in Washington, and recommend them-

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themselves by becoming the advocates of their more fortunate brethren, who have obtained places under the president.

The respect which is withheld from the sages of the law does not appear, from Mr. Bristed, to be transferred in any inconvenient degree to the ministers of religion. A church establishment, founded on liberal principles, is one of those blessings to which we are indebted for innumerable benefits: an order of men, selected from all descriptions and classes, from the sons of the peer to those of the trader and the farmer, and set apart to cultivate knowledge, diffuse religion, and promote virtue, must, in spite of individual exceptions, produce a more abundant and beneficial influence than can be dispensed by any other means. This blessing our transatlantic brethren cannot be said to enjoy. Mr. Bristed's account of the state of religion in America deserves the consideration, and, we will add, the commiseration of our readers.

'The late president Dwight declared, in 1812, that there were three millions of souls in the United States, entirely destitute of all religious ordinances and worship. It is also asserted, by good authority, that in the southern and western states societies exist, built on the model of the transalpine clubs in Italy and the atheistic assemblies of France and Germany, and, like them, incessantly labouring to root out every vestige of Christianity: so that in a few years we are in danger of being overrun with unbaptised infidels, the most atrocious and remorseless banditti that infest and desolate human society.

'Indeed many serious people doubt the permanence of the Federal Constitution, because in that national compact there is *no* reference to the providence of God: *We, the people,* being the constitutional substitute for Jehovah.

'Of national religion we have not much to boast; a few of our state governments, particularly in New England, and recently in New York, do acknowledge God as the governor among the nations, and occasionally *recommend* (for they have no power to appoint) days to be set apart for general fasting, prayer and thanksgiving. But the greater number of the states declare it to be *unconstitutional* to refer to the providence of God in any of their public acts; and Virginia carries this doctrine so far as not to allow any chaplain to officiate in her state legislature; giving as a reason, by an overwhelming majority of her representatives, in December, 1817, that the constitution permits no one religious sect to have preference to any other; and, therefore, as a chaplain must belong to some sect, it would be UNCONSTITUTIONAL for the Virginian legislators to listen to his prayers or preaching.

'In the winter of 1814-15 the legislature of Louisiana rejected, by an immense majority, a bill "For the better observance of the Sabbath; for punishing the crime of sodomy; for preventing the defacing of churches; for shutting the stores and theatres on Sundays, and for other purposes:" the chief opposer of the bill declaring, on the legislative floor, "that such *persecuting intolerance* might well suit the New

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England puritans, who were descended from the bigoted fanatics of Old England, who were great readers of the Bible, and, *consequently*, IGNORANT, PREJUDICED, COLD-BLOODED, FALSE AND CRUEL; but could never be fastened on the more enlightened, liberal and philosophical inhabitants of Louisiana, the descendants of Frenchmen."'—p. 394.

The system of public education (if system it may be called) is precisely what those precious fruits of it may be supposed to indicate. With other feelings than those of satisfaction we cannot but advert to the small number of books published in America, (where, as we learn from Mr. Bristed, the number of readers is so considerable,) which have any tendency to improve the mind or enlighten the understanding. It is true that many of our most popular writings are reprinted in the United States; but, if we might venture to judge at this distance, we should say that the valuable part of our productions are less widely disseminated than those of a light, a worthless, or a pernicious tendency. Ages may pass away before America will find either leisure or inclination for the study of Bacon, Locke and Newton; but in the interim fitter substitutes might surely be procured for them than the polluted trash of our Jacobinical press. The evil, however, is deeply rooted. In every part of this vast country, the institutions for education are evidently on too low a scale: they can do no more than create mediocrity in learning; and, indeed, till the country, by being more thickly peopled, causes a greater division of labour than yet exists, till there shall be a sufficient field for men of learning to acquire reputation and rank by their talents, independent of the pecuniary advantages which may or may not arise from them, America can scarcely be expected to make any very considerable advancement in literature. Meanwhile she may derive what consolation she can from the reflection that this low state of education, with all its concomitant vices, is the natural consequence of that spirit of republicanism on which she mainly prides herself. The early independence which it encourages has, according to Mr. Bristed, a most injurious and wide-spreading effect.

'Strictly speaking, indeed, (he says,) there is no such thing as social subordination in the United States. Parents have no command over their children, nor teachers over their scholars, nor lawyers nor physicians over their pupils, nor farmers over their labourers, nor merchants over their clerks, carmen and porters, nor masters over their servants. All are equal, all do as they list, and all are free *not* to work, except the master, who must himself be a slave if he means his business to prosper, for he has no controul over any other head, eyes, or hands than his own. Owing, perhaps, to the very popular nature of our institutions, the American children are seldom taught that profound reverence for, and strict obedience to, their parents, which are at once the basis of domestic comfort and of the welfare of the children themselves. Of course, where

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where there is no parental authority there can be no discipline in schools and colleges. If a preceptor presume to strike or effectually punish a boy, he most probably loses at least one scholar, perhaps more. And, as no inconvenience attaches to a boy's being expelled from school or college, the teachers have no authority, nor learning no honour, in the United States.'—p. 459.

While America, with a perversity which cannot be too much regretted, has deserted her model in the grave and important instances which we have just mentioned, she has chosen to copy it in one of its most defective parts. Our system of poor laws is radically bad. There is scarcely a statesman or philosopher in this country who would advocate their re-establishment if they were once abolished. The conviction of the injury done by them to the industry, to the prudence, to the regard for reputation, to the charities of domestic life, and to the sobriety and honesty of the poor, is strong and universal, and the general study is, how to remove the evil with as little inconvenience as is compatible with the interests created by such long existing institutions, and with as little temporary suffering as possible. Whilst by ages of painful experience we have arrived at this conviction, America has just commenced the ruinous system; and is beginning to feel the evils which it must produce, and which will spread there with even greater rapidity than they have done with us.

'Some of our States,' says Mr. Bristed, 'particularly that of New York, have borrowed the English system of poor laws. On account of their extensive territory, comparatively with their population, abundance of employment and sustenance, the United States do not suffer so much from the poor laws as England. But as far as they go, they produce substantial evil unmingled with any good.'

This city (in which Mr. Bristed himself resides) contains about one hundred thousand inhabitants of various colours and countries. During the winter of 1817, fifteen thousand of them, he says, 'or one seventh of the whole population, received aid from the hand of public and private charity,' and the number of destitute poor 'averaged an augmentation far exceeding the rate of its actual increase in population. Nor can it be concealed that the leprosy of wickedness and crime has tainted the lower class of citizens in an awful degree.' Here are three thousand houses licensed to sell spirituous liquors, and, in addition, great numbers of cellars and vaults where ardent spirits are vended without licences; whilst in London, with more than ten times its population, the number scarcely exceeds four thousand.

Whilst lamenting this dreadful aggregation of wretchedness, Mr. Bristed is not inattentive to the political effects which the laws thus blindly borrowed from us must inevitably produce.

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'It is unnecessary (he says) to expatiate on a fact established by the experience of all history; namely, that whenever the lower orders of the community are generally corrupted in their morals, the death-warrant of their civil and religious liberties is already signed. And if such an event has uniformly taken place in the governments of the old world, where the people are *not* suffered to exercise any great share of political power, or enjoy any great portion of political rights and previleges, *how much more* certain and speedy must be the desolation in the United States, all of whose governments have their foundations laid broad and deep on the popular sovereignty, and all of whose institutions rest, ultimately, upon the basis of popular opinion? It requires no prophetic inspiration to foretel the rapid dissolution of a government, planted in the soil of universal suffrage, when once its electors have become deaf to the calls of duty, by the long continued habit of iniquity, and when the mere sale of their votes to the highest bidder may be considered as one of the least dark in the long catalogue of their accustomed crimes.'

During the thirty-five years which have elapsed since the recognition of their independence, the population of America has advanced from two and a half to nearly eight millions: a great increase; but considering the vast emigration caused by the tempestuous state of Europe and her settlements, not so rapid as that which preceded their independence. 'The increase of the slaves and people of colour appears to have been in a much greater proportion than that of the white population, and it is not improbable that in a few generations the negro race will exceed the whites in all except the eastern states. The number of slaves in the United States is now above two millions, and, including the free negroes, the black population of America constitutes more than one fourth part of the whole. This is weakness, not strength; for, besides deducting their own numbers, some portion of the effective power of the community must ever, in war, be employed in watching and guarding them. Mr. Bristed remarks,

'Whilst the slave-holding system exists, the division of the negroes, the vigilance of the overseer, the fear of the driver's lash, and the horrible torments inflicted upon servile contumacy, may prevent the blacks from uniting and exterminating their masters. Although Mr. Randolph on the floor of Congress, declared, that even now, whenever the midnight bell tolls the alarm of fire in any of the towns or cities of Virginia, every mother clasps her infant to her bosom, in agonizing expectation that the tocsin is sounding the cry of a general negro insurrection; and warning the devoted victims of the near approach of indiscriminate pillage, rape, murder and conflagration.'—p. 390.

'The free blacks, (he adds) which swarm in our northern and middle states, are generally idle, vicious, and profligate, with no sense of moral obligation. For some winters past a gang of free blacks used to amuse themselves in the city of New York, by setting fire to whole rows of houses, for the purpose of pilfering amidst the confusion and horror of the

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the flames. In the winter of 1816-17 a negro was hanged for this crime, and fires have been proportionally scarce ever since. A hint this, which might be rendered profitable,' (in other countries besides America) 'if our state legislators would strengthen the criminal code, and recommend our house-breakers, highway-robbers, and forgers to the gallows, instead of providing them with a comfortable domicile in the state prison for a season, and then letting them out to renew their depredations upon the public.'

With all this, however, Mr. Bristed pronounces that 'the American people possess the materials of moral greatness *superior* to those of any other country'! We know that wherever there are human beings, Providence has furnished materials for happiness to those who erect a firm foundation, and use those materials with skill and judgment. Whether the Americans are likely to do so, it will be early enough to inquire when the following 'important objects,' which, with many others, (notwithstanding the superabundance of building matter,) their panegyrist enumerates as still wanting to perfect this paramount structure of 'moral greatness,' shall be erased from the list of '*desiderata*.' 1. 'To augment the power of the general government.' 2. 'To tighten the cords and strengthen the stakes of the federal union.' 3. 'To organise a judicious system of national finance.' 4. 'To provide for the more general diffusion of religious worship.' 5. 'To enlarge and elevate the system of liberal education:' and, 6. 'To increase the dimensions, and exalt the standard of their literature, art, and science.' How this is to be accomplished we are not told, and we cannot comprehend. It strikes us, however, that with such a formidable catalogue of 'indispensable requisites'—to the supply of which (by his own admission) the selfishness, vanity, ignorance, and profligacy of the people oppose the most invincible obstacles, Mr. Bristed might, without much peril to his consistency, have adopted a more modest tone in vaunting of the 'superior materials for moral greatness possessed by the Americans.'

Possessing an extensive territory, with an insufficient quantity of capital to occupy it, America must necessarily be an agricultural country until labour shall become more abundant than land; a period not likely to arrive for some centuries. The tide of population, at present, is rapidly extending itself towards the banks of the Mississippi, the Ohio, and the Missouri; there it spreads over a vast surface, and finding sufficient to satisfy the animal wants, it increases the numbers, without adding much to the disposable wealth of the community, and still less to the strength of the government. In the rude state of husbandry in which the explorers of new lands are placed, little is raised, from even the most fertile soil, beyond what suffices for their immediate demands,

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demands, and that little, from the distance of other consumers, and the difficulties of access to them, becomes of small value in exchange. We may calculate how trifling the surplus produce of the labour of a family can be, when so great a portion of it is consumed in those operations which in civilized life require but little exertion. Birkbeck tells us of a farmer who was obliged to carry his corn fifty miles to a mill to be ground, and compelled to wait there some days till his turn for grinding arrived. In such a country, the mere addition of labour beyond that which is demanded in a more improved condition of society, is an expense which amounts to as much as the rent paid in more advanced districts. But these pioneers of civilization, or rather of cultivation, as they proceed farther into the wilderness, leave behind them improvements which a better class of successors take up; thus gradually peopling the deserts with inhabitants, who in process of time become equally removed from the habits and the controul of the governing power, which, fixed beyond the Alleghany mountains, at the distance of many hundred miles, can neither enforce laws, collect imposts, nor restrain crimes.*

A population thus scattered over a very extended surface may, from that circumstance, be tolerably powerful for defensive war. The scarcity of provisions, the difficulty of transport, and many other obstacles, may prevent the success of an invading army; but it is utterly incapable of making great efforts in offensive operations. We have seen this most clearly illustrated in the war recently ended. Canada was one of the great objects for beginning the contest. The United States were at its door, their troops and stores could be conveyed thither with comparatively little expense, the population from which the troops were to be collected vastly out-numbered the inhabitants of the country to be conquered; but after every effort, a force could not be brought to bear effectually on any of the various assailable points: and after several campaigns, the assailants, far from achieving the conquest which at the commencement they considered certain, were kept in check within their own territory by a body of militia, and a small regular army, though commanded by a general whose military talents have been more

* The post office in America is, like our own, under the direction of government; and intended to be a source of revenue; but so little is the correspondence of that extensive country that it scarcely does more than defray the expense of collection. In the year 1816 the net revenue amounted only to 35,275*l.* in the year of war 1814 it netted only 730*l.*: in no year before that had it produced 25,000*l.* and on the average of ten years, only 16,425*l.* The population of Great Britain and Ireland is little more than double that of the United States, and yet such is the activity of correspondence, which is one of the surest indications of national wealth, that without a higher rate of postage than is paid in America, the revenue accruing from it has amounted to fifteen hundred thousand pounds!

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than questioned. Prussia, whose population does not exceed that of the United States, leaving at home a sufficient force for domestic defence, has brought into the field an army ten times more numerous and better disciplined than all the regular troops which America could muster. Portugal, a small but compact state, with less than half the population of North America, marched through Spain into France a much greater force than the United States have ever been enabled to bring into the field, though its territory had been previously ravaged by the French army, and its coffers emptied by their exactions.

The successful manner in which America fitted out a few ships of war during the late contest, may have induced some persons to give credit to her extravagant boasts, and to suppose that she will at no remote period become a great naval power, and, perhaps, dispute with us our superiority on the ocean. This topic merits some attention. The formation of a navy must depend on the quantity of commercial shipping, in which sailors can be previously trained in the knowledge and practice of their profession. America at present has an abundant supply of sailors, but that abundance is unnatural and principally owing to causes which have now ceased to exist, and they have become burthensome rather than beneficial to the community. The extensive war, which for more than twenty years raged in Europe, and in which all the naval powers were in turn involved, raised the mercantile navy of America to a height which it would never have otherwise attained, and which it will never reach again. At a very early period of that war, the colonies of the enemies of England could neither transmit their productions to the mother country, nor receive the necessary supplies but through neutrals; and America in that character enjoyed almost the whole carrying-trade of continental Europe. The fisheries were in their hands; and in our islands they were allowed to trade to a greater extent than perhaps was politic even at that period. All this gave a wonderful impulse to the American shipping, and increased its tonnage from 700,000 tons, the amount in 1792, to 1,350,000, the amount when the war with England commenced.

The alteration of circumstances has already diminished, and will yet more diminish the mercantile navy of America. The rate of pay in American ships in time of peace must be regulated, not by the wages of labour within the states, but by the wages which other nations pay to their sailors; if it were otherwise, the freight of goods by American ships would be much higher than by those of other countries. In a period of peace the Americans have no advantages in the carrying-trade, since they can neither build, victual, nor navigate ships cheaper than the nations of Europe.

Our northern philosophers have recently discovered, among other

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other rapid advances which the United States have made, that their foreign commerce has increased, ' and that already their mercantile navy is within a *few thousand tons* of our own;' and have grounded upon this notable discovery the ' prophecy,' ' that in two or three years they must overtake and outstrip us.'* We have stated the tonnage of the merchant ships of America at 1,350,000 tons; but Mr. Pitkin, an acute statistical writer and a member of Congress, observes that of this amount only 1,250,000 were actually navigated, which employed about 62,000 men. This was the highest point to which the mercantile navy ever rose. Since the return of Europe to a state of peace, it has rapidly declined. The foreign tonnage has been reduced half, and the domestic, which includes the fisheries, sensibly diminished.†

Whilst the mercantile navy of America has been thus dwindling down to that natural state which its limited capital and small surplus of productions will support, that of Great Britain has increased with unexampled rapidity. In the year 1811, it amounted to 2,474,774 tons, and employed 162,547 men and boys to navigate it: within the seven years which have since elapsed, a great accession has taken place, and the tonnage now amounts to 2,783,940, navigated by 178,820 men. Whilst America, in the most flourishing state of her commerce, could only draw supplies for a fighting navy from 62,000 men, we have 178,000 from which to obtain the requisite recruits, without taking into our calculation the numerous maritime inhabitants who are employed in the smaller craft, which are unregistered; in the fishing boats which surround every part of our coasts; and in the boats, barges, and lighters, which conduct the commercial lading from the sea to the interior.

As the deficiency of seamen, and of the power to obtain the service of such as they have, for the navy, is an obstacle to any formidable increase of the maritime power of America, financial reasons will also be found equally to obstruct a great or rapid progress. The annual average expense of maintaining the naval force of Great Britain, during a war, may be taken at eight or ten millions sterling. To create such a force, to accumulate stores of all kinds sufficient to keep it up to its high standard, to construct arsenals, docks, and machinery, and fortifications for its defence, must far exceed any

* Edinburgh Review, No. LIX. p. 137.

† It appears from the declaration of Mr. King, member for Massachusetts, that in January 1817 more than half the shipping which had prosecuted foreign commerce was ' dismantled at the wharfs and literally rotting in the docks, and that many of their seamen were reluctantly compelled to seek employ in foreign countries. Their ship-carpenters, destitute of employ, are obliged for a living, to go into the British provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, there to cut timber, for the royal navy of England, and to build vessels to carry it to Great Britain.' This is more than sufficient to encourage us to hope that in the next edition of the journal just mentioned, for ' within a *few thousand* tons of our own,' we shall be directed to read—' *within a few million.*'

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sum which any government in the United States would venture to submit to the consideration of Congress. Our navy is already created, and national feelings, as well as the conviction of its boundless services to ourselves and the whole civilized world, during twenty years of tremendous and fearful conflict, will support the British nation in the necessary expense of maintaining its superiority; but the distance between *creating* and *upholding* such an implement of attack and defence is immense.

But further, if the maritime population and the finances of America should improve so as to enable them to form a navy, local circumstances of a very important nature would prevent it. The shores of the United States are nearly equal to the whole extent of coast which Great Britain presents to the sea. On the most extended part of that line, viz. from the Capes of Virginia to the southernmost boundary, there is no port in which a ship of the line, or even one of the larger class of frigates, can be received; in fact the whole southern coast of America is destitute of harbours, for the rivers on which Charlestown and Savannah are built, have bars which, except at spring-tides, preclude the entrance of even the smallest frigates. The great rivers Chesapeak and Delaware, though capable of admitting large ships, afford no security against a superior naval force. New York, Newport in Rhode Island, and Boston, though tolerable harbours, may be easily blockaded, and the ships that rendezvous there be rendered useless, whilst a small naval force might scour every harbour and river to the southward of them. A country so extended as America would find difficulties in forming a naval force, which are not experienced in Great Britain. In a case of great emergency the whole of our naval population might be concentrated at any one point, so as in six or eight days, if it were necessary, to man a larger fleet than was ever yet equipped; but if America had an equal fleet in the only ports which will admit it, so long a period must elapse before her maritime population could be collected, even if the power of impressment were exercised, that the whole might be very leisurely destroyed before the hands could be brought together to man them.

America, above every other country, is interested in maintaining the peace of the world. She has indeed prospered by the troubles of Europe, but it was only so long as she kept herself free from hostilities with all parties; and as far as she has received any check, it has been owing to her having forsaken the course which Washington, the greatest character she has produced, both prescribed and followed. It is especially her interest to keep on friendly terms with this country if she wishes to preserve and extend her commerce, and to find a certain market for her domestic produce. From the return made to Congress for the year ending 30th

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30th September 1818, it appears that the total value of her exports amounted to 73,854,437 dollars, of which Great Britain alone took 44,425,553, being nearly two-thirds of the whole, and more than four times the value of the second largest amount, or 10,666,789 dollars, taken from them by France. On the other hand, it is the interest of this country, and we may safely add the wish, to preserve peace with America. It is her interest, because that great continent bids fair to become the best mart for her manufactures; and she cannot possibly harbour a thought to disturb the general peace, so necessary for all Europe, and more especially perhaps for herself. It is with regret, therefore, that we find Mr. Bristed predicting a naval contest in terms altogether calculated to stimulate and hasten the struggle which he foresees. It is true, as he says, 'two suns cannot keep their stations in one sphere;' but that of his adopted countrymen has not yet climbed this envied height; and, to our homely conception, the period is far beyond mortal ken which shall witness the portentous opposition of the 'two luminaries,' and the decline of that whose beneficent beams have so long cheered and invigorated the world. It is the wildest of all possible infatuations to suppose, that the partial success of a few vessels can have the least bearing on the great question of 'naval superiority.' The capture of a sloop, a frigate, or even a ship of the line, determines nothing beyond its own fate: the preponderance of naval power must always depend on the equipment and appointment of fleets of large ships. With the seamen of a ruined commercial marine thrown wholly out of employ, it would indeed have been surprising if five frigates could not be manned with picked men, many of whom were prime British seamen, and, not a few, deserters from the British navy, who either fought with that desperation which the halter round their necks inspired, or, as in the case of the frigate captured near Valparaiso, escaped from the expected justice of their country in the moment of defeat. But when England was carrying on the commerce of the world, which with her fisheries and the coasting trade created a demand for 200,000 seamen; when her naval store-ships and transports averaged the enormous amount of 250,000 tons, and required 15,000 seamen to navigate them; when her regular navy demanded 145,000 men, it must and did necessarily follow, that the crews of the ships of war, more especially those last fitted out, were composed of all manner of men—foreigners, landsmen and boys. It is by no means improbable also that, from the nature of the long war in which we had been engaged, a relaxation of strict discipline in the exercise of the guns might have taken place. The decisive battle of Trafalgar had left no enemy on the sea to contend with; and this event, added to the subsequent blockading system, which put an end

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end to the French navy, was not calculated to improve the tactics of our own.

But there was yet another cause for that partial success which has turned the brain of every American. Their frigates were, in every instance, superior to those of their opponents in size, in weight of metal, and in the number of their crew. A *frigate* is but a vague term, and expresses no definite idea of a ship's actual force; that of some of the American frigates was nearly equal to our old seventy-fours. We are told in the 'North American Review,' that a 'Mr. Corny, one of the best painters of ships *alive*,' has made use of a stratagem to flatter his countrymen, in representing the English frigate, which was commanded by Commodore Downie, of disproportionate size. There seems to have been little occasion for this. Let them not suppose however, that even with the twelve sail of the line, and twenty-four frigates, which America already enjoys 'in vision beatific,' she will succeed, as Mr. Bristed prognosticates, in 'wresting from England the empire of the sea:' nor entertain the erroneous notion that even such a squadron is to be manned with the same facility, or with seamen of the same quality, as five or six frigates; or that, even if so manned, it can chuse the objects of attack, and give or avoid battle as it may suit her purpose. Let them also recollect that one decisive victory puts an end to the dream of universal empire: above all, it may be of importance to them to remember that England never had so large a fleet, in such excellent condition, as at this time, ready for sea at a moment's warning, with the means of manning and sending them forth; that, in addition to the 20,000 men employed on the peace establishment, she has (as appears by the Report of the Finance Committee) a band of 32,000 registered seamen, receiving pensions, the youngest of whom have seen more than fourteen years service; and of whom it is not unreasonable to calculate on eight or ten thousand coming forward on the first call. —But we must return to Mr. Bristed.

Unlike most of the British emigrants, he still retains a portion of veneration for the society, the talents, the institutions civil and religious, and even for the glory of the country, from which he has expatriated himself. He does not therefore predict the *immediate* loss of her liberties, though he contemplates, with some complacency (as we have seen) the period 'when the great Republic of the United States is to rule the destinies of the globe.' In speaking of the American army, whose meditated reduction from ten to five thousand men he reprobates, he says,

'Britain has an army of one hundred and fifty thousand men stationed at home, in France, and in colonial garrisons; besides her militia amounting to two hundred thousand; and her Sepoy troops in India,

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rated at a hundred and fifty thousand. And yet no man in his sober senses believes that the liberties of the British people are endangered by this standing army. The liberties of England are not about to expire under the pressure of her military, or the encroachments of her government; if they are to perish, they will perish under the daggers of her democracy: if she is to be blotted out from the list of independent and powerful nations, she will be erased from that high scroll by the parricidal hand of her own rabble, led on to their own and their country's perdition by anarchical reformers, who are alike bankrupt in fortune, reputation, character and principle. But we have no occasion to entertain such fears at present; for while the sovereign governs under the benignant influence of the laws; while the people are free; while religion, morals, intelligence, learning, science, industry, enterprize, and valour continue to make England their favoured abode, the sun of her national glory can never set, but will burn with brighter and still brighter light, until all the ages of time shall be lost in the profound of eternity.' —p. 69.

Even when Mr. Bristed is in an error, he still discovers symptoms of regard to the country he has left, and appreciates, very justly, the character and aims of the discontented. He supposes, indeed, that the government of this country draws to the public use but a small portion of the great mass of its talent and activity; and we forgive him the error for the sake of the apology which he makes.

'It is urged as a common topic of reproach, both in England and in these United States, that the English government does *not* employ a sufficient portion of talent in its service. This complaint is natural in the mouths of the *opposition* in Britain, and means nothing more than that if *their* party were in power, the government would be very wisely administered; a circumstance which must be left to the votes of the people of England, when they elect their knights and burgesses to represent them in the House of Commons. This charge, also, is quite natural in the English *reformers*, who clamour incessantly about the dulness and ignorance, as well as the corruption and profligacy of the administration; all of which is a mere effusion of disappointed malignity and rage, because the talent, skill, and strength of the government render all *their* efforts to destroy the country vain and ineffectual.

'It is admitted, I believe, on all hands, that there exists a sufficient quantity of talent of every various gradation in Britain; but the objection is, that it is not employed in the service of government, the objection rests on the assumption, that *all* the great talents of a country ought to be employed in the guidance of its government. But if this were ever to take place in *any* nation, it would, of itself, ensure a perpetuity of resistless despotism. A well-established government, like that of England, does *not* require all the highest talents of the country to be crowded into the administration. Having grown up in the habits, affections, and feelings of the people, its business can be regulated and energetically carried on, by the superintending genius of a few great men to guide

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guide its primary movements, and by men of decent, respectable talents, to execute its subordinate functions. The residue of its greatest and most commanding talents would be employed to the best advantage, in diffusing the lights of science, art and literature over the whole community.

'Under a free representative government, whose national institutions and departments of public service, both civil and military, are extensive and magnificent, the restrictions upon the rise of real merit are much fewer, and less pernicious, than under a single despotism, or an unbalanced democracy; and the road to legitimate preferment is extended to a much wider circle. Whence, in those countries, much less consequence may be attached to the existence or loss of any particular great man; because the appearance of those illustrious characters, in whose hands the national destinies are placed, is not regulated by accident; but is provided for *in regular succession*, from age to age, by the internal organization and ordinary administration of government. Thus Chatham was reproduced in Pitt, and Pitt reappears in Castlereagh and Canning.'—p. 484.

We have been rather liberal in our quotations, because we wish to convey to the minds of our readers the feelings of that party in America, which has been the most averse from the irreligious and levelling principles of the Jacobins, and which contains the most respectable portion of the American people. They were never deeply smitten with the charms of the French revolution; they wished to avoid the war with England; they were eager for the return of peace, and desirous that such improvements might be made in their system of government, as should strengthen the executive power, remunerate more liberally the officers of government, render the judges less dependent, and have a president sometimes chosen from the other states as well as from Virginia, which, with one exception, has hitherto nominated that chief. Such is the party of which Mr. Bristed is the organ; they call themselves the Federalists, and are opposed to the Democrats, who, by means of a majority composed of the lower classes, including the Irish and English recruits, and the paupers existing on charity, have chosen the president, the greater part of the senate, and the house of representatives.

We have been accused of injustice towards the United States, because we asserted that 'the Sesostrises of ancient or the Timours of later times, were not more essentially *conquerors* in their disposition, than the American government acting upon the politics of Jefferson and Madison.' We have, however, in Mr. Bristed—not a proof of the conquering propensities of the democratical portion of the United States, which, indeed, was sufficiently clear before; but—the most decisive evidence, that even the solid, moral, and religious part of America, the aristocrats, the enemies of democracy, are as madly bent on conquest and plunder, and extension of terri-

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tory, as the veriest jacobin on the continent. Before we shew the antipacific tendency of this party it may not be amiss to offer a specimen of its morality, its regard to justice, and its respect for the rights of other nations.

'How strange and portentous is the contrast between the steady and progressive policy of the United States, and the supine indifference of the British government! Britain has lavished the life's blood of a hundred thousand of her bravest warriors, and expended uncounted millions in rescuing Spain from the yoke of France; and yet she cannot, or she will not, acquire a single inch of territory in any quarter of the globe from the Spanish government;—while the United States, without sacrificing the life of a single citizen, and at the expense of only twenty millions of dollars, have, within the course of a few years, obtained from France and Spain the exclusive sovereignty over a fair and fertile dominion, at least *twenty times* the extent of all the British Isles taken together.

'Why does not England, *as part of the indemnity* due to her from Spain, transfer to her own sceptre the sovereignty of Cuba; seeing that the Havanna commands the passage from the gulf of Mexico? Why does she not take possession of Panama on the south, and Darien on the north, and join the Waters of the Atlantic with those of the Pacific ocean, in order to resuscitate her drooping commerce? Or is it her intention still to slumber on until she is awakened from the stupefaction of her dreams by the final fall of Spanish America, and of her own North American provinces, beneath the ever-widening power of the United States?'—p. 96.

We can readily answer the questions of this modest republican —England will neither rob Spain nor cheat Spain—she would scorn to accept from the hands of the robber the province of Louisiana, or to capture and plunder Pensacola in a period of peace; not because she fears the consequences, but because she values her own honour and character above any extension of dominion; because her councils are neither directed by moderate republicans nor frantic Jacobins, but by those who retain their good faith to other nations as firmly as they have defended and will defend themselves against all who assail them. Neither the eager desire of adding to her territories, nor any resuscitation of commerce, when it may occasionally droop, will ever, we firmly trust, infuse the most distant thought into England of such injustice as the most temperate and moral of the parties in America can coolly suggest. England has not yet regretted the blood which she has spilt, nor the treasure which she has expended in rescuing not only Spain, but the whole civilized world from the most degrading and barbarous tyranny, nor will she sully the purity of her conquests by allowing the lust of dominion to overpower her honour. Amidst all the triumphs which have attended her progress, the most glorious

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and most durable, because the most pure, is the conquest over herself, over the desire of dominion, inherent in every human being, and the restraining and regulating of which is the first of moral duties, and the highest of political honours.

We pass, however, from the morals of this most moderate of all the American parties to their prospects for the future; and here the prophetic mantle of the democrats seems to have fallen on the federalists.

'The resources, territorial, intellectual, and moral of this country are immense and various, and widening on all sides with inconceivable rapidity; and the settled conviction of the American people arising out of the circumstances of the late war is, that they are decidedly *superior* to the British; and can always beat them man to man, ship to ship, gun to gun, bayonet to bayonet, on the flood and in the field. And uncounted myriads of American hearts now beat high and quick in aspirations for another contest with Britain; a spirit which the government carefully cherishes by newspaper effusions, by public toasts and orations, by Congressional and State Legislative speeches and resolutions: the great objects of American ambition being to annex to their already too gigantic dominion, the British North American colonies on the continent, and the West India Islands; and also the Spanish colonies bordering on the southern states.'—p. 235.

These objects, like the party which pursues them, must be allowed to be indeed 'moderate'!

It is confessed that 'the general government was itself broken down during the last war; it fled at Bladensburg;' (indeed it did!) 'gave up Washington to a victorious and justly exasperated enemy; and was unable to send a single recruit to their skeleton armies, or to pour a single stiver into their exhausted treasury.' But, with true republican foresight, Mr. Bristed foretels that this will not happen again; for, says he—

'They are now preparing, in the bosom of peace, the means of future conflict; by building up the finances of the country; by planting every where the germs of an army, by sowing those teeth which will soon start up in bands of armed warriors; by a rapid augmentation of their navy; and, above all, by attempting to allay the animosities of party-spirit, and endeavouring to direct the whole national mind and inclination of the United States towards the aggrandizement by conquest, alike on the land and on the ocean: by adding to their present immense empire, the continental possessions of Spain and England, and the British insular domains in the West Indies.

'The great question now at issue, we are told, between America and Europe is, which of the two shall change its form and system of government? Whether Europe shall become more democratic or the United States more aristocratic? That England must not "lay the flattering unction to her soul," that she can ever make America her friend; that as the world could not bear two suns, nor Persia two kings, so the day is

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fast approaching when the globe will not be able to endure the existence of these two mighty maritime empires. The maxim of *delenda est Carthago* never found more cordial advocates in the Roman senate, than it now finds as applicable to Britain in the inmost recesses of every American bosom.'—p. 246.

We do not feel appalled by the awful intimation that 'England must not lay the flattering unction to her soul that it is possible ever to make America *her* friend,' or by the terrific information that 'the ocean will *ere long* have its waters deeply dyed with American and British blood, contending for the exclusive dominion of that element, which is emphatically the cradle and the home of the mariners of both nations.' We have indeed been so unwise as to think her friendship rather better than her enmity, but neither the one nor the other is so much an object of our desire, as that she may be her own friend, and not indulge in such wild vagaries as may compel either England, or any other nation, to put forth its energies. The government of America is so fluctuating that it may well forget the events of a few years. Our author says that, of 184 members of the present Congress, only six were in the legislature in 1809, and have continued there without interruption; and six or seven others, who were in that assembly, but were not chosen to the succeeding ones, are again elected, all together making twelve experienced law-givers, of nine years' education. He tells us only one out of the forty senators of 1809 now sits in the Upper House; and that no member of the present executive government was in office at that period. How long the men now in power may continue is uncertain, but as long as they remain they will surely not forget that, after a war of less than three years, with a power whose energies were directed to objects of far higher moment, than any thing America can present, 'they could not raise so insignificant a sum as sixty millions of dollars by way of loan, although they gave, in bonus and interest, twenty per cent. for what they borrowed.'* They cannot forget 'that

* These facts are corroborated by Barbe Marbois, a Frenchman whose hostility to England approaches to insanity, and whose outrageous panegyrics on America must appear ironical even to the Americans themselves. In two years of warfare, in which none of their offensive operations were successful, they had so reduced their country, that they were unable to recruit their armies, or to replenish their treasury. 'The states (he adds) were disturbed by a powerful opposition; leading men but little known directed their exertions, contrary to the true interests of the country; a flourishing commerce was ruined; the produce of the duties experienced a considerable diminution; the internal taxes were renewed and augmented; an enormous extent of territory was disposed of; the revenue was reduced to thirteen millions of dollars; the states borrowed above sixty millions, and the treasury issued bills for more than twenty millions, and there was an arrear of nine millions. Almost all the individual banks suspended their payments in specie; the exchange fluctuated from 10 to 15 per cent. between adjoining states. On the 1st January, 1816, the debt, including the treasury bills, and the arrears, mounted up to 130 millions.'

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no one in the whole Union would lend them a single dollar; nor would a single individual enrol himself *voluntarily* in their armies, so that they had actually prepared bills for Congress to pass enabling them to raise money by requisition and forced loans, and to levy men by the French system of conscription, when the return of peace arrested these death-blows to all the popular institutions and republican liberties of the United States of America.' They cannot be ignorant that the power which they attempt to terrify, after a war of twenty years' duration, carried on with vigour and spirit in every quarter of the globe, was enabled, from its own citizens, without compulsion, or even intreaty, to borrow, at very moderate interest, five times the sum which America vainly attempted to raise. They cannot be uninformed that this same state, which must not presume to hope for their friendship, raised by voluntary enrolment, without force and without conscription, an army of more than two hundred thousand men, and not merely defied, but subdued the oppressor of the civilized world.

'But,' continues Mr. Bristed, who occasionally betrays what the more energetic republicans will call a cowardly want of true American spirit,

'But it behoves the United States to pause, at least *for the present*, in their strides towards territorial aggrandizement; for it is understood that the *treaty of Vienna*, which is now the basis of national convention law in Europe, stipulates that if one European nation has any domestic quarrels, either with its colonies or within its home dominions, the high contracting parties do *not* interfere; but if any power attacks the integral empire of any European sovereignty, the parties to the Vienna treaty protect it. If such be the stipulations of the Vienna pact, the United States should be wary in their attempts on the Floridas, the British northern provinces and West India islands, lest they bring all Europe upon them with her numerous and well disciplined armies.' —p. 247.

We see here something that may perhaps guide us along the line which divides the two great American parties. Both unite in designs of conquest, both treat with equal contempt the law of nations and the rights of other countries, and both are filled with equal animosity to England:—but the Federalists mean to be sure and cautious; whilst the thorough-paced Jacobins, regardless of all consequences, or overlooking them in their fury for conquest, would rush on their object, and, like their predecessors in France, trust to proscription and massacre to furnish the means of maintaining the contest after they have plunged their country into it. As the parties are nearly equal on the whole surface of the states, the Federalists preponderating in the north, and the Democrats in the south; perhaps these variations may account for the different modes of

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their proceedings in the two quarters. The former have only deferred their operations till they can accumulate force to make them effectual; and therefore neither Canada nor Nova Scotia has been attacked since the peace: but the latter have commenced their operations with promptitude and decision; and already signalized their valour by the murder of two unarmed Englishmen, the massacre of the Seminole Indians, and the capture of the undefended citadel of Pensacola.

But we must draw towards a conclusion. We cannot avoid regarding Mr. Bristed with some degree of respect. His struggles are evident. In writing his book, his pride in his native country, which all his republicanism has been unable to overcome, has frequently had to contend with the flattering but unsubstantial prospect which the prophetic folly that ever accompanies democracy has impressed on his mind, to a degree almost equalling that of the vain people with whom he is 'domiciled,' and whom he thus describes:

'The national vanity of the United States surpasses that of any other country, not excepting France. It blazes out every where and on all occasions—in their conversation, newspapers, pamphlets, speeches, and books. They assume it as a self-evident fact, that the Americans surpass all other nations in virtue, wisdom, valour, liberty, government, and every other excellence. All Europeans they profess to despise as ignorant paupers and dastardly slaves. Even during President Washington's administration, Congress debated three days upon the important position, that "America was the *most enlightened* nation on earth," and finally decided the affirmative by a small majority. At the breaking out of the late war with England, General Moreau, who then resided in this city, was asked if our officers did not seek to avail themselves of his military skill and experience, by propounding questions to him? He replied, "there is not an ensign in the American army who does not consider himself a much greater tactician than General Moreau." And our present president, in his recent tour through the Union, told the people of Kennebec in the district of Maine, "that the United States were certainly the most enlightened nation in the world."'—p. 460.

Vanity, in its earliest stages, is one of those mental diseases which is little injurious to the patient, and therefore to be treated with good nature; the vanity of a community, like that of the Americans, is of much the same kind: it is amusing; and we therefore listen to their politicians with no unpleasant feelings, when with a population less than that of the second-rate states of Europe, weakened by being scattered over a most extended surface, and separated by manners and habits as distant from each other as those of the natives of Lapland and Naples, they talk of sending forth fleets and armies to subjugate the world! The inhabitants of New South Wales

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Wales might, with equal reason, indulge the same lofty expectations. They are indeed a century behind their transatlantic brethren; but their population has increased faster, their territory is more extensive, their soil more fertile, and their climate far more salubrious: the embryo statesmen, philosophers, and warriors of that boundless continent may therefore (and perhaps they do) sagely calculate the time when, having shaken off the dominion of feudal Europe, and started in the full career of republicanism, they shall, in their progress, 'whiten every sea,' in the language of Mr. Bristed,* 'with their commercial canvass, bear their naval thunders in triumph to earth's extremest verge, peer above the sovereignty of other nations,' even the great American one; and cause it, even before its head is 'white with the hoar of age,' to bow, with its venerable parent, to the influence of Australasia, the 'youngest daughter of the civilized globe.'

ART. II.—*The Civil Architecture of Vitruvius, containing those Books of this Author relating to the Public and Private Edifices of the Ancients.* Translated by William Wilkins, A. M. late fellow of Caius College, Cambridge. Part I. London. Part II. completing the work, 1818.

INNUMERABLE have been the speculations as to the sources of that vast pre-eminence in the liberal arts and sciences, which raised Athens so far above every other state of ancient days. Whilst some have attributed it to the form of government, and to the freedom enjoyed by the people under the republic, others trace it to national vanity and the ambition of surpassing the efforts of contemporary states. Neither of these explanations is satisfactory: there are not wanting examples, either in ancient or modern times, of national ambition carried to equal extent, in works of science and art. The history of Athens itself affords a refutation of the hypothesis. Perhaps at no one period, compared with the advances made by preceding ages, did Athens offer a more brilliant picture than during the dominion of the Pisistratidæ, more especially in the early part of the reign of Hipparchus; who, inheriting the taste of his father, was a most liberal patron of poets, philosophers, and artists. Under his directions great part of Athens was rebuilt: the advance of the arts was manifested in the splendid

* We give the whole passage, because it furnishes no unfair specimen of American composition, as adopted by the best writers in that language. 'America shall spring forward during the next, with the same velocity and force with which she has moved progressively during the last fifty years: she will then whiten every sea with her commercial canvass; bear her naval thunders in triumph to earth's extremest verge; peer above the sovereignty of other nations, and cause the elder world to bow its venerable head, white with the hoar of ages, beneath the paramount power and influence of this younger daughter of the civilized globe.'—p. 434.

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appearance of the city; and the progress of science was no less conspicuous in the polished manners of the age.

The truth seems to be, that mankind are too prone to draw general inferences from insulated occurrences. If we take a retrospect of the state of things a little time prior to the age of Pericles, we shall find that various causes contributed to the glory which Athens subsequently attained under this celebrated statesman.

The plunder of the Persian camp after the battle of Platæa, added to the spoils of other important victories, was productive of individual wealth and universal luxury. Private citizens became possessed of property to an amount hitherto unknown, and superior opulence was the great, and indeed the only, mark of distinction. Another source of wealth was the redemption of the captives; whilst the thousands unransomed filled the state with slaves whose employment cost it nothing beyond the food which they consumed. The silver mines of Laurium, which had been abandoned as unproductive, in consequence of the high price of labour, again became a profitable speculation to the government and to individuals.

Xenophon instances Attica as an example of a state flourishing from many and various sources. Amongst them he reckons its silver mines, its marble quarries, its temperate climate, and, what will surprize the traveller of the present age, its superior agriculture and produce! Situated between Egypt, the islands of the Ægean sea, the coast of Asia Minor, and the continent of Greece, with numerous and commodious harbours, Attica became the emporium of a great portion of the known world, and the resort of traders of all nations. Little were the Athenians aware that this vast influx of wealth was to become the cause of their future degradation, and even total ruin: but the distant effects of this state of unbounded opulence and unlimited commerce are foreign to our purpose; our object is to draw a picture of that prosperity when the revenues so far exceeded the expenditure, that the superfluity was applied in realizing the magnificent conceptions of the most enlightened of mankind. Pericles, to whose discretion the expenditure of the public money was confided, (the treasury being now removed from Delos to Athens,) possessed the means as well as the inclination to gratify his taste for the liberal arts and sciences; he felt too the necessity of diverting the public attention from the government to objects gratifying to the vanity of the people, who lost sight of every thing else in contemplating the growing splendour of their capital. The most magnificent structures were now designed, and nothing was spared to induce the most skilful and celebrated artists to contribute to their execution. Some conception of the sums expended upon the embellishment of the city may be formed from the cost of the Parthenon, which alone is computed to have amounted

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amounted to an hundred talents of gold; although, from the multitude of slaves, manual labour was at a low price, and the materials were the produce of the soil.

Greece from the battle of Marathon, and Rome at the accession of Augustus, may be viewed as offering a similar picture of aggrandizement and affluence. We have already adverted to the increasing prosperity of Greece, and we shall give the parallel in the words of the historian of Rome. 'In the commonwealths of Athens and Rome, the modest simplicity of private houses announced the equal condition of freedom, whilst the sovereignty of the people was represented in the majestic edifices designed to the public use; nor was this republican spirit totally extinguished by the introduction of wealth and monarchy. It was in works of national honour and benefit that the most virtuous of the emperors affected to display their magnificence.....All other quarters of the capital, and all the provinces of the empire, were embellished by the same liberal spirit of public magnificence, and filled with amphitheatres, theatres, temples, porticos, triumphal arches, baths, and aqueducts, all variously conducive to the health, the devotion, and the pleasures of the meanest citizen.' It was under the emperors, therefore, that Rome thus rose in splendour, and enabled Augustus to boast, that from a city of brick he had made it of marble. But it is not only to monarchs and demagogues that posterity is indebted for noble specimens of taste and magnificence; small communities, and wealthy individuals, encouraged by the example of their rulers, esteemed it honourable, and almost an obligation, to add to the splendour of their age and country. The history of Julius Atticus, the father of Herodes, is a fairy tale: his life would have closed in indigence and misery but for the fortunate discovery of immense treasures buried in an old house, the sole remains of his patrimony. Although he expended very considerable sums in the service of the public, his son and successor left behind at Athens some noble monuments of his taste and munificence: nor was his liberality limited to this spot; the people of Epirus, Thessaly, Eubœa, Bœotia, and the Peloponnesus experienced his favours, and acknowledged him as their benefactor. The state of any branch of knowledge, in an age so celebrated in the annals of taste as that of Augustus, cannot fail of being interesting; and we now proceed to notice a writer whose name must be familiar to the generality of our readers.

Through the numerous editions and translations of Vitruvius, a degree of celebrity has been attached to his name, far surpassing that enjoyed by writers of much higher pretensions, and beyond what he himself, with all his expectations, could have anticipated. The importance attached to his work is, in great measure, independent

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pendent of the merits of the author, and arises from several circumstances: it is the only one on the subject of Architecture that has survived the attacks of time; and it discloses several precepts of the Greek writers, which, but for this notice, would never have reached us. Although the insertion of the latter had its source in the pedantry of the writer, yet, as they serve to throw light upon the state of science of his age, we shall not quarrel with him for introducing matter so little connected with the subject on which he writes. Our present business, however, is with the architecture exclusively.

The work of the author is divided, as every one knows, into ten books, each preceded by a proëmium, or preface, intended to serve by way of rhapsody to the subject which follows; but likewise containing much extraneous matter relating to the age and genius of the author. From these we collect that he was born of respectable parents, from whom he received a liberal education. Far from thinking that art was too vast for human wit, or that 'one science only could one genius fit,' he aimed at universal knowledge, and by his failure realized the apophthegm of the poet. Conscious of his want of success, he appears to have adapted the scale of knowledge to the extent of his acquirements, modifying without contracting it. If we credit his assertions, we are to regard him as a considerable proficient in music, painting, sculpture, and optics, and as possessing some knowledge of grammar, geometry, arithmetic, history, astronomy, law, and physic! To what extent he was master of most of these accomplishments, we have no other means of ascertaining than the evidence afforded by his work on architecture; but from this it is clear that his knowledge was superficial, and displayed itself more in the art of selecting and transcribing passages from various authors, than in the higher range of originality.

Nearly all of the Greek writings on the arts and sciences, from which he appears to have made copious extracts, have perished, with the exception of some fragments of Hero, Athenæus, and others of writers on hydraulic machines and military engines. Sentences translated from the philosophers are dispersed throughout his work; many of these we are enabled to contrast with the passages in the originals. From this comparison, it is manifest, that Vitruvius did not possess either sufficient knowledge of language to give the full sense of his authors, or the power of conveying what he gained from them with adequate clearness and precision.

It ought not, however, to be forgotten, that the youth of Vitruvius was passed in that age of Roman literature, when the task of accommodating the vernacular language to the science of the Greeks

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Greeks had only been attempted by few. The Latin tongue admitted of few expressions corresponding to the Greek terms of art; and hence Vitruvius was often reduced to the resources of his own intellect. These were insufficient to empower him to transmit them in polished or perspicuous language. His style, indeed, has nothing in it corresponding to the elegance of the writers of the Augustan age, and hence it is that, notwithstanding the conclusive testimonies on this point, the time of his writing has been referred to a different period.

The querulous tone pervading the whole of his ten proëms is plainly indicative of disappointed ambition. The only public work in which he appears to have been employed was the basilica at Fanæstrum, the mode of construction of which he amply details. He was jealous of his contemporaries, and disgusted with the neglect of Augustus, who, although at the solicitation of his sister Octavia he had appointed him director of the warlike machines, gave the preference to others in the superintendence of the magnificent edifices he had already constructed, and of those which were in progress when Vitruvius wrote. This disregard on the part of the emperor he attributes to the flattery practised by his more successful competitors, to which he never appears to have stooped. This solution may be just: we can easily conceive that the high tone he assumed, whether from vanity, supposing himself to possess extraordinary acquirements, or from pride, which spurned at the meanness of accomplishing his object by adulation of his patron, was ill calculated to make him a favourite with Augustus; and the dedication of a work containing the expression of his feelings was little likely to conciliate the regard of a monarch in whom the thirst of flattery was insatiable.

The consequences of the want of this qualification are not contemplated with indifference; instead of submitting with magnanimity to the neglect to which he was consigned, and bearing the contempt with the dignity of a mind conscious of having committed nothing unworthy the sage and philosopher, he gives vent to his indignation against his competitors in terms of reproach and bitterness. He even descends to the revenge of a pitiful mind, by not only excluding from his writings the names of his contemporaries, which, as the historian of his art, he was bound to notice, but by covert attacks on the great works in which they were employed. This is exemplified in his observations on the practice of the Greeks, who, he says, condemned, as a want of principle, the introduction of denticuli below mutules; thus attacking the architecture of the temples of Concord and Peace: and again, in reprobating, as incongruous and tasteless, the occurrence of the same ornament in

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in the cornice of Doric buildings; thereby stigmatizing the Doric order of the theatre which Augustus had dedicated to Marcellus.

The same jealousy of the favourites of Augustus led him to omit all mention of Horace and Virgil; although it has been interpreted as an argument for referring the time in which he lived to a different period. It must, however, be apparent, from the mode in which he mentions Varro, Cicero, and Lucretius, that they were living at some period of his life; and there are passages that tend to fix the time of his writing between certain limits. In describing the basilica at Fanæstrum, he mentions the temple of *Augustus*, which formed a part of the building. This cognomen was not assumed by Octavianus until the year 727, U. C.; it follows, therefore, that he did not write until after that year. Varro died a twelvemonth before this period, Cicero in the year 710, and Lucretius in the year 703, U. C. Again, in the proëm to the first book he mentions Octavia, the sister of Augustus, as if she were still living; he does not style his patroness *diva soror*, although he gives the epithet of *divus* to Julius. Octavia died in the year 743, U. C.; his work, therefore, appeared at some period between the years 727 and 743.

Disgusted with his want of success, he enters upon a composition which should vindicate his claim to superior talents with a more discerning age. In this he extols the works of the Greek architects, from which he drew his precepts. The names of two Roman architects only are mentioned in terms of admiration; but they were no longer objects of jealousy.

With all his professed veneration, however, for the works of the Greek architects, his vanity induced him to suggest what he considered practical improvements in the Grecian mode of building. His alterations in the proportions and arrangements of porticos is, we believe, to be traced to this egotism; but the departure from his archetypes is not so flagrant as has been hitherto imagined.

The knowledge of optics, in which perhaps he was as well versed as the advances made in this science then permitted, was the inducement to recommend refinements in practice, never observed by his Greek predecessors, nor followed by his successors; they are introduced with a parade more calculated to set forth his own acquirements, than to benefit the cause of the science on which he is writing. The same desire of exhibiting an unwonted degree of attainment seems also to have prompted him to attempt the introduction of *echea*, or brazen vessels, in theatres, for the purpose of propagating sound; this expedient leads him to descant upon the music of the ancients which he acquired, theoretically only, from the writings of Aristoxenus.

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The manuscripts of Vitruvius appear to have been originally derived from one and the same source. The remarkable correspondence of almost all with which we are acquainted, in the corrupt passages, are strongly corroborative of this opinion. The degree of obscurity in which the meaning of the Seventh and Eighth Chapters of the Seventh Book is enveloped, pervades all the *codices* that have been made known to us. Jocundus, indeed, boasted of access to a copy in better preservation; but the addition which he makes to the end of the Sixth Chapter is, with every appearance of reason, supposed to be an interpolation of his own. In no other copy has the sentence been met with; and the subject contained in it had been previously noticed with some variations of the expressions. Under these circumstances little is to be expected from the collation of manuscripts.

It is only, however, by the restoration of the text, and by conjectures, founded upon the practice of the Greeks, where passages obviously corrupt occur, that we can hope to arrive at the real meaning of the author; but as this requires the combined talents of the scholar, the mathematician, and the architect, we can scarcely hope to meet with a commentator in whose person all these requisites are united. Something approximating to this character we think is to be distinguished in the translator of the Civil Architecture of Vitruvius now before us; for although his literary pretensions do not lead us to expect any great advantages arising from a perfect acquaintance with the ancient languages, yet, when combined with a knowledge of architecture and the branches of art indispensable in its attainment, they afford every reasonable hope of something very different from what has hitherto resulted from labours directed to the same end.

The reasons assigned by the author of the translation for limiting his illustrations to the four books he has selected, are certainly of weight, but there is every reason to believe that the remaining books have been rendered almost equally corrupt by the alteration of the text of the MSS. He has, however, chosen the more popular part of the author, and that portion of which he, of all ancient writers known to us, exclusively treats.

The Introduction, which, more properly speaking, is an historical essay on the rise and progress of Grecian architecture, displays no common acquaintance with Greek and Latin authors, set forth in language at once perspicuous and polished;---the style of writing in the body of the work, we mean that part of it where the translator has not been restrained by the stiffness of the original, (for to render the obscure meaning and harsh diction of Vitruvius in elegant language is not to be expected,) is altogether different. It is neither so smooth nor so energetic, and confirms our belief

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belief of the report, that the Introduction is from the pen of another person, whose pursuits have been directed to subjects of antiquarian research. The concealment is, however, obviously studied, and we shall therefore leave it to our readers to form their own conjectures.

In this essay an attempt is made to trace the history of architecture from the earliest ages of Egypt to the period of the Roman conquest of Greece. Vitruvius is silent upon the subject of the obligations due from the Greeks to the architecture of that country. He never mentions the temples of Egypt excepting to notice their situation on the banks of the Nile, in corroboration of his dictates as to appropriate situations for sacred edifices. From his writings, indeed, (unless his silence arose from the omission of his guides and instructors,) the inference to be deduced is, that Greece was in no wise indebted to Egypt for her knowledge of that science for which she was so celebrated: all its peculiarities and characteristics are derived from the early buildings in wood of Greece and her Asiatic settlers. One thing, however, is certain, that whatever is different in character, or in mode of construction, may be fairly set down to the invention of the Greeks. In Egypt, where professions were hereditary, and where the sacred ministry descended from father to son, through successive generations, the same line of policy was applicable to the priests and the temples in which they officiated. In these we find no variation of principle nor of constituent parts, except that which greater or less magnificence and extent rendered indispensable, in an interval of more than thirteen hundred years. The zodiac, in a temple of the ancient Latopolis, has at least this priority of execution above that at Tentyra; and whilst these demonstrate the distant periods in which they were constructed, the buildings themselves prove that no advances had been made in the science of architecture.

'It appears somewhat extraordinary,' says the writer of the Introduction, 'that the Greeks, who carried the practice of many sciences and arts to a degree of perfection which has since been unattainable, should have been so little solicitous to examine the causes of this rise amongst them, or with any care to trace their progress.' (p. 15.) We can hardly expect that this supineness should be conquered by those who were not professed writers of history; and therefore must not be surprized that the Greek architects, whose works were known to Vitruvius, should have omitted all reference to a subject to which their own historians had afforded no clue. The poems of Homer present a singular picture of knowledge and ignorance.—The early advances in the art of design by the natives on the coasts of Syria and Egypt are obvious from many passages of the poem:—every object of beauty or elegance is described as the production

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duction of Sidonian workmen, whilst the wealth and splendour of the Egyptians are not less unequivocally portrayed. Egypt at this period was the seat of learning and the sciences. Diodorus entertained an opinion that Homer had visited Egypt, from the variety of its notions introduced in his poetry: with its customs he certainly displays an intimate acquaintance. Herodotus says, that he introduced into Greece the religion of Egypt, being led to this conclusion by the knowledge of its rites and traditions exhibited in his poems, which were not openly promulgated. It seems strange therefore, with all this development of their mysteries, that he should not have expatiated upon subjects less difficult of access; and have betrayed so great an ignorance of their architecture as is exemplified in the Iliad. In this poem there is no indication of any thing like architectural embellishment. Nor can it be said in explanation, that in thus abstaining from any notice of an art which as yet had made no progress in Greece, he offers to our view a faithful picture of the age he is describing. In this case it would have been sufficient to withhold all details of the art from the account of the palaces of the Greeks and Trojans; but no such attention to synchronism would have been necessary in the ideal mansions of these countries, which he paints as possessing a knowledge of the arts and sciences beyond that of the Greeks. A fair opportunity presented itself in the description of the palace of Alcinoüs, where sculpture is exaggerated far beyond its powers, and where the costliness of the materials of the edifice is merely imaginary. The palaces of Jupiter and Neptune too would have afforded ample scope for the display of architectural knowledge, had the author possessed any beyond what might be gained from the edifices of his own country.

The identity of the author of the Iliad and the Odyssey is a subject which has engaged the attention of many learned writers. Those who contend for the earlier age of the former, support their hypothesis by remarking the more advanced state of the arts as they are described throughout the Odyssey. The learned author of the '*Prolegomena ad Homerum*' contrasts the different state of society and the more recent inventions, with the ruder efforts and less civilized order of things portrayed in the Iliad. In the work before us that contrast is extended to the architecture; and the arguments, which are extremely ingenious, tend to the same conclusion.

In proceeding to notice the introduction of the orders of architecture, as related by Vitruvius, Mr. Wilkins prepares us for the fables connected with the subject by the character which he previously draws of the writer.

'Vitruvius,' he says, 'brought to the composition of his work the possession of much of the learning of that period so much indeed

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as probably to embrace the extensive range of acquirements which he has himself laid down as necessary for the architect. To this he added a mind replete with notions in a high degree fanciful and visionary, and influenced by a strong bias to metaphysical distinction and refinement. Hence arose the laboured dissertations on the unintelligible connexion of architecture and music, and the institution of that scale of harmonic proportions which has exercised the ingenuity of the learned to little purpose down to the present day. Hence arose too his perceptions of the analogy which he supposed to exist between the members of architecture and those of the human frame, a notion which he has pursued to a great extent.'—p. xvii.

This character, excepting in the opinion of more extensive learning, accords pretty nearly with the view which we have taken of the qualifications of Vitruvius, and demonstrates the absolute necessity of receiving with caution those precepts which are accompanied by an affected display of great and various reading. Many of the refinements suggested as indispensable in practice are not sanctioned by the authority of the Greeks, nor do they appear to have been adopted at Rome. The historical sketch which follows, and traces the progress of architecture down to the period of the Macedonian conquest, embraces a field which has not before been occupied; it is both concise and perspicuous, and well deserves the attention of the historian and the antiquary. At this period an innovation occurred which certainly marks an important era in the annals of architectural knowledge—we mean the invention of the arch *geometrically* constructed. Many writers have attempted to prove the familiar use of the arch by the early artists of Greece and Rome; the work before us denies this knowledge, and demonstrates that the descriptions afforded by ancient writers are applicable to a mode of building far less artificial.

We have lately seen in the British Museum the geometrical drawings of the treasury of Atreus at Mycenæ, one of the buildings in which it was thought the principles of a dome have been observed. The description of this building afforded by ancient authors, and another of similar construction at Orchomenus erected at the same period, have been selected as offering a complete proof of the existence of an arched or vaulted roof, so early as the thirteenth century before the Christian era. These accurate drawings are evidences of a mode of construction which has nothing in common with the principles of an arch. The plan of the building is circular and its section is a parabola; it is formed with blocks laid in horizontal beds, that is, with their upper and lower surfaces in planes parallel to the horizon, and projecting one before the other, from the bottom to the top, where they nearly meet. The interior surface was covered with plates of brass; the nails by which

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which they were fastened to the wall were visible throughout. The earth was heaped around and upon the exterior, so that it resembled one of the tumuli of antiquity, a circumstance which led to the supposition of its having formerly been the tomb of Agamemnon, said by Pausanias to be situated in the neighbourhood of the treasury of Atreus. We have dwelt thus much upon this structure, because upon its description, and that of the building resembling it, the advocates for the early introduction of the arch have founded their theories, which are thus left without authority.*

Until it can be proved that the Cloaca Maxima at Rome was vaulted, by access to such parts of it as are remote from the mouth where it discharged itself into the Tiber, and where, by exposure to floods, repair and even restoration may have been frequently necessary, it will be impossible to decide upon the claims made in behalf of the artificers employed by Tarquin to the merit of this invention of the arch or dome, which is thought to be established by the mode of construction employed in this magnificent work. The three rows of arches, one above the other, discovered in the *Forum Romanum*, a considerable depth below the accumulated soil of modern Rome, are conjectured, with what probability we will not say, to have formed part of it. The result of an inquiry to this end would, in all probability, prove that the mode of construction is similar to that of the *Cloaca* at Agrigentum.—The beds of the stones forming it are parallel, each row overhanging that below it until the sides at length meet in the centre. The passage in Plato, alluding to the Ψαλις, clearly describes a similar mode of building, with the overhanging stones having parallel beds, as prevalent in the age of the writer.†

The Introduction closes with some observations tending to prove that the arch, geometrically constructed, was unknown until the date of the Macedonian conquest, and about a hundred and fifty years before the time of Vitruvius. It might we think be brought down to a later period. The mention of the *fornix* occurs very rarely in Vitruvius, and always accompanied with an explanation, which shows that its use was not familiar—'Et cuneorum divisionibus, coagmentis ad centrum respondentibus, fornices concluduntur.'—vi. 11.

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* Dutens sur l'Usage des Voûtes chez les Anciens. There can be little doubt that the tholûs of Pausanias was a building of this description, and appropriated to the same purpose. If we suppose a portico to have existed before the door-way of the treasury of Atreus, we shall have the prototype of the Pantheon at Rome; and that the treasuries of the Greeks, particularly those at Olympia, were so constructed we know from the relation of Pausanias. The interior of the Pantheon, like that of the treasuries, was formerly coated with plates of brass.

† Θήκην δε ὑπὸ γῆς αὐτοῖς εἰργασμένην εἶναι ἀψῖδα προμήκη λίθων πρετίμων καὶ ἀγήρων ἔχουσαν κλίνας παραλλήλας λιθίνας κειμένας.—*Leg.* xii. p. 189.

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We now proceed to notice the translation, and the illustrations of the text of the original. Here we are compelled to acknowledge that we experience considerable difficulty. Of the excellence of a translation from a work of science, abounding in technical expressions, many of which are become almost obsolete, it is impossible for any but those well skilled in that science to speak with decision. Having, however, augmented our little store by turning over the valuable works on Grecian architecture published by Stuart and the Society of Dilettanti, we enter upon our task with somewhat more confidence; but even thus we must found our criticism almost exclusively upon the illustrations given at the end of the several sections.

The books which the translator has selected for remark are four. They severally relate, 1st. To the order of architecture termed Ionic, and to the various kinds of temples in which this order, and occasionally the Corinthian, were employed. 2d. To the Doric order, and the edifices in which it might be with propriety adopted. To the Corinthian order, where it differs from the Ionic, and those edifices in which its use is indispensable; namely, circular buildings. 3d. To the public buildings of the ancients, such as basilicæ, theatres and gymnasia. 4th. To the private dwellings of the Greeks and Romans.

In the first section we meet with several instances of that theoretical refinement which Vitruvius thought necessary to the perfection of Grecian architecture. One of them proceeds upon the principle, that the apparent magnitude of objects is measured by the angles which the objects subtend at the eye of the spectator, a doctrine inadmissible in the present stage of optical knowledge. Another has drawn all the commentators, from Jocundus to the present time, into long and unprofitable discussions. Baldus has made it the subject of a separate essay. We allude to the *scamilli impares*, which were rendered necessary from the adoption of an expedient our author thought essential in correcting a supposed error of sight or vision. What they were, has, we think, been satisfactorily explained in the present work, although perhaps the principle, or mode of reasoning used by Vitruvius may not be correctly stated. The question has been clothed with unmerited importance, and the solution held out as a matter of insuperable difficulty; so that we were not prepared for so simple an explanation as is here offered.

The parallel between the Grecian example of the Ionic order and structures reared from the instructions of Vitruvius exhibits a remarkable coincidence, and proves the necessity, if other arguments were wanting, of restoring the text, which editors and translators have altered to accommodate their own notions.

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In the second section we were pleased to find that the Doric order, according to the rules laid down by Vitruvius, is not of that description which has gone forth in modern times under the sanction of his name. The wretched imitations of Italian architecture, which to the present time have prevailed in this country, are as unworthy the genius of the Greeks as they are unlike the objects Vitruvius intended to describe. The dissipation of the errors on this subject, hitherto prevailing, has been effected by the same means—the restoration of the original text. The principle of a *modulus* for the Doric order different from that of the Ionic is perfectly new; and is as consistent with reason as it is true in the architectural productions of the best ages. Strip the Doric order of the supposed refinements which had their origin in the conceit of Vitruvius, and his buildings will resemble those which, unluckily for the art, are only to be found, in the words of the Introduction, where,

'———— on the Ægean shore,
A city stands, built nobly.'

This is by far the most important of the explanations offered in the present work, and will induce, we hope, the students of architecture to pursue the recommendation of Vitruvius, although he in some measure disregarded it himself, and cultivate those authors, who, by extending the sphere of architectural knowledge, appear 'reliquisse fontes unde posteri possunt haurire disciplinarum rationes.'

The restoration of the text, relating to the mode of proportioning the door-ways of temples, does not afford us much assistance in explaining a question of some difficulty, namely, the method of giving light to such temples as were not hypæthral, or open; for although no doubt can now exist that a space was generally left open above the doors, it would not afford sufficient light to distinguish with clearness the statue and other objects contained within the cella. It would seem that this expedient was more calculated to afford air than light; for temples of this description must have been illuminated by lamps suspended near the statues: the relics of this custom are still discernible in the Roman Catholic churches of the continent.

The description of the Greek and Roman theatre occupies a very considerable portion of the succeeding book. Vitruvius has here availed himself of an opportunity for introducing what little he knew of music. In this part of his work he likewise describes the only public building which he appears to have superintended. Of this he is sufficiently vain; he speaks of it as the best of its kind for beauty and convenience. The building has been selected as an object for illustration by the translator, who thus gives us the opportunity of forming some opinion of the taste of the Roman architect in the art of design. From this it appears that he profited

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something by his acquaintance with the works of the Greek architects; having produced a more *classical* composition than the generality of the buildings of that age exhibit. It was chiefly intended for internal effect; and considering what was required by the nature of the building, he appears to have nearly surmounted the difficulties it offered to a correct design.

Upon the establishment of the Christian religion at Rome, the ancient basilicæ were converted into churches; the preference given to such buildings for the celebration of the rites of a pure worship originated in a desire to avoid all associations with heathenism, inseparable from the application of temples to this purpose. As its votaries increased, new places of public worship became necessary, and these were built in imitation of those which were first converted to this purpose; the name still continues to be applied to the principal churches of Rome. The early churches, and our Norman cathedrals, built upon a plan nearly similar, had semicircular ends, in imitation of the *hemicycli* of the Roman basilicæ, where the magistrates were accustomed to dispense justice to the people. From a similar custom at Athens, in the στοὰ βασιλικὴ, where the archon, βασιλεύς, presided, the whole building derived its name. The circular tribunal is as old as the days of Homer, who describes the elders sitting in judgment on polished benches, ἱερῷ ἐνὶ κύκλῳ.

The chapter on harmony in the Latin of Vitruvius is little more than a translation from the Greek of Aristoxenus, which has been handed down to us. The subject is abstruse and difficult, although not for the reasons assigned by Vitruvius, who seems to think a knowledge of the Greek language necessary to an understanding of the doctrine, even when communicated through the medium of another language. Here again we have some speculations on subjects connected with medicine, music, and physics. We have already observed, that a strong inclination to reduce every thing to mathematical principle has frequently led him astray; in the present book it has suggested a proposition for the introduction of brazen vessels below the seats of the audience, for the purpose of assisting the dilation of sound. This idea, which he would lead us to believe was borrowed from the Greeks, seems to have originated with himself; at least we may safely say, that in no one of the many theatres of Greece and Asia Minor, which the travellers of modern times have described, is there any indication of the receptacles which he says were constructed for them. This subject has been treated at some length by the translator, who had opportunities of examining several, and is held by him to be, like many of the propositions of the author, a refinement suggested by the speculative imagination of the Roman architect.

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The sixth book of Vitruvius treats of the dwellings of the Greeks and Romans; and, as a prelude, we have, in the first chapter, some observations on the propriety of adapting dwellings to the nature of the climate, which are sufficiently trite and puerile. These are followed by a dissertation on the influence of climate upon the intellectual and physical powers of the different races on the surface of the globe, which, although *hors de propos*, we shall extract as a specimen of the style of the writer, and of his mode of adapting the writings of the Greek philosophers to his own notions:—

'Item propter tenuitatem cœli, meridianæ nationes ex acuto fervore mente expeditius celeriusque moventur ad concilium cogitationes. Septentrionales autem gentes infusæ crassitudine cœli propter obstantiam aëris humore refrigeratæ, stupentes habent mentes.....Cum sint autem meridianæ nationes animis acutissimis infinitaque solertia consiliorum, simulac ad fortitudinem ingrediuntur, ibi succumbunt, quod habent exustas ab sole animorum virtutes. Qui vero refrigeratis nascuntur regionibus, ad armorum vehementiam paratiores sunt, magnisque viribus ruunt sine timore, sed tarditate animi sine considerantia irruentes, sine solertia, suis consiliis refragantur. Cum ergo ab natura rerum hæc ita sint in mundo collocata, ut omnes nationes immoderatis mixtionibus sint disparatæ, placuit ut inter spatia totius orbis terrarum regionumque medio mundi *Populus Romanus* possideret fines. Namque temperatissimæ ad utramque partem, et corporum membris animorumque vigoribus, pro fortitudine sunt in *Italia* gentes .... Itaque refringit barbarorum virtutes forti manu, consiliis meridianorum cogitationes.'*

In the illustration of this book the translator has compared the construction of the houses of the early Greeks, collected from the scattered passages of the Odyssey, with the description given by Vitruvius, in which great ingenuity is shown. The notion that Homer formed his ideas of the arrangement of the palace of Ulysses from the actual abode of that prince in Ithaca, first entertained by Sir William Gell, is combated by the translator, and with every appearance of reason; for whatever accidental coincidence may be traced in the ruins of Mount Aito with the localities afforded by the poem, we cannot think that the writer would adapt his action to a *genus* and not to a *species*. We have already alluded to a description of building called tholus; this title was applied to the shape of the edifice rather than to the purpose for which it was designed. The tholus therefore of the Odyssey may perhaps have been, what the translator conjectures, the threshing

* τα μὲν γαρ ἐν τοις ψὺχροις τόποις ἐθνῆ, καὶ τὰ πέρι την Ἐυρωπην, θὺμου μεν ἐστι πληρῆ, διανοιας δε ἐνδεεστέρα καὶ τεχνης. δίοπερ ἐλευθέρα μεν διατέλει μᾶλλον, ἀπολιτεύτα δε, καὶ πλησίον ἀρχειν οὐ δυναμένα. τὰ δε πέρι τὴν Ασιαν, διανοὴτικα μέν, καὶ τεχνίκα τὴν ψὺχην, ἄθυμα δε. διόπερ ἀρχομένα καὶ δουλευὸντα ἀτελει. Τὸ δέ των ἘΛΛΗΝΩΝ γένος ὥσπερ μεσεῦει κατὰ τους τὸπους, οὑτως ἀμφοῖν μετέχει, καὶ γαρ ἐνθὺμον, καὶ διανοὴτικον ἐστι.—*Arist. Pol.* vii. 7.

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floor. The exterior of the palace certainly resembled a farm-yard, the resort of cattle and incumbered with dunghills; and we know that within its precincts all the operations connected with the preparation of food were carried on. The supposition that circular temples were improvements of the tholus, is supported by several passages of ancient authors. Varro says, 'Accessus in tholum, qui est ultra rotundus, columnatus ut est in æde Catuli, si pro parietibus feceris columnas.' (R. R. 3. 5. 12.) 'Alii tholum ædium sacrarum dicunt genus fabricæ (quale est ædes) Vestæ et Pantheon.' (Serv. ad Æneid. ix. 408.)

We have already alluded to some restorations of the original text, which have placed the principles of the science in a new light: the most important occur in the second and third chapters of the first section—and in the third, sixth, and seventh of the second. Others are dispersed throughout the work, which, if they are not of equal importance, tend to the conviction that the architecture of Vitruvius has been totally misrepresented; and that, instead of exhibiting a close affinity with the Greek, from which it is professedly borrowed, it has hitherto been rendered subservient to the introduction of a depraved style of building prevailing at Rome in the decline of the empire. In one or two passages the translator has mistaken the meaning of the author; but they are of trifling importance and need not be pointed out.

Amongst the corrections of corrupt passages are some displaying great ingenuity:—one relating to hypæthral temples, which has hitherto set every explanation at defiance, is particularly happy. Another, relating to the temple of Minerva Polias upon the acropolis of Athens, is not less successful in giving sense and consistency to the original. We are not quite satisfied with the word *caelostrata*, as applied to the jambs of a door-way, when contrasted with the words *bifera* and *valvata*, although we have nothing to offer as a substitute for it.

The engravings, forty in number, are executed by Loury, and shew the perfection which line engraving has reached in this country: many of them are vastly superior to any of the kind hitherto produced. The work, indeed, in point of engraving, typography, and paper, is as splendid as a book can be made. We regret that it has not been also offered to the public in a less costly shape, in order to bring it more within the reach of artists, and thus ensure it a wider circulation.

ART.

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ART. III.—*The Testimony of Natural Theology to Christianity.* By Thomas Gisborne, A.M. London. 8vo. pp. 306. 1818.

THIS little volume is intended as a supplement to Dr. Paley's celebrated work on the same subject, particularly with respect to the appearances exhibited in the constitution of the present world, of a penal dispensation against the sins of mankind. The best friends of that admirable writer have acknowledged that such a supplement was really wanted; and happy would it have been for the world had his own increasing infirmities not prevented him from closing his long career of usefulness with a work to which perhaps no other living hand was equal. But perhaps another impediment lay in the way which neither years nor infirmities could remove—namely, constitutional cheerfulness. Wherever he turned his eyes, the prospect was illuminated by bright skies and cloudless sunshine. He had persuaded himself—he would have gone about to persuade us—to be happy against our own feelings and experience.

Hume said, and it was one of the last things which he said, that it was better to be born with a disposition to see things on the favourable side, than to an estate of ten thousand a year. Such have been respectively the lots of our author and his predecessor. But if Paley erred from constitution on the one hand, his successor has been carried by religious system far into the other extreme. According to him the whole landscape of human life is overspread with gloom and sorrow and suffering—and almost all the appearances of nature bear testimony to the wrath of God against the sin of man.

Of Mr. Gisborne it is impossible to speak without reverence as a man, or without respect as a writer: a long life and ample fortune devoted to the best interests of mankind—a series of writings on moral and theological subjects, calm, rational, intelligent and impressive, contribute to place him in the number of the best Christians, if not of the best writers of the age. What, then, was our disappointment when, on opening the present volume, we discovered a phænomenon very rare in the history of the human understanding, that at a period of life, when fancy generally cools as judgment matures, when the reasoning powers have long been exercised, the style of writing chastized, and the fervour of enthusiasm itself, in well educated men at least, usually composed into rational devotion, the whole process was, in this instance, inverted: so that had no name appeared on the title-page of the volume before us, we should have assigned it to a juvenile writer of warm fancy, exuberant style, and very imperfect intelligence on the subject which he had undertaken! We should have given him credit for

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for a spirit of ardent but not well-informed piety, and should have predicted, that when his reasoning powers were cultivated, his circle of knowledge enlarged, his imagination chastized, and his luxuriances corrected, he might in time become an useful Christian philosopher. To what are we to ascribe so unusual, so unnatural a declension?

We shall begin, in the order of the work itself, with geology; a subject on which it must be confessed that the author is peculiarly unhappy and uninformed. His fundamental position is this—that the dislocated and disordered state of the earth, so inconsistent with the general harmony and order of the Creator's works, can only be accounted for by the operation of some *moral* cause; and as the writings of Moses assure us that an universal deluge, occasioned in part by a disruption of the strata of the earth, did actually take place for the sin of man, the present appearances of those strata are to be accounted for on that principle, and that only. That such is Mr. Gisborne's position will appear from his own words:

'In the works of God order and harmony are the rule: irregularity and confusion form the rare exception.' 'Under the divine government, an exception so portentous as that which we have been contemplating, a transformation from order and harmony to irregularity and confusion, involving the integuments of a world, cannot be attributed to any circumstance which, in common language, we call fortuitous.—It proclaims itself to have been owing to a *moral* cause, a moral cause demanding so vast and extraordinary an effect, a moral cause which cannot but be deeply interesting to man, cannot but be closely connected with man—the sole being on the face of this globe who is invested with moral agency, the sole being, therefore, on this globe who is subject to moral responsibility, the sole being on this globe whose moral conduct can have had a particle of even indirect influence on the general condition of the globe which he inhabits.'

Such is our author's general statement of the subject, loosely declamatory in its style, and wildly hypothetical in its assumption. He next proceeds through a long string of citations from travellers and inferior geologists, occupying no fewer than forty pages, to prove, what every common observer would have conceded to him, the fact of such a disruption in the crust of the earth. Let this respectable author do us the credit to believe that he is in the hands of men who sincerely believe the Mosaic account of the Creation and the Deluge. And for this end let us distinctly state the points on which we do or do not agree.—1st, That the whole race of mankind, with the exception of eight persons, were swept away by a deluge, which is said to have opened the fountains of the great deep, or in other words, broken the crust of the earth.

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2dly, That the immediate agent in this dispensation was God. 3dly, That the moving cause of this tremendous visitation was the actual and increasing depravity of the generation of human beings then inhabiting the earth. 4th, That there are innumerable appearances of dislocation and disruption in the exterior surface of the globe. So far we wholly accord. But on the last point—that these phænomena can *only* have proceeded from a *moral* cause, and that they afford in consequence a positive proof of the reality of the deluge as recorded by Moses, and the anger of the Almighty against the sin of man,—we are at issue. It is but fair however to hear our author himself in support of his own conclusion.

'The violence of the internal commotions by which the dislocation of the strata constituting the exterior portion of the globe was effected, will receive irresistible proof when we advance to other results equally or more astonishing, which *those* convulsions produced. Agitating with kindred impetuosity the summits of the mountains and the abysses of the ocean, they confounded lands and seas in commingled devastation, and dislodging from one quarter of the world its trees, its animals, its fishes, its submarine vegetation, rolled away the spoils, and deposited them in the opposite extremities of the earth.'

Now in all this verbose and turgid representation, the facts of which are perfectly correct, our author has failed to perceive that the whole argument is a *petitio principii*. Instead of *those* convulsions, convulsions specifically produced by the Noachian deluge, we must be permitted to substitute *certain* convulsions. The question will then be fairly stated, and the cause tried upon its own merits.

'An objection, however, to this statement may perhaps be raised.* On the authority of certain writers on geology it may be alleged that the present earth was constructed from the materials of a former globe, and that the shells and other organic remains, imbedded in our existing strata, belonged to animals inhabiting that globe. In reply then it may be stated that the hypothesis is gratuitous and unnecessary; and, secondly, that if true it would invalidate the hypothesis against which it is brought forward. The hypothesis is gratuitous and unnecessary.—Natural reason cannot prove it, nor shew a necessity for it. The grounds, so far as I am aware, on which it is rested, are two—that many of the shells and organic remains of marine animals, and the relics of some land animals discovered in the earth, cannot be attributed to species known at present to exist, and that the immense extent of beds of shells amalgamated into limestone, or aggregated without being conso-

* In the present advanced state of geological knowledge, there is something in this way of speaking which much resembles Euler's expression relating to the Newtonian philosophy, after it had been established over all Europe, 'missis igitur ineptiis quorundam Anglorum'!

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lidated, cannot be explained *away* except on the supposition that they are derived from the ruins of an anterior globe. As to the unknown species of marine animals, what know we of the profundities of the ocean? What know we of the species inhabiting at this moment those unsearchable depths, many miles it may be in perpendicular descent beneath the lowest level which the sounding line has reached?

'Are we to pronounce concerning those depths and their inhabitants as though the flooring (bottom) of the sea were spread before our eyes, like the surface of Salisbury Plain, or like the bottom of a pond, which by drawing a bolt we had laid dry? As to the immensity of the quantity of shells discovered, it is undeniable that on the most contracted computation of chronology, for we ask not for the high antiquity of the present earth which *infidelity* assigns, sixteen centuries and a half elapsed between the Creation and the Deluge. It is not too much to say, when the proverbially rapid multiplication of fishes is borne in mind, that the period of sixteen centuries was sufficient for the production of masses so enormous of shells and organic remains as should be adequate, whether *quietly* upheaved in unbroken strata by the expansion of submarine fires, or ground, through collision, into fragments by the fury of the waters, to account for all the actual phenomena.'

Again. 'But it is likewise urged by the objector, that relics of *terrestrial* animals belonging to a former world have been discovered.—Why belonging to a former world? Because the original species are not at present known. If the skeletons then of the mammoth or the megatherion, or the horns of some unknown tribe of the class of deer have been found on the surface of the earth, or dug up from bogs and cavities, may not those animals still survive in the central solitudes of America, or in the depths of northern Asia? Or may they not have been extinguished at the Deluge,' (what then becomes of the ark?) 'or subsequently exterminated by a roving population of hunters?'

Such is our respect for Mr. Gisborne's character, that we will not venture to pronounce this representation of the advanced state of geological knowledge designedly unfair, but we cannot forbear to say that it implies such a defect of information with respect to the latest discoveries on the subject, as must render the author, in the opinion of every well informed geologist, wholly incompetent to the task of writing or debating on the subject. We do not recollect that he mentions the name of Cuvier.*—We see no proof that he has ever looked into a work in which the remains of animal bodies in their fossil state have been analyzed and arranged with a precision scarcely inferior to the regular classifications of recent zoology. The respective situations of almost all these in their mineralized state, prove the order in which they have existed, as well as that in which they have been deposited. But in all these strata there is

* Essay on the Theory of the Earth, by M. Cuvier. Third Edition. Jamieson's Translation, 1817.

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not only no single relic of the human frame, but in none, excepting the very latest, is there any vestige of a single quadruped contemporary with man, according to the Mosaic account of the Creation. All the strata moreover in which these organic remains have been imbedded are obviously prior in their formation to the disruption by which they have been rent asunder—it follows, therefore, that allowing these facts, some of the most tremendous convulsions which have dislocated the crust of the earth have actually taken place at periods when there existed no moral agent, and consequently that they may have been produced by other than moral causes. This is all that we contend for, and it is quite sufficient to overturn Mr. Gisborne's rash and unwarranted assertion, that any other cause is unassignable and impossible. But further:—It is not beyond the limits of supposition that there may exist at present, or may be hereafter created, a planet, destined solely for the habitation of irrational, unaccountable, sinless creatures. It will then follow, according to Mr. Gisborne, independently of all testimony on the subject, that the surface of such a planet shall, from the necessity of the case, exhibit no symptoms of dislocation or disorder, that its crust shall remain unbroken, and that no vestiges of earthquakes, volcanoes or other disturbances shall appear; which amounts to saying that the operation of chemical causes, and even of gravitation itself, shall be miraculously suspended for the accommodation of those innocent and highly favoured brutes. But this is not all. The primitive rocks themselves, at once the most elevated and the most depressed among the strata of the globe, contain no organic remains whatever, but are also dislocated and disordered in a degree not inferior to that which prevails in the secondary and other strata which successive depositions have superinduced upon them. It follows, therefore, that such convulsions of the earth's surface may have taken place, not only before the existence of a moral agent, but before that of the lowest and earliest among animated beings.

We now return to M. Cuvier, whose exact and curious researches, and exquisite knowledge of comparative anatomy, have enabled him to produce a very different statement of this most interesting subject than the loose and, we are sorry to add, the flippant representation of Mr. Gisborne. That great anatomist and accurate observer has already ascertained and classified the fossil remains of seventy-eight different quadrupeds, either belonging to the oviparous or viviparous classes.

'Of these, forty-nine are distinct species hitherto unknown to naturalists. Eleven or twelve others have such entire resemblance to species already known, as to leave no doubt whatever of their identity, and the remaining sixteen or eighteen have considerable traits of resemblance to

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to known species. Of the forty-nine new, or hitherto unknown species, twenty-seven are necessarily referable to seven new genera, which, while the other twenty-two are new species, belong to sixteen genera, or subgenera, already known. The whole number of genera or subgenera to which the fossil remains of quadrupeds hitherto investigated are referable, amount to thirty-six, including those belonging both to known and unknown species. Of these seventy-eight species, fifteen, which belong to eleven genera or subgenera, are animals belonging to the class of oviparous quadrupeds, while the remaining sixty-three belong to the mammiferous class. Of these last, thirty-two species are hoofed animals, not ruminant, and reducible to ten genera; twelve are ruminant animals, belonging to two genera; seven are *gnawers* referable to six genera; eight are carnivorous quadrupeds belonging to five genera; two are toothless animals of the sloth genus; and two are amphibious animals of two distinct genera.'

Again. 'It is clearly ascertained that the oviparous quadrupeds are found considerably earlier, or in more ancient strata, than those of the viviparous class. Thus the crocodiles of Honfleur and of England are found immediately beneath the chalk. The great alligators or crocodiles, and the tortoises of Maestricht are found in the chalk formation, but these are both marine animals. This earliest appearance of fossil bones seems to indicate that dry lands and fresh waters must have existed before the formation of the chalk strata. Yet neither at that early epoch, nor during the formation of the chalk strata, nor even for a long period afterwards, do we find any fossil remains of *mammiferous land* quadrupeds. We begin to find the bones of mammiferous sea animals, namely, of the lamentin and of seals, in the coarse shell limestone, which immediately covers the chalk strata in the neighbourhood of Paris. But no bones of mammiferous land quadrupeds are to be found in that formation, and, notwithstanding the most careful investigations, I have never been able to discover the slightest traces of this class, excepting in the formation, which lie over the coarse limestone strata; but on reaching these more recent formations the bones of land quadrupeds are discovered in great abundance. As it is reasonable to believe that shells and fish did not exist at the period of the formation of the primitive rocks, we are also led to conclude that the oviparous quadrupeds began to exist along with the fishes, while the land quadrupeds did not begin to appear till long afterwards, and until the coarse shell limestone had been already deposited, which contains the greater part of our genera of shells, although of quite different species from those that are now found in a natural state. There is also a determinate order observable in the disposition of these bones with regard to each other, which indicates a very remarkable succession in the appearance of the different species. All the genera which are now unknown, as the palæotheria, anoplotheria, &c., with the localities of which we are thoroughly acquainted, are found in the most ancient of the formations of which we are now treating, or those which are placed directly over the coarse limestone strata. It is chiefly they which occupy the regular strata, which have been deposited from fresh waters or certain alluvial beds

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beds of very ancient formation, generally composed of sand and rounded pebbles.

'The most celebrated of the unknown species belonging to known genera, or to genera nearly allied to those which are known, as the fossil elephant, rhinoceros, hippopotamus and mastodon, are never found with the more ancient genera, but are only contained in alluvial formations.

'Lastly, the bones of species, which are apparently the same with those that shall exist alive, are never found except in the very light and alluvial depositions.'

Such is the statement of M. Cuvier, formed on long and accurate observation of organic remains in their original positions, aided by the first Museum of detached specimens in the world. Now to all this what has Mr. Gisborne to oppose?—First, that the asserters of this hypothesis are infidels; and, secondly, that the hypothesis itself is gratuitous and unnecessary. To the first of these charges we shall reply in another place. To the second, we presume to say, that if an hypothesis be gratuitous and unnecessary, the phenomena to be accounted for may be explained without it. We will now therefore ask a few plain questions. Mr. Gisborne will not deny the existence of organic animal remains in stratified bodies. He has indeed distinctly admitted the fact, but they are all to be accounted for by one great moral cause—the Deluge. Were, then, these strata depositions formed during the convulsions of that short and perturbed period? Most of them on the contrary bear indubitable marks of a slow and uninterrupted operation both of mechanical and chemical causes; but if our author chuses to limit the evidence of a deluge to the cracks and clefts which every where exist in the crust of the earth, it will necessarily follow that these strata, with all the animal remains which in regular succession are found imbedded within them, existed, and that too in a completely indurated state, before that event. We have therefore irrefragable proof of a prior crust of the earth.

But on the other hand, allowing the formation of these strata, and the fact that all the organized animal remains contained within them, were really the effects of one single and contemporary cause, the Noachian deluge, independently on the difficulty of conceiving how strata could be formed under such circumstances at all, why have we not an universal jumble of quadrupeds, birds, reptiles, and every class of animals which could perish by means of water? Above all, why have we such multitudes of fossil fish, and why have we no relic of man, the single species, on whose account, as the author and ourselves agree, this tremendous visitation was sent upon the earth, and of which every individual perished excepting

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excepting eight persons? Besides, how does this hypothesis account for the extinction of so many genera and species? According to this system, pairs of each must have been taken into the Ark —the mastodon, the megatherion, the palæotherion, &c. if then existing—all and every of which must therefore respectively have survived the deluge. All are now, with Mr. Gisborne's leave, extinct,* and so long extinct that there is not a hint in all the records of antiquity respecting their existence.†

But again, there is no reason from Scripture to suppose that in the production of this tremendous inundation the Almighty employed the agency of any other than mechanical causes—the windows of Heaven were opened, the fountains of the great deep were broken up. But there are phenomena in the formation of the strata of the earth, which, in order to be accounted for, demand the operation of chemical principles. What agitation, for example, in the waters of the deluge, would have accounted for the utter extinction of so many species of testaceous fish, which are now found only in a fossil state? Tossed and retossed, had such been their fate, from the poles to the equator, the greater part of the several species, at least, would have survived the shock. Or what can at all explain the topical existence of their fossil remains in such prodigious quantities but the operation of some chemical and sudden infusion, which from that time forward rendered the medium in which they had been originally placed unfit for their further existence? This, in all probability, was the commencement of that process which reduced them from an animal to a fossil state; but an operation so powerful, so distinct, so local, could have had no place during the confusion of all fluids at the time of the deluge.

From a statement and ratiocination, on the whole flimsy, defec-

* Mr. Gisborne permits himself to doubt whether some of the species of gigantic quadrupeds, whose skeletons have been found in some of the latest alluvial formations, may not yet exist in the central solitudes of America, or in the depth of Northern Asia. For a solution of this doubt we beg leave to refer him to M. Cuvier's most satisfactory chapter on the small probability of discovering new species of the larger quadrupeds. But were this even probable, the remains alluded to are skeletons in their recent state, and have nothing to do with the fossil remains of animals imbedded in ancient strata. Of the vast elephant, or animal nearly resembling the elephant, of which the remains were found in a state of astonishing preservation on the northern shore of Siberia, our author speaks with undoubting assurance as having been rolled thither from some far southern latitude by his universal cause—the Deluge. He might have reflected that the hide of this wonderful and wonderfully preserved animal was covered by a thick coat of long, coarse and shaggy hair, which plainly indicated that it was a native of some cold climate, and probably of the latitude in which it was discovered.

† A person so well acquainted with antiquity as Mr. Gisborne, may attempt to invalidate this assertion by attempting to discover the slightest vestige of any proof to the contrary in the writings of the Greek historians or naturalists: but he may spare his trouble by referring to the first of historians and zoologists, Moses.

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tive, declamatory, illogical, and ill-founded, we can only lament that the worthy author appears to have been born an age too late. He would have adorned the first meetings of the Royal Society; or at a somewhat later period have been deemed a fit coadjutor of Ray and Derham—able and excellent men indeed, like Mr. Gisborne; but who had a merit which he does not possess, that of having availed themselves of all the lights which their own age afforded. We would have analyzed the extraordinary passage already referred to, proposition by proposition, had we not deemed it preferable to examine the subject to the bottom in an analysis, which, we trust, will involve satisfactory answers to each. The scruples of a truly pious Christian, who, after all the lights thrown upon the subject of geology in modern times, shall feel himself bound by the letter, as he conceives it, of the Mosaic text, to accept as an article of faith a creation limited by six days of twenty-four hours each, are entitled to respect; yet it ought to be remembered that the question does not affect the inspiration or the veracity of Moses, but merely turns on the meaning of a very equivocal and uncertain term. And if it can be made appear that the word יום,* the legitimate parent of the Latin *dies*, cannot in this instance be restricted to any definite period, and still more if the latest discoveries have shewn that the work of creation was really of long duration; but above all, if the order in which organized remains are found in successive strata is by a wonderful coincidence such as to throw the strongest light on the Mosaic account, we shall arrive at our author's attempted conclusion by a much clearer and more satisfactory route.

Mr. Gisborne, we are persuaded, as a disciple of Newton, would laugh at what was foolishly called the Mosaic Philosophy of the Heavens, by Julius Bate and the other followers of Hutchinson. He would satisfy himself in dismissing, though with reverential awe, the account which represents, merely in compliance with popular ideas, the sun as a kind of secondary to the earth, and subservient, along with the moon its companion, or even equal, to the uses of the globe which we inhabit. He would smile at the hypothesis of those grave philosophers who sent that glorious orb to perform a diurnal revolution of twenty-four hours about this speck of earth as its centre, and he would probably account for the representation, as other divines have done, by saying that it was not the office of Moses to teach astronomy. But why stop short at this precise point?—Why impose upon himself, or why require of others, as an article of

* 'Valde bene interpretatus est Hebræum יוֹם, quia יום (dies) apud eos sæpe *tempus* significat. Psal. lxxxii. 2. Num. iii. 13. Esaiæ xxx. 26. Grotii Not. in lib. i. Regum, c. xiv. 33.'

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faith, to believe that the word rendered *day* denoted the exact period of twenty-four hours, before a sun existed to measure that time?—Why not admit at once, that on the account of the two first days of the creation, an awful obscurity rests which can never be dissipated by man? Yet it is evident, that by a certain class of geologists, and, as appears from one pretty broad hint, by Mr. Gisborne himself, the patrons of this interpretation, by which, after all, the truth of the Mosaic account may best be established, are accounted little better than infidels.* There is indeed something so triumphant in our author's tone, so supercilious in his manner, when writing on this subject, as would scarcely be justified in one who had either discovered facts, or demonstrated truths which must for ever silence and confound his antagonists.† Somewhat excited, perhaps, by this loftiness of temper, when coupled with a want of the best, that is the latest, information on the subject, we shall investigate his reasonings intended to prove that all organized remains which have been discovered in a mineralized state, are relics of the Noachian deluge; and, secondly, shew that the facts adduced to prove a succession of periods anterior to the æra, unquestionably the true æra, of the creation of man, do not consist of the discovery of a few remains of animals belonging to species no longer existing; but that they have been reduced to numerous species, genera, and classes. We shall also point out to Mr. Gisborne's observation, and that of all who are anxious to establish the veracity of Moses, that the successive order in which these organized remains are discovered, while they are not to be accounted for by the confusion occasioned by a single disruption of the earth's surface, are so relatively situated in the strata where they are discovered as to afford the strongest confirmation to the Mosaic account of the *order* in which they were severally created.

Let us now take up our author's assumption, that all these appearances are relics of the Noachian deluge only.

'In the self-same day entered Noah, and Shem and Ham and Japheth, the sons of Noah, and Noah's wife, and the three wives of his sons with them, into the ark. They, and *every* beast after his kind, and all the cattle after their kind, and *every* creeping thing that creepeth

* 'We ask not for the high antiquity of the earth which *infidelity* assigns.'—p. 32.

† 'If the skeletons of the mammoth or of the megatherion, or the horns of some unknown tribe of the class of the deer or the buffalo, have been found on the surface of the earth, or dug up from bogs or cavities, may not these animals still survive in the central solitudes of America? &c. Is not any of these suppositions at least as philosophical as to erect on a basis so narrow and slender' (the basis of fact and experiment) 'the hypothesis of an unknown world? If fifty years ago the bones of a kangaroo had been extracted from a mine or a morass, they might probably have been produced by some *philosopher* as triumphant proofs that our globe was constructed from the wreck of a predecessor'—that is, we suppose, of a preceding globe. A mine or a morass!—that is, in a recent or mineralized state. Does our author make no distinction betwixt the two?

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upon the earth after his kind, every fowl after his kind, every bird of every sort. And they went in unto Noah, into the ark, two and two of all flesh, as God had commanded him, and the Lord shut him in.'

These are the words of Moses, in which the emphatical reiteration of the words *all* and *every* is very remarkable. Now on Mr. Gisborne's hypothesis, that at the æra of the deluge sixteen hundred and fifty years only had elapsed, not since the creation of man, which is unquestionably true, but from the formation of the present crust of the earth, we beg leave to present him with two difficulties. The crust of the earth, as broken up at Noah's flood, was indubitably the present crust, and this, as our author contends, was exactly coeval with the creation of man. These organized remains, therefore, of unknown animals, had existed upon earth in this intermediate period of sixteen centuries and a half. But they are found imbedded in strata of various kinds, and at various depths, together with symptoms of violent convulsions (not one, but many) interposed, which during this period must have rendered the earth utterly uninhabitable by man, directly against the evidence of Moses himself.

In the next place, every creature of land or air then existing entered into the ark. If so, did the living representatives of these mineralized species enter the ark or not?—if they did, they have all perished since—if not, they had all perished in the sixteen centuries preceding. But this leads to another difficulty.—If they had so perished, how came it to pass that not a vestige of any species now remaining is discovered imbedded in the same strata with them? For even in the very latest of these appearances there is some variety in their anatomy which proves them to have belonged to different species. If, again, these unknown and extinct species *did* enter the ark, they must have been extinct since. Why then are their remains scarcely ever found in a *recent* state, and especially with the relics of existing quadrupeds in alluvial deposits? But again, within the space of eleven hundred years after the deluge, Moses drew up, for the purpose of establishing a distinction between clean and unclean animals, the first sketch of zoology which the world ever saw. Yet by what we know of the uniform practice and observances of the Jews, all the species there enumerated may be accounted for, as indeed they have been by the erudition of Bochart.* All the lost species therefore, among which are to be enumerated not the unwieldy helpless megatherion or mammoth only, but many species of birds, must have become extinct in that short interval. And why, it may be asked, did the process of extinction stop at that precise point in other animals while the miserable sloth itself, half ani-

* See his Hierozoicon, *passim*.

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mated, unprotected, and utterly defenceless, has survived in the midst of beasts, and birds of prey, and noxious serpents, to this very hour? Once more: if the mineralized remains of testaceous animals are relics only of the Noachian flood, why do these too exhibit remains of so many species, and even genera, wholly extinct in their recent state?

Mr. Gisborne very feebly endeavours to account for the possibility of the formation of calcareous rocks, in the period assigned by what he and his school conceive to be the Mosaic chronology for the present globe, but he never attempts to account for this striking phenomenon—the diversity of species, of which the organic remains contained in those immense masses consist: yet in how slight a degree must the convulsion occasioned by the deluge have affected the testacea! Or if for a moment it could be conceived that it had operated to the destruction of certain species, why did it permit the escape and preservation of other tribes no better fortified and protected than those? Again—if, as Mr. Gisborne thinks himself bound to believe, all the deposits of animal exuviæ were made during the convulsion of the Noachian flood, how is it that an universal and indiscriminate jumble of these remains, testacea, fishes, birds, quadrupeds, and even of the human species are not promiscuously discovered? Or, why are the strata in which they are found imbedded any thing more than fortuitous masses and heterogeneous deposits out of the broken and dislocated materials of the Adamic globe; and why do these strata exhibit marks of any thing more than dislocation since the waters of the deluge have been withdrawn? Mr. Gisborne might have learned from every intelligent geologist of the present day, that in the formation and disposition of the principal strata of the earth, there appear none of those marks of confusion of which he so loudly complains and from which he infers so much; while, on the contrary, it is manifest that regular deposits have been made, and at successive periods evidently been superinduced upon each other; that in each of these are found, in undeviating order, the remains of different classes of animated beings, beginning with the monads, the simplest of the living works of the Creator, and ascending through the scale to tribes of quadrupeds, in which the gradation closes without ever* rising to man;—that between these successive deposits are indubitable vestiges of successive convulsions, equally formidable with those which dislocate and, if Mr. Gisborne will have it so, deform the present crust of the earth;—that in order to mineralize these successive deposits some chemical cause or causes must uniformly have been employed, which have had the collateral effect of destroying the animals whose nature and organs fitted them to exist

* A single instance to the contrary has indeed occurred in a rock of very late formation.

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upon the surface of the last deposit, and unfitted them for the next;—and finally that these chemical causes, whatever they were, have ceased to operate, excepting in particular instances, and upon a very limited scale. And why, after all, will bigotry contend that this veracity of Moses depends upon a literal interpretation of a word so indefinite as *day*, which may as well be understood to apply to any unassigned period of time—when the abandonment of this rigid limitation of the word will furnish us with a proof of the inspiration of the historian somewhat better than Mr. Gisborne's demonstration of a moral cause of the disruption of the crust of the earth?

But to return to Mr. Gisborne's position, that nothing but a *moral* cause can account for the present dislocated state of the earth's surface, we are compelled to refuse him the assumption, both as philosophers and as Christians,—First therefore, man, as the most perfect, was the last created of all living beings. Mr. Gisborne will allow, that there was no moral agent upon the planet called Earth, before man. Yet are there indubitable appearances of disruptions in the earth's surface equally formidable, and which must have been equally destructive to the inhabitants, whatever they were, of the then existing surface of the globe, with any which can be conceived of the Noachian deluge. One race after another, of subordinate beings in their different classes, have actually been swept away, and so far as appears, by very sudden and violent convulsions, before sin appeared in the world. Surely then such appearances may have been produced by physical causes. Let us not, however, be mistaken as denying, or even doubting, that the Mosaic deluge was occasioned by the sin of man: we are informed of it by inspiration itself, and on that authority assuredly believe it.

We now return to the narrative of Moses, corroborated as we have seen by this wonderful coincidence betwixt that and the order in which organized animal remains are discovered in the successive strata. What are the millions and millions of chances against his having casually hit upon such a coincidence as the order assigned by him for the creation of the successive classes of being, with their respective positions in a mineralized state, we leave to the patient calculator to compute. *Centies venereum jecit*. Whence then, we will ask the unbeliever, did the historian derive this information, and what did he know of appearances and arrangements beneath the present surface of the earth? Had he explored the patriarchal wells? which though among the most wonderful monuments of human perseverance, could have afforded him, we dare to affirm, very superficial information. Perhaps he drew his information from Egyptian traditions?

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Whence were these derived? Perhaps it will be answered, through the line of the patriarchs, from Adam himself. The fact of inspiration is then admitted; for whence could Adam have learned the history and order of events which happened before his own creation, but from the Creator himself? Once more: we object, as Christians, to Mr. Gisborne's assumption, that the present surface of the globe *could* not have undergone the changes which appear upon it from any other than a moral cause. For how, we may be permitted to ask, but in extent, do these appearances differ from those produced by the earthquakes at Lisbon, in Calabria, at Messina, or at Portroyal? Yet would even *he* deny that these were or could be produced only by physical causes? If so, we should then presume to ask whether he supposes that the greatest of all sinners on the face of the earth were to be found only on low levels and on the margin of the sea? or that those Galileans were sinners above all the Galileans because they suffered these things, or those eighteen upon whom the tower in Siloam fell and slew them? There is one who will tell him 'nay.'—We are therefore forbidden to draw the inference for ourselves, but are to wait for a direct assurance of the intent and purport of such judgments, as in the case of the deluge. But perhaps there may be found among our readers, some who will treat our assertions, with respect to the order and harmony of primæval deposits on the surface of the globe, and the regular arrangement of their organic contents, as gratuitous assumptions. Mr. Gisborne, in particular, who allows himself to speak so cavalierly of the accidental discoveries of a few insulated remains belonging to species now no longer remaining, will probably be among the first to fall into the snare, and the last to extricate himself from it.

Of the last, and beyond comparison the most scientific writer on the subject, we repeat that he appears to have no knowledge. For his information therefore, we have abstracted from M. Cuvier's Essay on the Theory of the Earth, already referred to, a compendium of the latest geological discoveries, to which we now subjoin the conclusion of Linnæus at a much earlier period of the science—of Linnæus, as much a Christian as Mr. Gisborne, who, by the far less clear and certain lights of his day, was led to the declaration, 'Diluvii vestigia cerno nulla, ævi vetustissimi plurima.' To our author, probably, and to others, at the first view, this may appear a startling declaration; but let them recollect how few and of how small extent were the apertures necessary for the emission of subterraneous waters at Noah's deluge, and how little reason there is, from the account of Moses himself, for believing that the general surface of the globe underwent any material change in consequence of that catastrophe. The annihilation of the human race, with

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with a few exceptions, was the object of God, and for that purpose an inundation, without these supposed convulsions, otherwise than as required for producing that inundation, was quite sufficient. And do not we find, in conformity with this opinion, that among the rivers of Paradise the Euphrates itself is distinctly mentioned? which goes far towards identifying the other three. And what must have become of rivers, mountains, and all other features of the earth's antediluvian surface, on Mr. Gisborne's supposition? or was the surface of our planet antecedently a perfect plane? If it were, the present dislocations on its surface, instead of being penal in their nature, were among the greatest blessings ever bestowed upon mankind. It would be easy to shew in how great a degree all subsequent improvements in the arts and accommodations of human life depend on the inclined position of the strata of the earth.

We now proceed to some very singular positions and reasonings of our author, intended to prove, from physical phenomena, the Fall of Man.

'It has already appeared evident, from documents furnished by natural theology, that mankind are fallen by transgression from the condition in which they were created. Let imagination' (we seriously wish that our ingenious author had exercised his reason more and his imagination less, but) 'let imagination form to itself a picture of the state of beings in which, fresh from their Maker's hand, and in full possession of his favour, they were originally stationed upon earth. For the assistance of our conceptions, we are supplied with two models, one delivered by the finger of God in the opening chapters of the Book of Genesis; the other by the pen of man in the representations given by poets of a golden age.'

Surely we may remark, in passing, that the juxtaposition of the Book of Genesis and Ovid's Metamorphoses was not very judicious or well considered, in so serious a Christian as our author. With his permission, therefore, we will discard the latter *in toto*.

'Form the picture, however,' says Mr. Gisborne, 'on either pattern, on any consistent pattern, including unsullied innocence and the complete possession of the favour of God, there will remain two questions to which we may desire a reply. In the first place, in what degree, according to our conception, could the mineral substances which have been specified be necessary or useful to man in such a state of innocence, &c.? The necessity or the utility of such substances to such beings is not easily, if at all, to be discerned.'

Here we will just observe, that as Adam in Paradise was required to 'work' the ground, as it is in the original, the utility of an iron mattock in preference to a wooden stake may perhaps be discerned. But now we get into Ovid and poetry, for surely what follows is no more the sense than the language of Moses.

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'Were men dwelling in a paradisiacal state, or amidst the realization of an age of gold, when neither corporeal need prompted a wish for cloathing,—when the grove, though shelter were superfluous, would ever be at hand with its grateful vicissitude of shade,—when trees loaded with fruit were spreading their offerings in spontaneous luxuriance to meet the first sensations of hunger and thirst,—when all was purity, and peace and joy, on what obvious grounds could we rest the applicability and the importance of the substances under consideration?'

On this declamatory passage we have to observe, that Mr. Gisborne betrays a strange antipathy to labour, which was necessary in order to give a relish to all these enjoyments; and that his idea of our first parents in Paradise seems to be that of two indolent, contemplative, voluptuous devotees.—Yet, in the midst of all this purity and peace and joy, the pains and penalties of idleness must have been felt, and accordingly our great poet, in order to make ease more easy, has been careful to find employment for the inhabitants of his Paradise, whereas that of Mr. Gisborne would have better suited the Castle of Indolence—

'Where labour only was to kill the time,
And labour sore it was and weary woe.'

'But, in the second place, if it be assumed that the possession of coal and of iron, and of the rest of the metals, would be not only in a moderate degree desired, but even of essential advantage to man in the supposed condition of felicity, and in the consequent continuance of the favour of the gracious Father of Creation, is it possible to suppose that those substances would be placed in the situations in which they are now arranged? To answer this question affirmatively, appears beyond the possibility of reason. Consider that the beds of coal and the metallic veins are deeply stationed below the surface of the earth, that they are buried under strata of powerful resistance, that by the convulsions through which these strata have been disjoined and dislocated the accompanying coal and metal participate in every mode of confusion, and that by the combination of all these circumstances they are rendered at once of doubtful discovery and of difficult access. Consider further that the metallic bodies, when discovered and obtained, are rarely in a state fitting them for the service of man. They offer themselves to him in masses of shapeless, rugged, stony, and untractable ore, and are to be subdued by the strongest discipline of fire and of labour, ere they will submit to the forms and manifest the qualities which are indispensably necessary before he can derive a particle of benefit from his acquisition. Is it conceivable that men, innocent, happy, in the full enjoyment of God, men dwelling in an actual or a virtual Paradise, should be doomed by their heavenly Father to seek the mineral production which we are supposing them to need, in such a situation? Assuredly we may without hesitation conclude, that if to innocent and favoured man minerals were of importance, they would be provided for him by divine goodness in stations easy of detection and of access, and would be endued with the qualities necessary for that purpose.'

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The drift of this argument is to prove, that all these are prospective contrivances for the purpose of inflicting penal suffering on a race of fallen and guilty creatures: that had man been in a state of innocence, and the use of metals been necessary for him in that state, they would have presented themselves upon the surface in a fusible state; and all the labour and research, all the skill of subduing the stubborn qualities of ore by fire or otherwise, are proofs of the wrath of God against a creature to whom such occupations are necessary;—in other words, that all labour is penal. As well might Mr. Gisborne have required, that every instrument of luxury or ornament,—the golden goblet, the diadem or the tiara studded with diamonds, should present themselves spontaneously to man. On the other hand, all the toil of research, all the ingenuity employed in refining and modifying native materials for the use of man, is represented as so much misery. Almost every thing may be taken by two handles; and it would surely have occurred to a more cheerful temper, or a more philosophical understanding, that these prospective contrivances, for such unquestionably they are, may be proved by the event to have been intended for a very different purpose;—that innumerable blessings were placed within the reach of man, but at a proper distance to stimulate research, to reward labour, to exercise the sagacity, and in all respects so circumstanced as to suit the condition of a creature destined to advance to the highest degrees of civilization and of intellectual improvement, by a vigorous exercise both of mind and body;—that the dislocations and disruptions which it suits our author's temper to bewail in strains so lamentable, by inclining the strata of the earth, have been in many instances the very means by which mines and minerals were discovered, and have afforded the greatest facilities to their being wrought. Again, according to Mr. Gisborne, miners and manufacturers of metals are *damnati ad metalla*—criminals condemned, for the original transgression of their first parents, to darkness, damps, and intolerable toil: but we would beg leave to ask him, whether, in our happy country at least, this state of gloom and suffering is not spontaneously chosen? Does not every individual who embraces this occupation elect it for himself? Are not other callings at his option? Or are our miners, like the convicts of the Roman law, worn out by the combined operation of labour and want, proportioned, in either case, with artificial and exquisite cruelty, so as to constitute the severest of all punishments? Is not their free and moderate share of labour a blessing instead of a curse? Is it not the parent of health, vigour and spirits? But further, the exercise of the understanding in research for the discovery of mines and minerals is highly

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highly pleasurable. The consciousness of sagacity and skill at once encourages hope and enhances the joy of success; nay even the stimulus to exertion under temporary disappointments is far from being undelightful. But in the long and varied process by which the most important and valuable of metals is modified for the uses of man, invention and improvement, the progress of which is almost without bounds, are so many sources of pure and innocent pleasure. Intimately connected with the subject of metallurgy are the sciences of chemistry and even electricity: and are all these pursued in gloomy discontent, as if their prosecutors were merely condemned to the endurance of some great evil, merely to avoid a greater? In short, we need not at this time to be told how much of that highly cultivated state of society in which we live is owing to improvement in the modification of metals; nor that every improvement in art, every step in the progress of human society, is not only an accession to general happiness, but a source of delight to the inventor.

'But,' says our author, with inflexible adherence to his hypothesis, 'what are the tendency and effects of the present arrangement and collocation of mineral beds? Precisely those, which, for the benefit of our argument, we should especially desire. They are to shew that the Deity, when placing mankind in a state of innocence upon the globe, devised and carried into execution, in its very structure and composition, provisions and prospective arrangements unadapted to the then existing state of man, but suited to the situation of men in the event of their falling from holiness and from his favour, and that his omniscience foresaw such fall, and made provision for it,'—

—that is, to punish it. Had Mr. Gisborne applied another and a truly Christian analogy to this case, he might have arrived at this conclusion,—that as God had made a prospective arrangement for the recovery and salvation of mankind, foreseeing the fall, so in foresight of the same event and of the consequent expulsion of our first parents from Paradise, he had graciously provided in the structure and furniture of the earth materials for human skill and industry, by which they might, in a great measure, repair the physical consequences of the fall, and raise themselves to an higher degree of intellect than could have been naturally attained in Paradise itself. This would have been an inference at once cheering and pious.

For the establishment of the same hypothesis, our author pursues through many a page of gloomy declamation, the case of earthquakes and volcanos, and then infers, from the case of Korah and his company, that each of these phænomena is an act of divine vengeance; 'and so plainly,' saith he, 'is this conclusion rational, that in the volume of Revelation itself, and when earthquakes formed as now part of the ordinary dispensations of Providence, the argument,

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ment, as addressed to natural reason, is most awfully applied and illustrated in the miraculous judgment on Korah and his company. "If these men die the common death of all men, or if they be visited after the visitation of all men, then the Lord hath not sent me. But if the Lord make a new thing, and the earth open her mouth and swallow them up, then shall she understand that these men have provoked the Lord"—the voice of the earthquake proclaims to the pupil of natural theology "Man has provoked the Lord."'

To this inference we have two objections:—First, that the fate of these rebels is not clearly proved to have been produced by an earthquake. It was a new thing, probably a sudden, tranquil, and miraculous subsidence of the earth beneath their feet—and, secondly, because the analogy is wholly inapplicable; for this terrible event was specifically threatened beforehand as an act of vengeance. The same fallacy runs through all our author's reasonings on these subjects. We believe the deluge, the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, the peculiar agonies of human childbirth, and the awful event of death, all these we believe to have been, or to be, properly, penal, because we are so assured in Scripture; but as to other convulsions which have agitated the earth, or other miseries which have afflicted it, since they are all capable of being accounted for by physical causes, we deem it presumptuous to judge as to their moral purpose or direction because we have no authority for so doing. We have another instance of our author's unhappy bias towards the gloomy system—

'There is a circumstance connected with the ordinary suppor of the human frame, which accords with a fallen state *only*, namely, the general necessity for the use of animal food. That one holy and pure being, &c. &c. should be *constrained* for the preservation of his existence, or his strength, continually to dip his hand in blood—this would be a supposition inconsistent, I think, with any semblance of probability.'

What is there unnatural or improbable in this? The organs of the human frame, the teeth, the stomach in particular, prove that, though capable of being sustained by vegetable food, man was either created in part a carnivorous animal, or was refashioned into a different creature at his expulsion from Paradise. Besides—on the opinion here advanced, we have only to observe that no man is *constrained* to dip his hand in blood and to eat the flesh of what Mr. Gisborne thinks proper to call a fellow-creature: it was allowed to Noah as an indulgence, and may be accepted or declined by his posterity. But we cannot forbear to urge the immense addition which was made to the happiness of those species of animals which ordinarily constitute the food of man by this very indulgence. Had the

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the restriction to vegetable diet, which may seem to have prevailed down to the Flood, been continued to the present time, the sheep might indeed have been propagated and preserved for its fleece, and the cow for its milk, but where would have been all the enjoyment, which arises from the long process of fattening? Compare the worn out age of an ox and a horse—the one turned out to destitution and insults, the other pampered and protected till its existence is terminated by a momentary and unexpected stroke. All this happiness arises from the use of animal food.

In the paradisiacal state, as Mr. Gisborne truly observes, God gave to the whole animal creation the green herb, and that only, for meat. This provision leads into a boundless field of hypothesis and conjecture: man and the hog indeed could subsist indifferently upon animal and vegetable food, but what was to become of animals purely carnivorous? To suppose that they originally subsisted on herbs is to suppose them to have been different creatures; their teeth, claws, muscles, eyes, smell and organs of digestion plainly point them out as made for pursuit and ravine. Now it is very extraordinary that during this whole period, from the creation to the deluge, there is no mention of beasts of prey: they appear to be unnoticed amongst the original works of the creation, for of the two words which could alone be supposed to describe them, the one means exclusively pecus or jumentum, and the other a living creature in general. It is only after the Flood that blood is said to be required of every beast: can we then conceive a subsequent creation to have taken place of these tribes, and that proper food was allowed for their sustenance? Every way and in every view the subject is enveloped in clouds and darkness.

Another unfavourable and unfair view of the quantum of present happiness is exhibited in Mr. Gisborne's account of agricultural labour:

'How great,' he says, 'how continual is the toil annexed to the effective culture of the earth! Agriculture wears not in this our planet the characteristics of an occupation arranged for an innocent and fully favoured race. It displays to the eye of natural theology traces of the sentence pronounced on the first cultivator, the representative of all that were to succeed—"Cursed is the ground for thy sake"—"Thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee."—"In sorrow shalt *thou* eat all the days of thy life"—"In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread."'

It bears, according to Mr. Gisborne, in its toils and its solicitudes plain indications that 'man is a sinner.' It bears indeed plain indications that man is placed upon earth in a state, where if he is too idle to plough and sow, he will never reap; and this is all. But has our author attended so little to his Bible as not to know, that in this respect, Adam was not the representative of all that were to succeed, and

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and that this primæval curse of the earth was positively repealed in the days of Noah, according to the prediction of his father Lamech, that he should comfort them concerning the work and toil of their hands, because of the earth which the Lord had cursed? And accordingly God declares immediately after the Flood, 'I will not curse the ground any more for man's sake.' Would that Mr. Gisborne, as a means of dispelling that gloom which a peculiar system of theology appears to have diffused over his whole understanding and temper, would take, by way of antidote, a beautiful and cheering passage of the 65th Psalm—'Thou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice—Thou visitest the earth and waterest it—Thou crownest the year with thy goodness, and thy paths drop fatness—The pastures are clothed with flocks; the valleys also are covered over with corn; they shout for joy, they also sing.'* To all this we may add, that had Paul and Barnabas been of Mr. Gisborne's mind, they would not have used the appearances of divine beneficence in the present world, as a proper topic for bringing the people of Lystra to a belief of the Being and Providence of the true God:—'Nevertheless he left not himself without witness in that he did good, and gave us rain and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with food and gladness;' whereas our author would make the witness to consist in the Almighty's continuing to curse the earth for man's sake, and to fill his hands with toil and his heart with sorrow. Were ever the sweet, the innocent, the healthful, the primæval labours of the husbandman so misrepresented by gloom and melancholy before?

The peculiar turn of our author's mind is no where more conspicuous than in his reflections upon war, as a proof of the depravity of human nature. On this subject, St. James had told us truly and concisely that wars and fighting proceed from the lusts of men. Our author, with equal truth, but with that verbiage which every where deforms his style, has expanded this simple proposition into the following declamation:—

'The employment of war—it is one which bears on its front the indelible brand of punishment and guilt' (an easy inversion would have prevented this hysteron proteron). 'It is penal in its nature—it has its root in unrighteousness. The conflict of man with man is not the encounter of the wild beast with its antagonist. The brute animal, of whatever blind passion he may be following the impulse, wars not against checks of conscience and conviction of duty. His aggressions

* We would seriously recommend to our author's perusal, for his better information on this subject, the fourth of Bishop Sherlock's masterly Discourses on prophecy, where the repeal of the curse on the earth for the sin of man is discussed with a clearness and accuracy almost peculiar to that great author. The study of such writers, instead of the school of theology to which Mr. Gisborne has addicted himself, would have been of material service, both to his understanding and temper.

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are not perpetrated nor planned' (another inversion) 'in the face of moral responsibility and the knowledge of God.'

In the name of common sense, how should they, when the perpetrator has neither reason, conscience, responsibility, nor the knowledge of God bestowed upon him by his Creator? But it is not a mere unmeaning truism to which we here object. It is the spirit of Quakerism which the passage breathes throughout, the cold, heartless, unpatriotic tone which can include in one sweeping censure aggressive and defensive war, the wanton and unprovoked ravages of an invader, with the heroic resistance of an individual, or a nation bravely occupied in the protection of their hearths and altars.

In the next passage, our disapprobation is almost swallowed up in astonishment. It is imputed to original sin that man is not a bird, or flying insect, or that he cannot command the elements—the proper answer to which is, that Adam in paradise could no more do any of these things than we his fallen descendants. They are denied to us, not because we are fallen creatures, but because we are men. Yet does our author plainly assert, that these incongruous faculties are withholden from us only because in our present state they would be made instruments of greater mischief.

But let us hear our author for himself.

'While he beholds insects, fish, beasts, birds, all indulging their respective modes of locomotion, man, unhappy man, is himself laboriously creeping upon the ground, incapable of achieving, without anxious preparation, a transit promptly accomplished by a swallow, a pigeon, or a fieldfare,—with the condition of a guiltless being, how accordant were the possession of this power! But look on man as a transgressor against his God, and ask yourself what corporeal endowment would be more fatally subversive of human happiness, than the possession by man of such powers of locomotion!'

We are next informed, that at this hour, as twenty-five centuries ago, in the reign of David, (he ought rather to have said in the time of Moses, by whom, and not by David, the 90th Psalm was written,) 'the days of our age are threescore years and ten. Man cannot check the volcano, nor the earthquake,—he cannot ensure or command a prosperous harvest,—he cannot call down a shower from the sky,—he cannot foretel the events of the morrow.' That is, he is not at once a man, a bird, a fish, an insect and a prophet, with omnipotence superadded to these characters, and all because this assemblage would have been inconvenient in a fallen creature. If it be not then a fair inference that Adam either did possess or had a right to all these qualifications, before the fall, we know not what an inference means. The learned Archbishop King, and his more

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more learned commentator Bishop Law, would have instructed our author, that evils of imperfection, such as he wildly enumerates, are no evils at all, but merely incidents necessary to a classification of beings, in a world so wisely and beautifully diversified as the present.*

The awful subject of death is treated by Mr. Gisborne in his best manner, which will lead to several important reflections:

'Death,' he says, and with great truth, 'death, in its simple character, is not necessarily a proof that the beings to whom it attaches, have offended their Creator. Existence bestowed might be intended by the donor, to be but temporary; and happy existence, even for a limited duration, would be a gratuitous gift to be enjoyed and acknowledged with thankfulness by percipient intelligences. Moreover, existence might be prolonged after death, and the stroke which seemed to involve the annihilation of the individual, might be the instrument of his removal into another scene, and a more exalted modification of life.'

In all and every of these remarks, we wholly acquiesce. How far to adopt those which follow, we have considerable hesitation.

'But death, sudden, wide spreading, supervening in an unknown and horrid form, bears the aspect, not of a placid dismission from existence, not of a gracious transplantation into another and a nobler province of the universal empire of the Almighty, but of the execution of a judicial sentence upon a race of transgressors.'

The death of man, we allow, as a separation of soul and body, is properly penal, 'the wages of sin.' But with respect to the circumstances and forerunners of death, we would ask why, upon this hypothesis, is the death of brutes, when it takes place in the course of nature, apparently not less agonizing for the most part than that of man? They have never sinned, and if the pains of death be properly penal, why do they suffer? The probability is that, if the generations of mankind had multiplied upon the earth without a fall, the first and oldest would have been translated to some better state, without any violent shock to either part, the bodily or spiritual, of which they consisted,—but in this respect, moral evil was the parent of physical. The bodies of men, inflamed by violent and sinful passions, contracted with that lamentable change, were reduced, by a judicial and righteous connection between sin and dissolution, to the original condition of brutes, and became subject to death,—they were no longer in a condition to accompany the soul into that better and happier state to which they were destined, without undergoing a total decomposition. But with respect to the circumstances attendant upon that change, little more perhaps can be inferred,

* Here we must once more recommend to our author's most serious attention, Archbishop King's Origin of Evil, with Bishop Law's profound and elaborate notes, and more particularly the chapter on Evils of Imperfection.

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than that from the operation of some physical law, with which we are unacquainted, the tie which connects soul and body is so strong as to require a violent, and therefore, in general, a painful disruption.—Beyond this general truth, nothing appears with certainty. The best men, in their last hours, are not exempt from the acutest and most agonizing sufferings,—on the other hand, there are habits of sin which directly lead to a quiet and gentle or a momentary departure.—But, on the whole, our author's representation of the misery preceding death is as usual overcharged,—there is, or there would be no such word in the most expressive of all languages, an ἐυθανασια, for which our author has made no allowance, but which we sincerely wish he and ourselves may experience. This is beautifully expressed in the language of an old divine, which we commend to our author as an antidote, a Christian antidote, to the prevailing gloom of his disposition. 'Morte Christi effectum est ut mors fidelibus jam non sit interitus, sed quædam quasi migratio commutatioque vitæ, brevisque adeo et certa in cælum transmissio. Quocirca pii mortis metu, quæ laborum, solicitudinum atque malorum hujus vitæ omnium perfugium illis et dux in cælum erit, exhorrescere jam amplius aut trepidare non debent.' One more reflection on the subject, and we have done.

Throughout the present work, Mr. Gisborne shews a most unhappy propensity to mistate his question, and to adduce, with an air of great self-complacency, facts which are admitted by his antagonist, as irrefragable proofs of his own positions.* Thus he quotes, like a philosopher of the last century but one, the existence of marine remains on the tops of mountains, as evidences of a deluge, and what is more, of the Noachian deluge alone; and thus too, in his verbose and declamatory manner, he enlarges on the traditionary evidence of an universal deluge. This is not the point at issue between the parties. Every Christian philosopher admits the fact, nay more, he admits it on the faith of Revelation, corroborated by that very tradition. But with respect to the auxiliary evidence adduced by Mr. Gisborne's school, evidence deduced from existing

* A remarkable proof of this will be found in the following passage.—'But natural theology is endowed with organs of hearing no less than of vision. From every quarter of the world she hears the voice of pagan tradition, proclaiming the memory of an ancient and a penal flood; with a concurrence bearing a resemblance to that with which on the day of Pentecost, so many languages united in publishing the wonderful works of God, she hears the Roman and the Greek, and the Mexican, and the Hindoo, referring to a judicial visitation of waters, by which their forefathers were overwhelmed.'—And then after two pages of vague declamation, our author proceeds. 'Is not the general tradition a positive fact—is it not a fact as distinct and demonstrable as the disarrangement of the strata in the Alps, or the discovery of an uncorrupted rhinoceros in Siberia?'—That is to say, there is a general tradition of a deluge—there is a disarrangement of the strata in the Alps,—therefore, not only has the latter event been produced by the former, but it could not have been produced by any other cause.

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appearances in the crust or on the surface of the earth, he takes leave to hesitate, perhaps to deny the consequences. He will say to Mr. Gisborne, We are agreed as to the fact of an universal deluge, and the force of the united proof from Scripture and tradition, by which it is established,—but when you require me to believe, on pain of being called an infidel, not only that every phenomenon, in or beneath the earth's surface, is solvable on that hypothesis, but on that alone,—nay, more, when I am obliquely threatened with the penalties of unbelief, unless I renounce all the lights which modern research and modern science have thrown upon a subject even yet comparatively new; when in every stratum and every fissure of the earth, I meet with appearances, which, according to my apprehension, negative such an hypothesis, in the use of my senses and in the operations of my understanding, I will no more be intimidated by a bigot, than by an inquisitor. I cannot accept of loose declamation for irrefragable argument, nor unwarranted assertion for legitimate proof,—I am not disposed to believe, that in a world, constituted of elements like the present, subterraneous fires could not be kindled, nor steam expand, nor earthquakes rend the surface, nor volcanos burst forth from its bowels, till their several principles were put in action by the sin of man.—Without exploring the recesses of the earth, without being affrighted by the marks of disorder on its surface, I see enough in the character of the human species, to assure me that, in its present state, man both sins and suffers in consequence. This is matter of experience,—why then am I so imperiously called upon to accept what I already allow, on proofs weakly hypothetical, or on no proofs at all?

Sorry we are to have felt the necessity of animadverting with such freedom, on the work of so good a man and so good a scholar as Mr. Gisborne; but it is the hard fate of revealed religion in the present day, to suffer as deeply from the injudicious assistance of its friends, as from the open attacks of its enemies, who are only to be encountered by observers and reasoners not inferior to themselves. On the subject now before us, it must be admitted that they appear to be right in their facts, while they are certainly wrong in their conclusions. Their facts, grounded as they are upon the latest discoveries, ought, in this work, to have been admitted, and their consequence denied. Our author, on the contrary, undertakes to deny a minor, which, in our apprehension, has been satisfactorily proved, and sincerely do we hope, for the sake of revealed religion itself, that Mr. Gisborne will be the last Christian writer who shall attempt to shew that the present appearances on, and immediately beneath, the surface of our earth, can only have been occasioned by the Noachian deluge. The maintainers of a contrary opinion have

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been, by our author, very unskilfully, and with as little distinction as charity, accused of infidelity. On this subject, it is fitting that he should be better informed. These persons then are, with Mr. Gisborne's permission, to be divided into two classes: the first, consisting of those who doubt or deny the reality of the Noachian deluge; and the second, among whom we desire to be numbered, of those who cordially accept the evidence of Moses, corroborated as it is by universal tradition, for the certainty of that astonishing event, while they descry no certain and ulterior confirmation of it, in the present appearance of the globe. Let it be remembered, that in this class stands first and foremost, Linnæus himself;—yet, on the other hand, while we see nothing in those appearances, which tends to negative the fact of an universal deluge, we pretend not to deny that any of the clefts and fissures on the earth's surface, *may* have been among the causes of the flood: we neither dogmatize with Mr. Gisborne, nor deny with infidels. Of the veracity and inspiration of the Mosaic history we are fully assured; and if, in the interpretation of the earlier steps of creation, we differ from Mr. Gisborne, we yet account these positions perfectly consistent with each other. Yet let not the adversaries of Revelation triumph, if in this instance they have been encountered by an unequal antagonist, who has failed, (justice, indeed, extorts from us that admission;) by the unskilful choice of his ground, by the narrowness of his religious system, the heat of his temper, the indulgence of his imagination, and the absence of a calm philosophical spirit. One Christian philosopher, able to encounter, on true grounds, the whole host of unbelieving geologists, has not long been removed by death, and no one, either similar or second to him, has arisen in his place. This is not the first instance which has given us occasion to lament, in an age of much acuteness, united with unbelief, the absence of a competent champion for the evidences of revealed religion. Meantime, we have only to request of every fair and candid sceptic, a sincere exertion of the philosophical ἐποχή, which he so much affects. In the progress of intellect as of generation, another Paley may shortly arise: meanwhile, the fair and philosophical geologists of the present day cannot fail to perceive that if all our author's reasons were allowed to be futile, all his facts mistated, and all his consequences inconclusive, which we are far from admitting, the merits of the question are yet entire and untouched,—namely, whether the organic remains of the world are or are not inconsistent with the Mosaic history of the creation?

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ART. IV.—*Narrative of a Journey in the Interior of China, and of a Voyage to and from that Country, in the Years* 1816 *and* 1817; *containing an Account of the most interesting Transactions of Lord Amherst's Embassy to the Court of Pekin, and Observations on the Countries which it visited.* By Clarke Abel, F.L.S. London. 1818.

WE are now in possession of three quartos, besides a goodly octavo, as the literary fruits of Lord Amherst's Embassy to China—how many more are yet hatching in the womb of time we venture not to conjecture; but we have heard that the same literary jobman who, under the guidance of Du Halde and Grozier, drove Æneas Anderson so successfully over the old ground, declares himself still able and willing to start with any other attendant of the embassy, notwithstanding the perils of the midnight procession round the walls of Pekin, and the horrors of the granite causeway.

Seriously, we scarcely imagined that Mr. Abel would have succeeded so well in filling his pages, without a repetition of what we had already learned from Mr. Ellis and Mr. M'Leod; and in fact there is a good deal of the same kind of matter as was furnished by these gentlemen, and which can now hardly be considered as 'interesting transactions.' There is something, however, in Mr. Abel's book, which has no place in those of the other two; and there would have been more, but for the author's illness during the most interesting part of the journey through China, and the subsequent shipwreck of the Alceste; by the former he lost the opportunity of making his personal observations, and by the latter those collections of natural history which had been made partly by himself, but mostly by the exertions of others. Three hundred packages of seeds had been collected by the unremitting efforts of Mr. Hooper, for the Botanic Garden, which it seems were thrown overboard on leaving the wreck of the Alceste, 'to make room for some of the linen of one of the gentlemen of the embassy.' A collection of zoophites, of madrepores and of Lew-chew plants shared the same fate; as did also an extensive geological and botanical collection from the coast of Tartary, and (to complete the catalogue of misfortunes) another collection from the same part of the world, made for Mr. Livingston, surgeon to the British factory at Canton. All that remained to Mr. Abel was a small collection of China plants, and another of China rocks,—from these, says our author, 'I have derived all the specimens which have enabled me to give the slight geological and botanical notices of China contained in this work.' Under such untoward circumstances, we cannot help thinking, what indeed might be anticipated, that Mr. Abel has

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been more successful in his remarks on every other part of his voyage, than in those relating to his tour through China.

The first place at which the embassy touched was Rio de Janeiro, on the sloping shore of which is situated the town of St. Sebastian, now the capital of the Brazils. Like every other town belonging to the nation which owns this garden of the world, though St. Sebastian possesses every facility for the promotion of neatness and cleanliness, it has not the smallest pretension to either. 'In passing the fish and vegetable market,' says Mr. Abel, 'every sense I possessed became disagreeably impressed—my hearing, by the jargon of the different languages used by the slaves, who were bartering for their masters, and by the old women, who were endeavouring to obtain the highest price for their articles of sale;'—a traveller, we think, ought not to be quite so squeamish:—what follows, however, is bad enough—'my sense of sight and smell,' he continues, 'was overpowered by a horrible combination of every sort of filth, which sent forth the most sickening effluvia that ever exhaled from the corruption of a charnel-house; the very air tasted of putridity, and my clothes felt unctuous to the touch from accidental contamination.' With an abundance of the finest fresh water immediately above the city, and one of the most magnificent harbours in the world at its feet, nothing but the love of dirt could enable the people to sustain the reproach of every foreigner that visits these delightful shores. 'The strongest efforts of the imagination,' says Mr. Abel, 'cannot picture any thing so heavenly as the country, or so disgusting as the town. The first contains many of the noblest works of nature in their greatest freshness and beauty, on a magnificent scale; the latter exhibits all the disgusting objects which pride, slavery, laziness, and filth can possibly engender.'

On the arrival of the frigate off Anger Point, in the Strait of Sunda, Mr. Abel, instead of accompanying the ambassador overland to Batavia, preferred paying a visit to the crater of Gunoug Karang in the interior, which however had nothing very remarkable about it; but it gave him an opportunity of corroborating Sir Thomas Raffles's account of the kind and benevolent disposition of the native Javanese.

'In descending the mountain I was obliged to use great caution, as the path must always be very slippery, in consequence of the heavy dews which fall upon the mountain; the thickness of the woods preventing their evaporation. On our return it was especially so, as it was raining heavily during our descent. I stumbled frequently, and should have fallen more than once, but for the attention of the natives. They followed me closely, uttered a cry at every false step I made, and caught me by the arm whenever I was in danger. It is impossible to do justice to the active and emulous good-nature of these mountaineers, who were anxious

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anxious to excel each other in rendering me service. During my stay on the mountain I received great assistance from them in all my pursuits, although they could not comprehend their object. They were at first much amused at my collecting plants familiar to their daily observation, yet vied with each other in gathering them for me. If I pointed to a flower at a great elevation, several started to obtain it, and he who succeeded evidently triumphed in his fortune. Neither was my presence necessary to excite them to this benevolent activity. Not being able, from the advance of the day, to reach the top of the mountain, I dispatched several natives to collect specimens of rocks from it; and on their return, I was surprised to see them laden with pieces of rock, bundles of plants, and joints of bamboo full of water collected from hollows at the top of the mountain. This they seemed to consider as holy, advising me to wash myself with it as a security against danger. But I should exhaust the patience of my reader were I to mention but a small proportion of the numerous proofs I personally experienced of the innate principles of benevolence that enter into the moral character of the Javanese. Not only in the excursion of which I am now giving the narrative, but during the whole period of my first and second visit in Java, they repeatedly occurred to me. That their intellectual is equal to their moral excellence, may be inferred from the specimens of their poetry which have lately been given to the world. Yet these are the people who have been pursued as beasts of prey, and of whom upwards of four hundred have been barbarously and uselessly slaughtered since the island of Java has been given up by the English. Thank God, I did not hear that any of my countrymen had ever oppressed them, but often heard, and often saw, that the Javanese looked upon the English rather as benefactors than as masters, and it was notorious that the name of Raffles was almost idolized by them.'—pp. 35, 36.

Having heard that the Sultan of Bantam was at the point of death, Mr. Abel proceeded to his residence to make a tender of his medical aid. He found him stretched on a small pallet supported in the arms of an interesting looking woman, and attended by two of his male relatives; he grasped the doctor's hand, shook his head, and declined his assistance, which, says Mr. Abel, 'would have been unavailing, as he died a few hours after I left him.'

'On quitting this house of mourning, I hastened to a grove, where I expected to find many of the great bats of Java, which had been represented to me as vampires, and which in look and ferocity might be supposed to appropriate the fables of those frightful beings. I had often seen, since my arrival in Java, flying in the day-time at a great elevation, an animal making a noise so resembling the cawing of a crow, that at first I mistook it for a species of this bird. I now saw many of its species suspended in large clusters with their heads downward from the branches of trees; and so firmly did they adhere, that although I fired at them, and must have destroyed two or three, they did not fall. By throwing large stones, I obliged them to quit their resting places and to take wing, many of them with young ones clinging to their

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breasts. They then hovered about, screeched violently, and, flapping their enormous wings, circled close over my head, reminding me of the harpies of antiquity. After some trials, I succeeded in shooting two, a male and female: the male being the larger. Nothing could be more hideous than their aspect. Their bodies, covered with long hair, resemble that of a fox in colour, smell, and form, but that of a full grown rat in size. They are suspended between wings, simjlar in texture to those of a common bat, but extending five feet from one extremity to the other. The tail, which is four inches long, is also like that of the fox, and is enclosed by the membrane uniting the hinder extremities. The female, which was only wounded in one of its wings, endeavoured to strike me with the other, screeching violently at the same time, and grinning horribly. When left to itself it exerted its fury on the wounded limb, which it smashed with its teeth.'—p. 43.

It would be useless to employ our pages in repeating from Mr. Abel's book any of the political discussions of the British embassy, at its first intercourse with the Chinese in the gulf of Petchelee, or at its subsequent landing near the mouth of the Pei-ho; but as objects frequently appear in different lights, according as they are viewed by different persons, or even by the same person in different moods and humours, we shall occasionally notice the impressions made on Mr. Abel by the appearance of the people and the country, as the embassy glided along the river which was to conduct them to the confines of the capital.

'We found the banks of the river covered on our arrival with a crowd of people assembled to see the embassy; and forming a most motley group. In front were mandarins and soldiers, tawdrily dressed and variously armed: behind, the mob of all classes and complexions, some in white robes, others quite naked, some in immense hats, others with parasols, many bare-headed, and all with long tails. This diversified mass was suddenly thrown into confusion by a party of soldiers, who, flourishing whips on all sides, opened a passage for a number of servants, carrying trays laden with all kinds of provision in profuse abundance.' These formed a present from the legate to the ambassador and his train, and were placed in order in the fronts of the boats of the three commissioners. It would be impossible to particularise the different parts of this ostentatious supply. It comprised all sorts of dressed meat, of sheep roasted in halves and quarters, pigs and fowls in abundance, innumerable Chinese made dishes, amongst others, stewed sharks' fins, stags' sinews, birds' nests and sea-slugs, pyramids of cakes and sweetmeats, a large quantity of pickle, and several jars of wine. A part of these formed our dinner: and as it was the first time of partaking of Chinese fare, curiosity induced us to taste the made dishes, but their flavour did not tempt us to do more. The joints of mutton, pigs, and fowls, were so besmeared with a kind of varnish, that they exhibited a perfect metallic polish, and seemed so much more adapted to please the eye than gratify the palate, that we did not attempt to injure the brilliancy of their surface.'—pp. 73, 74.

Mr.

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Mr. Abel had the fortune to pass the first night in this far-famed empire on the bare boards, among myriads of mosquitoes; and found in the morning that his perambulations were to be confined to a spot of ground about one hundred yards square, guarded on every side by soldiers. This early specimen of suffering and restraint was not calculated to put him in the best possible humour with the 'heavenly empire,' and accordingly we are presented with the following sketch.

'No country in the world can afford, I imagine, fewer objects of interest to any species of traveller, than the banks of the Pei-ho between Ta-koo and Tien-sing. The land is marshy and sterile, the inhabitants are poor and squalid, their habitations mean, dirty, and dilapidated, and the native productions of the soil are few and unattractive. The scenery had only novelty and strangeness to recommend it; but had it possessed the attractions of Arcadia, they would have been polluted by miserable objects of wretched and naked men, tracking our boats and toiling often through a deep mire under a burning sun. These poor fellows were attended by overseers, who kept them to their work, and prevented their desertion, but did not, as far as I could observe, exert their authority with cruelty. Scarcely had our eyes become in some degree familiarised with their appearance, when they were offended by the sight of a dead body frightfully swollen, lying on his back, and floating down the river. Our boatmen passed it without regard. I must confess, that in turning from the contemplation of such objects, I recovered with some difficulty that state of mind which was necessary to an unprejudiced examination of the country through which I was passing.'—pp. 75, 76.

The feast of the Yellow Screen at Tien-sing tended to augment rather than allay the disappointment and dissatisfaction felt on the first landing of the embassy. That curious scene, having been fully described by Mr. Ellis, need not be repeated here. The store of ice, which the party was able to procure at Tien-sing for cooling their wine and fruit, appears to have been the first pleasurable object that presented itself;' and it is admitted that 'no people understand better the refreshing qualities of ice, during hot weather, than the Chinese.' Every fruiterer had it in abundance, and every Chinese almost was seen carrying it about in his hands.—The thickness of it, Mr. Abel thinks, 'sufficiently testified the severity of the cold which must prevail in these parts during the winter:'—it rather testifies the knowledge which the Chinese possess of the art of making and filling ice-houses, and of ramming down and breaking the material into small fragments, so as to form one solid mass; the preservation of ice having no reference to its original 'thickness.'

Squalidness and filth continued, we are told, to be the leading characteristics from Tien-sing to *Tong-cheu*. In the latter city, 'mud and stench predominated, and received an increase of offensiveness

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fensiveness from the peculiar odours which were thrown off by numerous cook-shops that lined our road, aided perhaps by the dead animals too closely resembling cats and dogs, which hung in their front.' We suspect Mr. Abel to be possessed of peculiarly delicate nerves;—Æneas Anderson bestows great praise on the savoury relishes which he used to procure at the Chinese cook shops; Sir George Staunton too, if we mistake not, speaks favourably of Chinese cookery. Even Van Braam, who was a perfect *gourmand*, limits his grievance to the scanty supply of his table, complaining of quantity rather than quality, and grumbling that they gave him only the bones to pick. We recollect too that the gentlemen of Lord Macartney's embassy were particularly struck with the fine carcasses of broad-tailed sheep, that hung in front of the butchers' shops of all the towns and villages in the neighbourhood of the capital. *On a changé tout cela*, it seems, since their time, for the horses were as 'miserable looking animals' as the supposed 'dead dogs and cats.'

'That on which I rode was about thirteen hands and a half high, of a bay colour, having all his bony points extremely prominent. Accustomed to follow *en train*, and of an obstinate temper, he would seldom pass any of his kind; and always chose his own pace, which was something between a trot and an amble. His equipment perfectly harmonised with his personal propensities. Two pieces of board forming the saddle, met at so acute an angle, that his bare spine would have afforded a more pleasant support. Behind and before it had two high projections, on the former of which I occasionally sat, to relieve myself from the effects of its central portion. A piece of scarlet cloth was indeed thrown over; but as this was continually slipping, it rather increased than remedied the inconvenience arising from the bare boards. A piece of old cord formed the girt, and permitted the saddle to turn, when I endeavoured to mount. The stirrups were suspended by strings, so short, that they scarcely hung beneath the animal's body, occasioning some danger of collision between my knees and nose. The bridle was of no better materials, and had a bit which the animal totally disregarded. A piece of cord attached to the reins served as a whip. Such an outfit would not have excited dissatisfaction, had it been similar to that of equestrians of respectability in the country; but I did not witness an instance of the poorest Chinese being more miserably mounted. Remonstrance was in vain; the mandarins insisted that no better means of conveyance were to be obtained, and many of the gentlemen preferred any other mode of travelling to that of the carts.'—p. 98.

We do not think it necessary to repeat the miseries of the granite pavement between Tong-cheu and Pekin, which have already been described with such feeling and eloquence by Mr. Ellis; suffice it to say, that whether on horseback, or foot, or in a covered cart, (and Mr. Abel tried them all,) this superb causeway is equally denounced

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nounced as execrable. The party were permitted, however, to enjoy a short respite from the excruciating fatigues of a Chinese 'cart,' when within about five miles of the capital, in a sort of shed, in which were stowed the ambassador, his suite, 'and some of the horses.' Here they remained about an hour; and setting forth again in the dark, in the most scrambling manner that can be imagined, they arrived before the gates of Pekin at midnight—but they were closed against them. Chinese curiosity however was fully awake. 'Thousands of people crowded the road, holding up their small oval lanterns to gain a view of the procession.'

The pleasant airing which their conductors gave them round the walls of Pekin, over deep miry roads, through narrow lanes and along the brink of deep ditches, in 'a procession' which terminated only with the dawn, formed an appropriate introduction to the extraordinary farce that took place at the palace of Yuen-min-yuen, which Mr. Ellis, who had the advantage of being behind the scenes, has so well described. The room into which the representative of the king of England, with the few that attended him, (for the Chinese contrived to drive off the greater part of his suite,) was rudely thrust was scarcely twelve feet by seven, with holes on every side, furnished with shutters, like the port-holes of a ship, and a sky-light of tattered paper:—in short, it forcibly brought to the recollection of the few who were crammed into it, the exclamation of Van Braam. 'Nous voilà donc, à notre arrivée dans la célèbre résidence impériale, logés dans une espèce d'écurie.'

The disgraceful scene that followed is described pretty nearly in the same terms as those employed by Mr. Ellis, but the rudeness, it seems, went beyond even what the Commissioner thought proper to state. The duke, as he is absurdly styled, 'caught his lordship by the arm, beckoning at the same time to some surrounding mandarins to assist him. They obeyed the signal, and stepped forward; but before they reached the ambassador, we started up, (says Mr. Abel,) and advanced towards him, when in the act of shaking off his unmannerly assailant. This sudden movement stopped the duke, and alarmed his attendants; the former quitted his hold, and the latter fell back, with countenances full of astonishment.' Lord Amherst behaved with that dignified composure, which all who know him would expect on so trying an occasion, and cautioned his suite on no account to use their weapons in resisting the violence that had been offered to him and that might again recur. But it was not necessary. They were speedily removed to a residence at a little distance, where they hoped for some rest after their long and tiresome journey; but in this also they were disappointed. The emperor had issued his mandate for their immediate departure, and the summons was as speedily brought to them by a most

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a most consequential gentleman who, on making his appearance, called out in a loud voice and imperative gesture, 'I am a messenger from the *Keu-mun-te-tien*, governor of the nine gates of Pekin, the greatest military officer of the empire; the commander of a million of men; he orders the ambassador instantly to quit the limits of his command.' All was now bustle and confusion; and our jaded countrymen were once more doomed to the Chinese cart and the causeway, in travelling along which, says Mr. Abel, 'we felt the sensation of continual dislocation and replacement in every joint of our bodies.'

Mr. Abel of course is unable to give any account of Pekin, having only surrounded its walls twice by night; but he says 'we stepped from our carts to steal a piece of its walls, and had just time to observe that they were built of a *sun-dried* brick of a blue colour, resting on a foundation of blocks of granite.' This is a mistake; the walls of Pekin are built of a remarkably hard and well-burnt brick, laid in so skilful and workmanlike a manner as not to be excelled in this or any other country. The bricks and tiles of China, like all their earthenware, are of very superior quality, and burnt with great care in close ovens or furnaces, heated with wood or culm. We know from a gentleman in Lord Macartney's embassy, who particularly examined the walls of Pekin, that the bricks of which they are constructed had a close compact surface capable of taking a polish; they were of a dull leaden bluish colour, and each contained about thrice as much matter as one of the standard size of England; and it is observed by Lord Macartney, that the only piece of brick-work worthy of being compared with that of the garden walls at Yuen-min-yuen, is that of the house of Lord Palmerston, in the south-west corner of Hanover-square—which is unquestionably unrivalled in London.

The gentlemen of Lord Macartney's embassy encountered few or no beggars in the whole of their route through China. Those of Lord Amherst's were beset with them. The opposite characters of the two emperors Kien-lung and Kia-King, as suggested by Mr. Abel, can scarcely be considered as affording sufficient grounds to account for this difference. Lord Macartney's retinue confined themselves to the direct route, and were attended with more pomp and parade of civil and military mandarins, with their lictors and guards, who might have been instructed to remove all objects of 'deformity and penury' out of the way. Lord Amherst's party, it would seem, frequently ran riot, and rambled to considerable distances from the line of their route.

The country however is certainly not so tranquil and well governed as in the time of Kien-lung. *Kia-king, it appears, is a weak and capricious ruler, little acquainted with the affairs of government, or the

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the condition of his people. Mr. Abel may be permitted to speak contemptuously of him after the rude treatment experienced at his court; but the character which we have received of him from a resident in the capital fully justifies all that he has said. He is, in fact, vain, effeminate, and licentious—giving himself up to every species of sensuality—governed by favourites one day, whom, without reason, he disgraces the next. *Song*, his chief minister and bottle companion, (for among his other vices he reckons that of drunkenness,) being asked respecting a journey into Tartary, endeavoured to dissuade him from it, hinting that, as happened a few years before, the season of his absence might again be the season of revolt. This displeased the royal ear, and availing himself of an edict published by Kien-lung, which declared any minister guilty of high treason, who should attempt to dissuade his descendants on the throne from visiting the tombs of his ancestors in Tartary, Kia-king decreed Song to have merited death: in consideration, however, of the advice having been solicited by himself, he contented himself with stripping him of his honours and banishing him to Ely in Tartary—whither his son, as a mark of the royal favour, was *permitted* to accompany him.

We regret, on many accounts, the illness of Mr. Abel: the little which he saw of the peasantry of China, in his botanical excursions, is exceedingly favourable to their character, and we should have been glad of a fuller description of this most important class of people from his hands.

'They afforded,' he tells us, 'a pleasing contrast in their simple manners and civil treatment of strangers, to the cunning designs of the salesmen of Tung-Chow, and the brutal importunity of the courtiers of Yuen-ming-yuen. When they have accompanied me along the banks of the river, far in advance of my boat, and have beheld me overcome by fatigue and heat, they have always appeared anxious to relieve my distress. One has hastened to the nearest house for a seat, another has brought me water, and a third has held an umbrella over my head to defend me from the sun, whilst their companions have at some distance formed a circle around me. We were to these people as the inhabitants of another world. Our features, dress, and habits were so opposed to theirs, as to induce them to infer that our country, in all its natural characters, must equally differ from their own. "Have you a moon, and rain, and rivers in your country?" were their occasional questions. Comprehending no other rational object for the collecting of plants than their useful qualities, and seeing me gather all indiscriminately, they at once supposed that I sought them merely as objects of curiosity, and laughed heartily at my eagerness to obtain them. They pitied my ignorance, and endeavoured to teach me their relative worth, and were anxious for me to learn the important truth, that from one seed many might be obtained. A young man having shaken some ripe seeds from the

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the capsules of the Sesamum and the Sida, described to me, with much minuteness, that if I took them to my own country, and put them into the ground, they would produce many plants, and I might thus in time obtain the blessing of good rope and oil.'—pp. 130, 131.

We are by no means satisfied that we have yet obtained a true and impartial portrait of the Chinese. Indeed we are almost sure that we have not. We want to know something more of their domestic habits. In the few novels and dramas which have reached us, we find nothing of that dull uniformity in private life, which the books written by Europeans have been pleased to attribute to them; but, on the contrary, we meet with great variety of character, of dispositions strongly marked, and of eccentricities and whims as much out of the way, and incidents as oddly diversified, as among ourselves, and which could not have been imagined if they had not existed in the common intercourse of society. It can scarcely be doubted, that in one of the most ancient and populous empires on the face of the earth, where literature has always been respected, and where, at a very early period, an exalted system of ethics was promulgated, the national character would be found, in real life, to have its bright as well as its dark side; and the only question is which of the two occupies the larger surface of the picture. We should always remember that we view the Chinese character only as drawn by foreigners, who, from the nature of the government, have at all times been the objects of suspicion, and who hold a very limited intercourse with the natives. Mr. Abel echos the old and oft repeated charge against them of knavery; in support of which he quotes the inference of Pauw, that the shop-keepers would never have thought of writing on their sign-boards, 'No cheating here,' if they had not predetermined to cheat all the world. But if this inscription '*Poo hau*' be common, as Du Halde says it is, it can produce no effect, one way or the other, among themselves; and it could not be intended to cheat foreigners, because foreigners are not allowed to domiciliate themselves in China, nor even, except on special occasions, to enter its territory. 'Poo hau,' therefore, is quite as harmless as the word 'genuine,' the abuse of which is so common on our sign-boards, that a Chinese would be justified in retorting the observation of M. Pauw, and telling his countrymen that the English shopkeepers would never have thought of writing 'genuine' on every sign, if they were not convinced that all their articles were 'spurious.'

On the subject of infanticide, and the apparent indifference to human life, with which the Chinese have been charged, we did not look for much information from Mr. Abel. The little he procured, however, is against the supposed practice being general or common.

'Respecting

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'Respecting the validity of those general charges of inhumanity brought against the whole Chinese people, and founded on their reputed practice of infanticide, and their apathy in withholding assistance to their countrymen when in danger, my information is chiefly of a negative kind. It will readily be supposed that in our almost linear progress through the empire, we were not in the way of obtaining a sufficient number of facts for estimating the different degrees of credibility attached to the statements, according as little on the subject of infanticide as on that of population, respecting the causes and extent of the exposure of children in China.'

That the practice exists, admits not of a shadow of doubt; to what extent it exists is not likely ever to be known. The little value that attaches to females throughout the East, leads too frequently, it is to be feared, to their exposure. In all those nations the parent seems to be armed with uncontrolled authority over his children, even to the taking away of life. The Chinese laws, in particular instances, appear to admit this; but the Chinese people deny the practice. That it is but too common however, at least among the lower classes, may be inferred from the remonstrance of a magistrate of Kiang-nan, published in the Pekin Gazette, praying the Emperor, that the selling and putting away of wives, and the drowning of female infants might be prohibited:—on which Kia-King very shrewdly observes, that 'the existence of male and female is essential to the continuance of the human species;' and concludes, doubtingly, that '*if* it be true that a common practice exists among poor families of drowning their female infants, it is a very shocking and wicked thing, and should be put a stop to by admonitory and prohibitory edicts.'

There is certainly something in all this, not extremely favourable to the Chinese, and yet they should not be too generally condemned. Unfeeling and unamiable as their character has been represented by all the visitors of Canton, from Lord Anson to the present writer, there are traits of excellence to be found in it. It is but common justice to allow them credit for instances of individual generosity and humanity as a set-off against the knavery and brutality, of which they have been so unceremoniously and so universally accused. Mr. M'Leod gave us an instance of a Chinese wanting neither feeling nor gratitude; and we took occasion to supply a still stronger one. Captain Ross, the commander of the East India Company's ship the Discovery, has enabled us, from his own experience, to furnish a third. While surveying those dangerous rocks, called the Paracells, off the coast of Cochin-china, he perceived the wreck of a large Chinese junk, and, on approaching nearer, observed on a barren rock, not exceeding fifty fathoms in length, a group of people amounting nearly to a thousand, who had escaped

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escaped the wreck only to perish by famine. With the utmost difficulty they were taken, by eight or ten at a time, from this desolate spot, on which they had already remained four days; and all landed safe on the opposite coast of Cochin-china.

Some time after this, when Captain Ross was surveying the south-eastern coast of China, near the strait of Formosa, he landed at a small town not far from Aimoy; on passing through one of the streets, he was noticed by a young man who ran up to him, threw himself on his knees, and eagerly embraced his legs: it appeared that he was one of those who had been released from their desperate situation on the rock of the Paracells. He made known his liberator to his towns-people, who immediately crowded round the Captain, loading him with blessings on every side; and nothing that the place afforded was considered as too good for him.

One more, and we have done. *Con-se-qua*, one of the Hong merchants of Canton, who is still living, had large concerns with the Americans. The master of a ship belonging to that nation, on pretence of inability, had refused to settle the balance of his account with him, and was preparing to leave the river. Con-se-qua complained of this conduct in the presence of a Mr. Robinson, chief mate of one of the East India Company's ships, who, knowing that the American captain had ample means to settle his balance, undertook to procure it for the Hong merchant. He accordingly remonstrated with the American, stating the bad impression which such dishonourable conduct must leave on the minds of the Chinese, and that, for the credit of his country, he ought to settle his accounts before his departure—in short, the account was settled. Con-se-qua strongly expressed his feelings of gratitude, and told Mr. Robinson that in future he would take his investment off his hands whatever it might be, at a certain profit, regardless of the market being overstocked. This went on for a few years, when one day Con-se-qua thus addressed Mr. Robinson—Mr. Robinson, you come here one, two, three year, and all year chief mate —why you no come captain? Mr. Robinson informed him that he had not sufficient money to purchase the investment. What money you want? asked Con-se-qua. No less, answered Robinson, than eight thousand pounds. Nothing more was said at the time; but, just as the ships were about to sail, Con-se-qua put into the hands of Mr. Robinson, an order on the house of Baring and Co. (with whom he was connected) to advance on his account the sum of eight thousand pounds, saying, Now you come captain, and when you rich you pay me. Poor Robinson however did not live to avail himself of this noble act of generosity.

Nor ought we to forget, while professing to give an impartial view of this people, that in the unbounded respect and veneration of children

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children for their parents, and the sobriety which prevails generally among all ranks and conditions of men, they probably excel all other nations. But a Chinese is not only of sober but of industrious habits; he is also naturally dexterous and ingenious, and whatever he undertakes he performs with neatness and propriety. The faculties of his mind are clear and acute; his perceptions quick, and would be comprehensive if called into action; but the system of his education and the nature of the institutions under which he lives, constitute him too much of a machine, whose motions are regulated by certain invariable rules. So singularly uniform indeed are the features, the appearance, and the public manners of this people, that it was well observed by one of the missionaries, 'Parcourez l'empire de la Chine; tout vous semblera fondé dans le même creuset, et façonné par le même moule.'

To this sameness, arising from legislative interference in all that concerns a man's conduct in life, it is owing that, while in most parts of the western world the human faculties have been either in a state of progressive improvement or deterioration, most of the Oriental nations have remained very nearly stationary. Time would seem to have stood still with the Chinese. We find them neither improved in learning nor in morals, nor in the system of government and legislation, nor one whit more enlightened in religion or in the sciences, than they were three thousand years ago. The cut of their robes, the plan of their houses, the form of their furniture, have not changed in all that time, so much are they under the dominion of ancient custom—and while no inconsiderable portion of the globe has been agitated by the capricious tyranny of fashion, they have had the advantage (if advantage it be) of reposing in peace under that alone.

But as human nature is every where pretty much the same, China would appear to have its male and female *elegantés* as well as other countries. In a Chinese novel called *Hung-how-Mung*, or, *The Red Chamber Dreams*, part of which has been translated by Mr. Davis, of whom we have had frequent occasions to speak favourably, two characters are introduced, whose *costume* may be amusing to the belles and beaux of Great Britain. The dress of the lady, who is denominated a *La-tzé*—(something sharp or pungent)—is thus described: 'On her head her knot of hair was adorned with gold and silk and eight precious stones pendent. It was fastened with a pin of pearls dropping from five little eagles. An ornament of virgin gold, enlivened with insects, embraced her neck. Around her waist was an upper dress of deep red-coloured silk, on which were embroidered an hundred golden butterflies, fluttering among flowers. Over this was a narrow garment made of the skins of stone-blue mice, and silk of five different colours. Below all, was a petticoat of

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of foreign crape of a green colour, sprinkled with flowers. She had a pair of most bewitching three-cornered eyes, and two eyebrows curved like the young willow-leaves; her person was slender, light, and airy.' The gentleman was also covered with butterflies fluttering among flowers of gold: his beautiful nose was full and round, like the gall-bladder of a quadruped; and he had a face like the moon in the midst of autumn—covered with white paint, and lips tinged with vermilion. From his head to the end of his tail, which dangled to the ankles, hung four strings of precious stones set in gold. His upper tunic was pink, spangled with flowers, his trowsers and stockings were embroidered, and his shoes were of a deep red colour, with thick white soles. This irresistible youth is said to have 'ten thousand thoughts of love collected in the corner of his eye.'

Mr. Abel (to whom we now return) had scarcely left Tien-sing when he was seized with a brain fever, which confined him to his bed for several weeks. He had the misfortune therefore of missing the best and most interesting part of the journey, especially that which led up the great river Yang-Tse-Kiang past the ancient capital Nan-King and its celebrated porcelain Pagoda, the appearance of which, though none of the party approached within two miles of it, accorded, Mr. Abel was told, 'with the description given of it by different writers.' The catholic missionaries all speak with admiration of this edifice; but none that we know of, except Père le Compte, has described it; and his account of it is, like every thing else in his book, loose and vague, and little to be relied on. The following curious description of the Temple of Boudh, for such this celebrated Pagoda is, was purchased in the city of Nan-King, on the return of the embassy: it is perhaps the first authentic account of it which has reached Europe, and we think our readers will be gratified with a verbal translation of the original, for which we are indebted to the kindness of Sir George Staunton. Lord Amherst is said to be possessed of a model of this extraordinary building, which, Du Halde says, 'is certainly the most solid, remarkable, and magnificent structure in the eastern world.' He should have confined the remark to China, and made an exception of the 'Great Wall.'

'The Dwelling of Security, Tranquillity, and Peace.

'The representation of the precious glazed Tower of the Temple of Gratitude, in the province of Kiang-Nan.

'This work was commenced at noon, on the fifteenth day of the sixth moon of the tenth year of the Emperor Yong Lo*, of the dynasty of Ming, and was completed on the first day of the eighth moon of the

* 1413 of the Christian era.

sixth

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sixth year of the Emperor Siuen Tè, of the same dynasty, being, altogether, a period of nineteen years in building.

'The sum of money expended, in completing the precious glazed tower, was two millions four hundred and eighty-five thousand four hundred and eighty-four ounces of silver. In the construction of the ornamental globe on the pinnacle of the roof of the tower, forty-eight kin* in weight of gold (sixty-four pounds), and one thousand four hundred kin in weight of copper were consumed. The circumference of this globe is thirty-six che,† or forty-two feet. Each round or story is eighteen che high. In that part of the tower called the Quang, were consumed four thousand eight hundred and seventy kin weight of brass. The iron hoops or rings, on the pinnacle of the roof, are nine in number, and sixty-three che, each, in circumference. The smaller hoops are twenty-four che in circumference—and their total weight is three thousand six hundred kin.‡

'On different parts of the tower are suspended eighty-one iron bells, each bell weighing twelve kin or sixteen pounds. There are also nine iron chains, each of which weighs one hundred and fifty kin, and is eighty che long. The copper-pan with two mouths to it, on the roof, is estimated to weigh nine hundred kin, and is sixty che in circumference. There is also a celestial plate on the top, weighing four hundred and sixty kin, and twenty che in circumference. In the upper part of the tower are preserved the following articles:—Of night-illuminating pearls, one string; of water-repelling pearls, one string; of fire-repelling pearls, one string; of dust-repelling pearls, one string; and over all these is a string of the relics of Foe. Also an ingot of solid gold weighing forty leang (ounces), and one hundred kin weight of tea—of silver one thousand leang weight—of the bright huing, two pieces, weighing one hundred kin—of precious stones, one string—of the everlasting physic-money, one thousand strings—of yellow satin, two pieces—of the book hidden in the earth, one copy—of the book of Omito Foe, one copy—of the book of She Kia Foe, one copy—of the book of Tsie Yin Foe, one copy, all wrapped up together, and preserved in the temple.

'The tower has eight sides or faces, and its circumference is two hundred and forty che. The nine stories taken together are two hundred and twenty-eight and a half che high. From the highest story to the extreme point of the pinnacle of the roof, are one hundred and twenty che. The lamps within the tower are seven-times-seven in number, in

* A kin is one pound and one-third.

† A che is about fourteen inches.

‡ This part is obscure, and will be better understood from Le Compte's description, imperfect as it is. 'The top of the edifice is not the least beautiful part of the tower; it is a massy pillar, that stands upon the floor of the eighth story, and reaches more than thirty feet above the roof, it seems to be wrapt in a large iron hoop, of the same height, in the form of a screw or spiral line, extending several feet from the pillar, so as to appear like a hollow cone, suspended in the air, with spaces to let in light. On the top of this pillar is placed a golden ball, of extraordinary magnitude.' Extraordinary indeed! for, if the Chinese account is to be believed, its dimensions are more than twice, and, of course, its magnitude more than four times that of the ball of St. Paul's cathedral. It would seem to be of copper, and plated with gold. *Ed.*

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all forty-nine lamp-dishes, and on the outside, there are one hundred and twenty-eight lamp-dishes. Each night they are supplied with fifty kin weight of oil. Their splendour penetrates upwards to the 33d heaven—midway, they shed a lustre over the people, the good and the bad together,—downwards, they illuminate the earth as far as the city of Tse Kee Hien, in the province of Che-Kiang.

'The official title of the head priest of the temple is Chao Sieu. His disciples are called Yue. The total number of priests on the establishment is eight hundred and fifty. The family name of the head mason of the building was Yao, his personal name Sieu, and his native town Tsing Kiang Foo. The family name of the head carpenter was Hoo, his personal name Chung, and his native province Kiang See.

The extent of the whole enclosure of the temple is seven hundred and seventy meu*, and eight-tenths.—To the southward, towards Chin Van San, are two hundred and twenty-six meu.—Eastward to the boundary of Chin Sien Seng, are two hundred and thirty-four meu, and eight-tenths.—In the centre is the ground of Hoo Kin Te.—Westward, as far as the land of She Hou Hoa, are one hundred and twenty meu.—And northward, to the land of Lieu Sien Song, are one hundred and eighty meu.

'Viewing, therefore, this History of the Glazed Tower, may it not be considered as the work of a Divinity? Who shall perform the like!

'Lately, on the fifteenth day of the fifth moon of the fifth year of Kia-King, at four in the morning, the god of thunder, in his pursuit of a monstrous dragon,† followed it into this temple, struck three of the sides of the fabric, and materially damaged the ninth story; but the strength and majesty of the god of the temple are most potent, and the laws of Foe are not subject to change:—the tower, by his influence, was therefore saved from entire destruction. The viceroy and the foo-yen reported the circumstance to his imperial majesty; and on the sixth day of the second moon of the seventh year, the restoration of the damaged parts was commenced: and on the nineteenth day of the fifth moon the repairs were completed.

'On the twenty-ninth day of the sixth moon of the twelfth year of his present majesty, at four in the afternoon, on a sudden there fell a heavy shower of rain, and the god of thunder again rushed forth in front of the tower; and penetrating the roof, pursued the great dragon from the top to the bottom. The glazed porcelain tiles of the sixth story were much damaged, and, where the god of thunder issued out at the great gate, several of the boards taken from the wood of the heavenly flower-tree were broken:—Thus the god of the thunder, having finally driven away the monstrous dragon, returned to his place in the Heavens.

'The priests of the temple reported the event to the local authorities, and the officer Heu, submitted the report to his imperial majesty, and awaited the issue of the sums required to defray the charge of the

* A meu is somewhat less than an English acre.

† By the personification of the dragon the forked lightning would seem to be represented; and that of the Deity under the sound of the thunder.

repairs.

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repairs. The gates of the tower have been closed for a year, while the interior has been repairing.

Deny not the presence of a God—a God there is;
He sounds his dread thunder, and all the world trembles.'

Mr. Abel was greatly disappointed in not meeting with numerous examples of that system of terrace cultivation for which China has been so highly extolled. 'Like one of the missionaries,' he says, 'I had imagined China to be an immense garden, cultivated with infinite care, and receiving its chief embellishment from mountains cut into terraces, productive in all kinds of vegetable food; and, like him, I was disappointed in finding them very frequently barren of the means of subsistence from the base to the summit.' His own experience, he tells us, agrees with that of Mr. Barrow, who has observed, that in the whole route from Pekin to Canton terrace cultivation occurred on so small a scale as hardly to deserve notice. It is to be hoped that the venerable Abbé Grozier, who is about to bring out an enlarged edition of his 'General History of China,' will have corrected the exaggerated statements of the Catholic Missionaries on this as well as on most other subjects connected with that country.

On the arrival of the embassay at Canton, they soon discovered that all the transactions of the Pei-ho and the court of Yuen-ming-yuen had preceded them; that instructions had reached the viceroy respecting the entertainment of the ambassador, the lecture he was to read to him, and the manner in which he was finally to dismiss him. The ceremony of delivering the Emperor's letter to the Prince Regent, or rather, to the King of England, for the Chinese understand not what a regent is, 'was more imposing (Mr. Abel assures us) on the part of the English than of the Chinese:' it was 'chiefly interesting to us (he adds) as affording the spectacle of a petty tyrant shrinking under the calm dignity of an English nobleman;'—'the viceroy, whose lowering brow and gloomy visage strongly expressed his character of cunning, and his feeling of mortified pride, and who had endeavoured, on first meeting his excellency, to assume an overbearing port, grew pale, and his eye sunk under the stern and steady gaze of the English ambassador.' We did not think that Lord Amherst could assume so formidable a look—at all events, we are inclined to think that the presence of Captain Maxwell and the recollection of the guns of the Alceste in passing the Bocca Tigris, were not without their due share in 'blanking the once bold visage' of the viceroy.

Mr. Abel tells us that 'the contents of the Emperor's letter to the Prince Regent formed a subject of much speculation with the embassy;' and that 'there was every reason to expect, judging from

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the imperial edicts which had transpired, that it would give a very false and distorted account of all the transactions of the embassy.' This document had also preceded the ambassador, and was circulated among the missionaries in Macao;—so little difficulty do they find in maintaining a rapid communication between the two extremities of this vast empire, notwithstanding their complaints of the vigilance and jealousy of the Chinese! Of this precious epistle we are happily enabled to furnish our readers with a copy—with some loss, we fear, to the spirit of the original, since it has only reached us through the medium of an Italian translation.

'The Supreme Sovereign of the earth, who has received it from heaven and revolving time, issues this imperial mandate to the King of England, with the purport of which let him be most fully acquainted.

'Your country, O King, is situated at an immense distance beyond a vast ocean, yet you send to me, in the sincerity of your heart, an offering of devotedness, and turn with a zealous affection to the transforming influences which emanate from the middle kingdom (China).

'On a former occasion, in the fifty-eighth year of Kien-lung, at a time when the reign of the exalted, the honourable, and the immaculate emperor was approaching towards its close, you sent an ambassador across the seas to the residence.

'At that time, your ambassador, in approaching the throne with veneration and respect, performed the accustomed ceremony without exceeding or falling short of what is required; and duly observed all the forms with proper decorum; and was then enabled to look up, and to receive the favour and affection of the Son of Heaven; to see his majesty's celestial face; to be entertained at a grand banquet; and to have numerous and valuable presents bestowed upon him.

'In this present year you, O King, have thought fit again to send an ambassador to our court, with a written representation, and with orders to present me with the productions of your country on his being introduced to my presence.

'I, the Emperor, having reflected that you, O King, had done so in sincerity of heart, and from feelings of respect and obedience, rejoiced exceedingly at this intelligence; I caused forthwith the former records to be examined; and I ordered the proper number of officers of state to await the arrival of your ambassador, that on the very day of his approach to the palace he might, in all due respect, behold the imperial person, and then be entertained with a grand festival, according to all things, and with exactly the same ceremonies which were observed in the preceding reign.

'Your ambassador first began to open his communications at Tien-tsing. I appointed great officers of state to be there to give to him an imperial feast and entertainment. When, behold! instead of your ambassador returning thanks for this feast, he refused to pay obedience to the prescribed ceremonies.

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'I, the Emperor, in the affair of an inferior officer of state arriving from a remote country, did not deem forms and ceremonies of any great importance; it was an affair in which some indulgence and a compassionate forbearance might be shewn to the individual; and I therefore made a special order for all my great officers of state to use gentleness and accommodating behaviour towards your ambassador; and to inform him on his arrival at Pekin, that in the fifty-eighth year of Kien-lung, your ambassador, in performing the usual ceremony, always fell upon his knees, and bowed his head to the ground according to the established forms; how, indeed, on such an occasion, could any change be allowed?

'Your ambassador then told my great officers, face to face, that when the proper time came he would comply with the ceremonies, and would perform the kneeling and prostration, and bowing of the head to the ground; and that no exceeding or falling short of the established forms should occur.

'Accordingly, my great officers, in conformity to, and in reliance on, this declaration, reported the affair to me, and I sent down my pleasure that on the 7th day of the 7th moon your ambassador should be ordered to appear before the imperial person; that on the 8th in the great hall of light and splendour, an entertainment should be conferred, and gifts bestowed; and again, that in the gardens of perpetual pleasure, a feast should be prepared; that on the 9th, he should have his audience of leave, and that on the same day it should be permitted him to ramble among the hills of ten thousand ages: that on the 11th, at the gate of perfect concord, gifts should again be conferred, after which he should repair to the board of ceremonies and there again be feasted; and that on the 12th he should be finally dispatched, and ordered to proceed on his journey. The day fixed for performing the ceremony, and the precise form to be observed, were previously communicated to your ambassador by my great officers of state.

'On the 7th, the day appointed for your ambassador to approach and behold the imperial person, he accordingly arrived at the palace, and I, the Emperor, was just about to enter the great hall of audience.

'Your ambassador, all on a sudden, asserted that he was so exceedingly ill, that he could not stir a step: I thought it not impossible, and therefore ordered the two assistant ambassadors to enter the hall and appear before me; but both the assistant ambassadors also asserted that they too were ill. This certainly was an instance of rudeness which had never been exceeded. I did not, however, inflict severe chastisement; but I ordered them to be sent off the same day, on their return to their own country. As your ambassador was thus prevented from beholding the imperial presence, it was not expedient that he should send in the written representation from you, O King. It is, therefore, sent back in the same state it came, by your ambassador.

'We have considered, however, that you, O King, from the immense distance of many times ten thousand lee, respectfully caused a written representation to be presented to me, and duly offered presents; that your ambassador's inability to communicate, on your behalf, with profound reverence and sincere devotion, is his own fault; and that the

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disposition of profound respect and due obedience on your part, O King, are visibly apparent—

'I therefore thought proper to take from among the articles of tribute, only a few maps, some prints of views and portraits; but I highly applaud your feelings of sincere devotedness for me, just the same as if I had received the whole. In return I ordered to be given to you, O King, a *Joo-ee*, (emblem of prosperity,) a string of imperial beads, two large silk purses, and eight small ones, as a proof of our tender and indulgent conduct in this affair.

'Your country is too remotely distant from the central and flourishing empire; so that to send an ambassador such a distance over the waves of the sea is not a light affair. Besides, your ambassador, it would seem, does not understand how to practise the rites and ceremonies of the central empire. The subject indeed involves a severe labour of the lips and the tongue, which is by no means pleasant or easy to bear.

'The celestial empire sets very little value on things that are brought from a distance. Nor does it consider as rare and precious pearls the productions of your country, however curious and ingenious they may be thought.

'That you, O King, may preserve your people in peace, and be careful in giving strength to the boundary lines of your territories, that no separation of those parts which are distant from that which is near at home may take place,* is what I, the Emperor, sincerely and strongly recommend.

'Finally, there will be no occasion hereafter for you to send an ambassador from so great a distance, and to give him the trouble of passing over mountains and crossing the ocean. If you do but pour out the heart in dutiful obedience, it is by no means necessary, at any stated time, to come to the celestial presence, ere it be pronounced, that you turn towards the transforming influences which emanate from this empire.

'This imperial mandate is now issued that you may for ever obey it.

Kia-King—21st year, 7th moon, 20th day.'—(Sept. 11th, 1816.)

From this imperial epistle two things are sufficiently evident—1. that the 'Supreme Sovereign of the earth' has as little regard for truth as his officers of state have; and, 2. that he wishes to decline any further diplomatic intercourse with us. We learn however that the officers of Canton are more than usually civil and attentive to our resident countrymen; but at the same time busily engaged in building forts on every accessible part of the coast from the Bocca Tigris to the Pei-ho, his Imperial Majesty's ministers being under great apprehension that their treatment of Lord Amherst may be yet visited upon them by a less pacific mission than the last.

We have little more to say of Mr. Abel. While on the spot, he very laudably exerted himself to procure some information respect-

* This seems to be a delicate allusion to our Indian empire.

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ing the culture and preparation of tea: he has not been able however to add much to that which was already known.

"I could gain (he says) no information in China inducing me to believe that the process there used in manufacturing the leaf differs materially from that employed in Rio Janeiro, and which appears to be nearly the same as that of Japan, described by Kæmpfer. From persons perfectly conversant with the Chinese method, I learnt that either of the two plants will afford the black or green tea of the shops; but that the broad thin-leaved plant is preferred for making the green tea. As the colour and quality of the tea does not then depend upon the difference of species, it must arise from some peculiarity in the mode of manufacturing them. Drying the leaves of the green tea in vessels of copper has been supposed, but apparently without foundation, to account for the difference in colour. Without going into the supposition that any thing extraneous or deleterious is used, both difference of colour and quality may perhaps be explained, by considering one of the known circumstances attending its preparation; namely, the due management of the heat used in drying the plant. There can be little doubt, that a leaf dried at a low heat will retain more of its original colour and more of its peculiar qualities than one that has suffered a high temperature. Supposing, therefore, the leaves of the same species or variety of the tea plant to have undergone such different degrees of heat in their preparation, their peculiar properties would be expected to occur of greatest strength in those of the greenest colour; or in those to which both Chinese and Europeans attribute the most powerful properties. I may here add, that by far the strongest tea which I tasted in China, called "Yu-tien," and used on occasions of ceremony, scarcely coloured the water. On examining it with a view to ascertain the form of the leaves, I found it to consist of the scarcely expanded buds of the plant."—pp. 222, 223.

We believe that Mr. Abel was correctly informed, that either of the two plants, the broad and narrow-leaved, will make either the black or the green tea of the shops; and that the colour and quality of the tea do not depend on the difference of species, but on the due management of the heat used in drying the plant. The black tea, for instance, having undergone a high degree of *roasting*, is deprived of more of the peculiar juices of the plant than the green, which, in the process of preparation, is submitted to a much less degree of heat. Mr. Reeves, the deputy tea-taster at Canton, an ingenious and inquisitive gentleman, discovered that the Chinese had a practice of communicating a finer bloom to dull green teas, by sprinkling a little indigo, mixed with powder of gypsum, while stirring the leaf about in the heated iron pan; but this process was only used in the dull faded teas, and the quantity of the materials was too trifling to be in any way injurious.

It is scarcely worth while to discuss the question, "whether the tea plant will thrive in any other country than China," because there

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can be very little doubt that it will thrive in any climate where the myrtle grows; in fact, it will bear the winter of England in certain situations. In China the plant is to be met with from Pekin to Canton, and we may therefore conclude that it is by no means a delicate shrub; still we cannot agree with Mr. Abel in thinking that 'the Cape of Good Hope would seem to be the most eligible geographical situation for its culture:'—and we are quite sure that he could not have mentioned a situation less adapted for it in an economical point of view. The tea-tree can only be cultivated and prepared for use in a country where the population is exceedingly abundant, and labour exceedingly cheap. At the Cape, where the hire of a common day-labourer is from two to three dollars, a pound of tea could not be raised for a pound sterling; in China, where the wages of labour are little more than three-pence a-day, the same quantity may be brought to market for about half a crown. Mr. Abel may, therefore, be assured that we shall never 'derive the tea from any of our own dependencies,' nor 'cease to be indebted to China for an article that enters so essentially into the comforts of all classes of his countrymen.'

On leaving China, Lord Amherst availed himself of the opportunity of paying a cursory visit to Manilla. Nothing seems to have struck Mr. Abel while there so much as the general habit of smoking, and the immense size of the *cigars* which the ladies carried in their mouths. When (says he) these enormous tubes were in full play, they poured forth such volumes of smoke, that 'they might have been taken for chimnies to machines rendered locomotive by the powers of steam.' What follows, though carelessly told, is curious.

'The manufacture of these cigars affords employment to a great number of native women, and exhibits to the stranger an interesting example of local customs. It is carried on in a spacious gallery of a square form. Upwards of two thousand females of all ages are seated at low tables at which they make cigars by rolling the leaves of the tobacco plant on each other,' (not on the ladies, we hope.) 'The most scrupulous precaution is taken to prevent their smuggling it in any form. Superintendants walk round the tables and collect the cigars as they are made, and examine the persons of the workers at the close of their labour. This process, for an account of which I am indebted to Captain Basil Hall, who witnessed it, is rather singular. Thirty women, for the most part elderly, and thought particularly trust-worthy, seat themselves, excepting one, round a circular landing-place without the entrance to the gallery. One only stands at the door of the gallery with a rattan in her hand, and allows thirty girls to enter, counting them off as they come in. When the thirty have passed, they go up to their respective examiners, and having freed their long black hair, hold it in their hands at arm's length; they then shake their handkerchiefs

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chiefs and loosen the other parts of their dress, and suffer the examiners to pass their hands over their bodies to ascertain if any tobacco be concealed close to their persons. In this manner successive parties are searched, till all the girls have undergone the examination. The examiners then rise, and in the same way examine each other.'—pp. 239, 240.

Our travellers formed a party up the river Passig to Los Bagnos, but nothing very remarkable appears to have occurred in this excursion. We must therefore content ourselves with an extract from Mr. Abel's account of a visit which they made to a small convent in a state of decay.

'It was inhabited by one of the native priests, and one or two females of rather doubtful relation to the worthy father. Having passed through a large lumber-room and up a ladder, we entered a spacious apartment furnished with a large table and a few old chairs, and communicating at one end with the chapel, and at the other with the dormitory of the establishment. From the latter came forth, on our entrance, the clerigo, in person and dress so grotesque, as to tax our risibility very severely in avoiding to offend him by our mirth. Imagine a figure little more than five feet high, having a large head with black hair, projecting forehead with a wart in the centre that looked like the budding of a horn, pig's eyes, flat nose, expanded nostrils, wide mouth and thick lips, dressed in an old-fashioned suit of black cloth, without stockings, and his shirt hanging below his knees, rushing out wild with astonishment, and only answering with grins the questions put to him. When the excess of surprise was passed, he walked successively round each of the party, viewing him narrowly from head to foot, but at length was motioning us to be seated, when he found fresh occasion for astonishment. Mr. Griffith, the chaplain to the embassy, had entered the room with a double-barrelled gun in his hand, and was now introduced as a brother clerigo. A protestant clergyman was, no doubt, in himself an object of great curiosity to one brought up in the extreme of bigotry, but a clergyman with a double-barrelled gun seemed to disturb all his notions of ecclesiastical propriety.' (Is Mr. Abel surprized at this?) 'He immediately went up to Griffith and examined him with great deliberation, walked round him again and again, and did not recover himself till repeated requests for refreshment induced him to depart. He soon re-appeared with shoes and buckles, and his shirt properly adjusted, and calling loudly about him, brought out one of his female associates, a very striking contrast to himself. With some of his peculiarities of physiognomy, she was tall, thin, and withered, decorated with crucifixes and other ornaments, and might have illustrated Smollett's description of the Indian wife of Lismahago. She had more self-possession than her friend, and speedily supplied us with some delicious chocolate, the famed produce and preparation of the island.'—pp. 246, 247.

We have now a long account of the shipwreck of the Alceste: the story had already been told with so much spirit and feeling by Mr.

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Mr. M'Leod, that we think our author acted rather injudiciously in dwelling upon it at such length. The notice respecting Java too, after the very ample account which has been given of that magnificent island by the late Governor Raffles, might as well have been omitted; together with the geological discussion on the appearances of the peninsula of the Cape, especially as they have been described more fully and more scientifically by Captain Hall in the Philosophical Transactions of Edinburgh.

On anchoring at St. Helena, Lord Amherst paid a visit to Buonaparte, who, having previous notice of his intention, and being furnished with a *catalogue raisonnée* of his suite, was prepared to say something *apropos* to each individual. At that time he was at the point of dying, as he has been ever since, of an *incipient* hepatites; —but, says Mr. Abel,

'Buonaparte's person had nothing of that morbid fulness which I had been led to look for. On the contrary, I scarcely recollect to have seen a form more expressive of strength and even of vigour. It is true that he was very large, considering his height, which is about five feet seven inches; but his largeness had nothing of unwieldiness. The fine proportion of his limbs, which has been often noticed, was still preserved. His legs, although very muscular, had the exactest symmetry. His whole form, indeed, was so closely knit, that firmness might be said to be its striking characteristic. His standing posture had a remarkable statue-like fixedness about it, which seemed scarcely to belong to the graceful ease of his step. The most remarkable character of his countenance was, to me, its variableness. Buonaparte has the habit of earnestly gazing for a few seconds upon the person whom he was about to address; and whilst thus occupied holds his features in perfect repose. The character of his countenance in this state, especially when viewed in profile, might be called settled design. But the instant that he enters into conversation his features express any force or kind of emotion with suddenness and ease. His eye, especially, seems not only to alter its expression, but its colour. I am sure, had I only noticed it while the muscles of the face, and particularly of the forehead, were in play, I should have called it a very dark eye; on the contrary, when at rest, I had remarked its light colour and peculiar glary lustre. Nothing, indeed, could better prove its changeable character than the difference of opinion which occurred amongst us respecting its colour. Although each person of the embassy naturally fixed his attention on Napoleon's countenance, all did not agree on the colour of his eyes.

'There was nothing in the appearance of Buonaparte which led us to think that his health had at all suffered from his captivity. On the contrary, his repletion seemed to be the consequence of active nourishment. His form had all that tone, and his movement all that elasticity, which indicate and spring from powerful health. Indeed, whatever sympathy we felt for the situation of any of the prisoners received no increase

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increase from any commiseration for their bodily sufferings: they were all in excellent plight.'—p. 316, 317.

The volume concludes with an Appendix of various papers on subjects of natural history, chiefly plants of China; and the same official documents which have already been printed by Mr. Ellis. Making due allowance for all the disadvantages against which Mr. Abel has had to contend, we cannot but think that he has produced a very respectable work; it is rather his misfortune than his fault, that his labours have been anticipated, and thus deprived of that charm of novelty which could alone recommend them to the general reader.

ART. V.—*Fairy Tales, or the Lilliputian Cabinet, containing Twenty-four choice pieces of Fancy and Fiction, collected by* Benjamin Tabart. Tabart & Co. London. 1818.

SINCE our boyish days the literature of the nursery has sustained a mighty alteration: the tone of the reading public has infected the taste of the *spelling* public. Mr. Benjamin Tabart's collection is, as we understand, considered an acceptable present to the rising generation; yet, though it is by no means devoid of merit, it recals but faintly the pleasant homeliness of the narrations which used to delight us in those happy times when we were still pinned to our nurse's apron-strings, and which are now thought too childish to deserve a place even in the tiny library of the baby. Even Nurse herself has become strangely fastidious in her taste, and the books which please her are far different from those over which she used to pore, when she put on her spectacles, and took such desperate pains in leading us onwards from great A and little a, and bouncing B, even down to *Empesand* and Izzard. Scarcely any of the *chap books* which were formerly sold to the country people at fairs and markets have been able to maintain their ancient popularity; and we have almost witnessed the extinction of this branch of our national literature. Spruce modern novels, and degenerate modern Gothic romances, romances only in name, have expelled the ancient 'histories' even from their last retreats. The kitchen wench, who thumbs the Mysteries of Udolpho, or the Rose of Raby, *won't grieve at all* for the death of Fair Rosamond: and the tale of Troy, which, in the days of good Queen Bess,

> Would mollify the hearts of barb'rous people,
> And make Tom Butcher weep,

has lost every jot of its pathos. Local traditions, indeed, cause the works which refer to them to retain their currency. Whilst the effigy of Sir Bevis guards the Bar-gate at Southampton, his achievements may be recollected there. And Guy Earl of Warwick may thank

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thank his punch-bowl for keeping him alive in the memory of his townsmen. But most of the other ancient heroes of chivalry, who defended their posts so long and so sturdily, have been fairly fibbed out of the ring by modern upstarts and pretenders. Gulley, the Champion of England, has supplanted St. George; and since Molineux and Dutch Sam and Scroggins have shewn fight, there is not a shepherd's boy who cares a straw for the prowess of the Nine Grim Worthies of the World, whether Gentile, Jew or Christian. Politics and sectarianism complete the change which has taken place in the contents of the budget of the flying stationer. The old broadside-ballads have given way to the red stamp of the newspaper; and pedlers burn their ungodly story-books like sorcerers of old, and fill their baskets with the productions sanctified by the Imprimatur of the Tabernacle. As for the much lamented Mr. Marshall, now no longer of Aldermary Church-yard, whose cheap and splendid publications at once excited and rewarded our youthful industry, he hath been compelled to shut up his shop long ago. Not a soul in the trade would bid for the copy-right and back stock of Tommy Two Shoes. His penny books are out of print, one and all, and therefore, if things continue to go on as they have done of late years, there is really no telling what sums of money a good copy of the genuine edition of the Life and Death of Cock Robin may not soon fetch under the hammer of Mr. Evans, especially if it should chance to be a 'tall copy,' with 'uncut margins,' graced with 'clear impressions' of the 'numerous wood cuts,' and retaining its 'original' gilt paper binding.

Physiologists investigate the laws of animated life in the animalcules swimming in the rain-drop. The botanist ascends from mosses and lichens to the oak tree and palm. The man of letters should not disdain the chap book, or the nursery story. Humble as these efforts of the human intellect may appear, they shew its secret workings, its mode and progress, and human nature must be studied in all its productions: And we shall observe, in the words of Walter Scott, 'that a work of great interest might be compiled upon the origin of popular fiction and the transmission of similar tales from age to age and from country to country. The mythology of one period would then appear to pass into the romance of the next century, and that into the nursery tale of the subsequent ages.'

Fiction thus resolves itself into its primitive elements, as by the slow and unceasing action of the rain and wind the solid granite is crumbled into sand. The creations embodied by the vivid imagination of man in the childhood of his race, incorporate themselves in his fond and mistaken faith. Sanctity is given to his day-dreams by the altar of the idol. Then, perhaps, they acquire a deceitful truth

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truth from the genius of the bard. Blended with the mortal hero, the aspect of the god gleams through the vizor of the helmet, or adds a holy dignity to the regal crown. Poetry borrows its ornaments from the lessons of the priest. The ancient God of strength of the Teutons, throned in his chariot of the stars, the northern wain,* invested the Emperor of the Franks and the Paladins who surrounded him with superhuman might. And the same constellation darting down its rays upon the head of the long lost† Arthur has given to the monarch of the Britons the veneration which once belonged to the son of 'Uthry Bendragon,' 'Thunder the Supreme leader,' and 'Eygyr the generating power.' But time rolls on: faith lessens, the flocks are led to graze within the rocky circle of the giants. Even the bones of the warriors moulder into dust; the lay is no longer heard; and the fable, reduced again to its original simplicity and nudity, becomes the fitting source of pastime to the untutored peasant and the listening child.

Hence we may yet trace no small proportion of mystic and romantic lore in the tales which gladden the cottage fireside, or, century after century, sooth the infant to its slumbers. When the nursery-maid looks for her sweetheart in the bottom of the tea-cup she is little aware that she is practising the scyphomancy of the Egyptians. We must not now, however, allow ourselves to wander from the realms of popular fiction to the land of popular superstition, although there is so much difficulty in ascertaining their proper boundaries that forgiveness might be readily obtained for the digression. The elves which dance on the wold must be considered as subject to the same laws as the fairies who bless the young prince's christening cap; and the giant who fills up the portal of the castle, or who wields his club upon the roof of the tower, does not differ essentially from the tall black man who carries away the naughty boy, and terrifies the little ruddy-cheeked maiden on the maternal bosom. These man-eaters were generally the great captains of the times. 'Beware of Melendo!' was the threat of the Moorish mother to her babe.‡ The Moors were driven from Andalusia

* The Great Bear appears to have been known by the name of Charles's Wain among the Teutons and Scandinavians, in the earliest ages. At Upsala, according to an ancient Swedish metrical chronicle, it was placed in the hands of the God Thor.

Thor Gud ——————
——————Satt nacken som ett barn
Siw Stjernor i Hauden och Karlewagn.

† Arthur, according to Mr. Owen, is a mythological personage. 'Arthur,' he says, 'is the *Great Bear*, as the name actually implies:' (it is odd he did not think of Arctos and Arcturus to strengthen his hypothesis.) 'And perhaps this constellation, being so near the pole, and sensibly describing a circle in so small a space, is the origin of the round table.'—*Southey's Preface to the History of Arthur*, p. 3.

‡ He is mentioned in the account of the siege of Huesca in the Cronica General. ——Avia un infanzon que era sobrino de Don Lorenzo Xuarez quel llamaron Meleu Rodriguez

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dalusia before fear and hatred had distorted the Castilian knight into a monster. But Attila the Hun, the mighty monarch of the book of heroes, degenerated into a blood-thirsty ogre amongst the inhabitants of Gaul who had smarted under his exterminating sword.

The Welch have their *Mabonogion*, or 'Juvenile amusements,' of undoubted authenticity and antiquity. Some of them are extant in manuscript, others live only in the traditions of the common people. A translation of the former was prepared for the press by Mr. William Owen, to whom Cymric literature is so greatly indebted, but the manuscript was unfortunately lost before publication. These tales possess extraordinary singularity and interest, and a complete collection of them in the *original language* is, as Mr. Southey remarks, a desideratum in British literature. The Cymry however seem to have little feeling for the productions of their ancestors; and the praiseworthy and patriotic exertions of individuals may cause the Welch nation at large to blush. When a foreigner asks us the names of the nobility and gentry of the principality who published the Myvyrian Archæology at their own expense, we must answer that it was none of them, but Owen Jones, the Thames-street furrier.

The popular fiction of the Celts is lively in its poetical imagery. Amongst the nations where the blood of the Teutons yet predominates, popular fiction is equally poetical in its cast. Not so in the happier climes of the south of Europe, where the Italian gives a zest to his popular narratives by buffoonery or ribaldry. A considerable portion of the fairy tales contained in the 'Pentamerone, overo Trattenemiento de li Piccerille,' or '*Entertainment for the Little Ones*,' together with those from the Nights of Signor Straparola, exhibit the inhabitants of Peristan as their chief characters, though not always retaining their eastern grace and beauty. Giovan' Battista Basile, who published his work under the fictitious name of Gian Alesso Abbatutis, compiled the Pentamerone* from the old stories current amongst the Neapolitans, and the work is written wholly in his native Neapolitan dialect, a language, not a jargon as it is absurdly called by the Tuscans, which was cultivated at a much earlier period than the volgar' illustre of Tuscany. The narrative which connects the stories is invented by the Cavalier Basile himself; the tales are told with characteristic oddity by the ten old women of the city, whose tongues run most glibly, to wit—Zoza Scioffata, Cecca Storta, Meneca Vozzolosa, Tolla Nasuta, Popa Scartellata, Antonella Vavosa, Ciulla Mossuta, Paola Sgargiata,

Rodriguez Gallinato. Tomaron del tan gran miedo los Moros que quando algun niño llorava, decienle, *Cata Melendo!*

* Il Pentamerone,..... overo Trattenemiento de li Piccerille, di Gian Alesso Abbatutis novamente restampato, e co tutte le Zeremonie corrietto 'n Napole. 1714.

Coimmetella

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Ciommetella Zellosa, and Giacova Squacquarata, denominations and epithets as expressive to the Neapolitan ear, as the more harmonious names of the Naiads of Homer were to the Grecians. The Pentamerone is one of those racy national works which defy translation. Basile seems to gesticulate and laugh aloud. His writing is as the discourse of the story-teller of the Piazza addressing an audience of gaping urchins and fullgrown Lazzaroni, basking in the sunshine.

Of the traditionary tales of Spain little can be said, except that we know that all the beasts used to speak in the days of Maricastana. Maricastana flourished in the reign of King Bamba when the slashed petticoat of black velvet which the curate borrowed of the inn-keeper's wife was yet a new one. The good dog Scipio,* who spoke in times nearer to our own, has noticed the stories of the 'Horse without a Head,' and the 'Rod of Virtue' with which the old women 'were wont to entertain themselves when sitting by the fire-side in the long nights of winter.' In order that the horse without a head may travel to posterity, we think it right to add, that this marvellous monster haunts the Moorish ramparts of the Alhambra, in company with another non-descript beast ycleped the Belludo, on account of his woolly hide: both have a local habitation and a name in the guard-room by the side of the principal portal of the palace, from whence they occasionally sally forth, and terrify the sentries.

The most important addition to nursery literature has been effected in Germany, by the diligence of John and William Grimm, two antiquarian brethren of the highest reputation. Under the title of 'Kinder und Hausmärchen' they have published a collection of German popular stories, singular in its kind, both for extent and variety, and from which we have acquired much information. In this collection we recognize a host of English and French and Italian stories of the same genus and species, and extant in printed books; but the greater part of the German popular or nursery stories are stated by the editors to be traditionary, some local, others more widely known; and MM. Grimm say that they are confident 'that all those which they have so gathered from oral tradition, with the exception indeed of Puss in Boots, are pure German, and not borrowed from the stranger.' In their annotations, Messrs. Grimm

* In the dialogue between Scipio and Berganza, the former speaks of the 'cuentos de viejas, como aquellos del cavallo sin cabeza, y de la Varilla de Virtudes con que se entretenien al fuego las dilatadas noches del invierno.' But the Horse *without a Head* sometimes migrates into this country, and we have frequently fled before his imaginary approach, in the days of our naughtiness. A friend has pointed out to us a passage in Plato (De Legibus, l. vi.) in which the sage alludes to a similar superstition amongst the Greeks.

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have taken considerable pains, and often with considerable succes to shew the relationship between these 'Kinder Märchen,' or Chi dren's Tales, and the venerable Sagas of the North, which, in goo sooth, were only intended for children of larger growth. 'The re worth of these tales,' continue Messrs. Grimm, 'is indeed to b highly estimated, as they give a new and more complete elucidatio of our ancient German heroic fictions than could be obtained fro any other source. *Thornrosa*, who is set a sleeping in consequenc of the wounds inflicted by her spindle, is *Brynhilda* cast into slum ber by the *sleep-thorn* of Odin. The manner in which *Loke* hang to the giant-eagle is better understood after a perusal of the story o the *Golden Goose*, to which the lads and lasses who touch it, adher inseparably. In the stories of the *Wicked Goldsmith, the Speaking Bird*, and *the Eating of the Bird's Heart*, who does not recognize the fable of Sigurd?* In these popular stories is concealed th pure and primitive mythology of the Teutons which has been considered as lost for ever; and we are convinced that if such researches are continued in the different districts of Germany, the traditions of this nature, which are now neglected, will change into treasuries of incredible worth, and assist in affording a new basis for the study of the origin of our ancient poetical fictions.'—*Kindermärchen*, vol. ii. p. 7.

Messrs. Grimm are ardent and enthusiastic. Our lamented Leyden, who took an analogous view of popular narrative, was rather inclined to connect its history with ancient romance, as he overlooked the mythological basis of the system. 'In the repetition of an unskilful reciter the metrical romance or fabliau seems often to have degenerated into a popular story; and it is a curious fact that the subjects of some of the popular stories which I have heard repeated in Scotland, do not differ essentially from those of some of the ancient Norman fabliaux, presented to the public in an elegant form by Le Grand. Thus when I first perused the fabliaux of the Poor Scholar, the Three Thieves, and the Sexton of Cluni, I was surprised to recognize the popular stories which

* These fables, familiar to Messrs. Grimm, are not equally so to our readers. Sigurd passes through the flames which surround the castle, where he finds Brynhilda cast in a magic slumber: he releases her, and she speaks.—'Two kings warred upon each other, the one was named Hialmgunnar, and he was old and a mighty warrior, and to him had Odin promised victory. The name of the other was Agnar, the brother of Aud. I killed Hialmgunnar in battle, and Odin wounded me in the head, with the thorn of sleep.' The corresponding traditionary story is nearly the same as Perrault's Sleeping Beauty in the Wood, which, as we have observed, is also said to be founded in tradition.

The Golden Goose and the other adventures are too long to be epitomized in this place: those who choose may consult the Volsunga Saga, and the Second Part of the edition of Resenius, c. 12.

I had

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I had often heard repeated in infancy, and which I had often repeated myself when the song or the tale repeated by turns, amused the tedious evenings of winter. From this circumstance I am inclined to think that many of the Scottish popular stories may have been common to the Norman French. Whether these tales be derived immediately from the French during their long and intimate intercourse with the Scotch nation, or whether both nations borrowed them from the Celtic, may admit of some doubt.'

In ascribing a common origin to the popular fictions of our island and the continent we cannot be far from the truth; but since the people of England and the Scottish Lowlands are undoubtedly offsets and grafts from the Teutonic stock, it is probable that our popular fables also are chiefly of Teutonic origin. These idle stories boast a higher antiquity than romances and poems of much greater pretensions. Our proud baronial families can trace their line only up to Battle Abbey Roll, whilst the yeomen and franklins of Essex and Sussex, and Kent, the *Spongs* and the *Pungs*, and the *Wapshotts* and the *Eppses*, bear in their names the evidence of their descent from the Saxon and Danish conquerors of Britain: and even the knights of the romances of the Round Table in their present form are mere striplings when compared to the acquaintance of our early childhood, who troop along by the side of the go-cart and help to rock the cradle. Jack, commonly called the Giant Killer, and Thomas Thumb landed in England from the very same keels and warships which conveyed Hengist and Horsa, and Ebba the Saxon.

To begin with the rudest species of these inventions, we may notice the nursery tale heard by Dr. Leyden, and reported by him to be 'very similar, in many respects, to the "Grim white woman" of Mr. Lewis, in which the spirit of a child in the form of a bird is supposed to whistle the following verse to its father:

'—— Pew-wew—pew-wew,
My minny me slew.'

It would occupy too much room to abstract the tale of the 'Machandel Boom,' or the Holly Tree, which was substantially the same; but the Nether-Saxon stanza, corresponding with the Scottish verse, may be given for the sake of comparison.

'*Min Moder de mi slacht't*,
Min Vader de mi att,
Min Swester de Marleeniken,
Söcht alle mine Beeniken
Un bind't se in een siden Dook
Legt's unner den Machandel boom
Kyvitt! Kyvitt! ach wat een schön vogel bin ick.'

Our Scottish friends will not be displeased at our offering them another proof of the antiquity of their popular fictions. Dr. Ley-

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den 'recollected to have heard a story, wherein a spirit gives the following injunction to a terrified ghost seer;' which, by the way, has settled the important doubts respecting the gender of a gib cat.

'Mader Watt! Mader Watt!
Tell your gib cat
Auld Girnigae o' Cragend's dead.'

The same story is told in Denmark as having occurred at a town called Lyng, near Soroe. Not far distant from this village is a hill, called 'Brondhoë,' which is inhabited by the Troldfolk—a set of beings somewhat between men and devils, though more akin to the latter. Amongst these Trolds was an old sickly devil, peevish and ill-tempered, because he was married to a young wife: this unhappy Trold often set the rest by the ears, whence they nick-named him '*Knurre-Murre*,' or *Rumble Grumble*. Now, it came to pass that Knurre-Murre discovered that his young wife was inclined to honour him with a supplemental pair of horns; and, to avoid Knurre-Murre's vengeance, the amorous Trold who excited his jealousy was forced to fly for his life from the cairn, and take refuge, in the shape of a tortoise-shell cat, in the house of *Goodman Platt*; who harboured him with much hospitality, let him lie on the great wicker chair, and fed him twice a day with bread and milk out of a red earthenware pipkin. One evening the goodman came home, at a late hour, full of wonderment—'Goody,' exclaimed he to his wife, 'as I was passing by Brondhoë, there came out a Trold, who spake to me, saying—

"Hör du Plat,
Siig til din kat
At Knurre-Murre er död."

Hear thou Platt,
Say to thy cat
That Knurre-Murre is dead.

The tortoise-shell cat was lying on the great wicker chair and eating his supper of bread and milk out of the red earthenware pipkin when the Goodman came in; but as soon as the message was delivered he jumped bolt upright upon his two hind legs, for all the world like a Christian, and kicking the red earthenware pipkin and the rest of the bread and milk before him, he whisked through the cottage door, mewing 'What! is Knurre Murre dead! then I may go home again!'

The tale of the *frog-lover*, given by Dr. Leyden, and popular in Scotland, is known in every part of Germany under the name of 'the King of the Frogs,' and is alluded to in several ancient German writers. The rhythmical address of the aquatic lover, who

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who is, of course, an enchanted prince, corresponds in the two languages.

'Open the door, my hinny, my heart,
Open the door mine ane wee thing,
And mind the words that you and I spak
Down in the meadow at the well spring.'

'Konigstochter, jungste
Mach mir auf
Weiss du nicht was gestern
Du zu mir gesagt
Bei dem Kühlen Brunnenwasser
Konigstochter jungste
Mach mir auf.'

These enchanted frogs have migrated from afar, and we suspect that they were originally crocodiles; we trace them in a tale forming part of a series of stories entitled '*The Relations of Ssidi Kur*,' extant amongst the *Calmuck Tartars*. It appears that the 'adventures which befel the wandering Chan' were originally written in Thibet, and the author commences with an invocation to one of the lesser gods of Lamaism. 'Glorified Naugasuna Garbi! thou art radiant within and without!—the holy vessel of existence, the second of our instructors, I bow before thee.' The tales of witchery learnt from the wonderful bird Ssidi are singularly wild and strange, and the scene of the romance is placed in the middle kingdom of India. All the magical machinery of the popular tales of Europe is to be found in these tales, which have a genuine Tartar character: there are wishing-caps and flying swords, and hobgoblins and fairies in abundance. Ssidi also tells a story of a benevolent Bramin, who receives the grateful assistance of a mouse, a bear, and a monkey, whom he had severally rescued from the hands of their tormentors. A fable founded on nearly the same plot is given in the Gesta Romanorum, though the details differ widely; Calila and Dimnah furnish others of the same class: but we consider it as an extraordinary fact, that a fable precisely of the same import is yet a favourite amongst the peasantry in the Schwalmgegend, (somewhere in Hesse,) where, as Messrs. Grimm inform us, it has been preserved by tradition: they do not seem to be aware of its Tartar origin. It will be shewn below that even Jack the Giant Killer is under some obligation to the fictions of the Calmucks. We learn from Mr. Morier's entertaining narrative that Whittington's cat realized his price in India; the story rested in Italy by the way, and the merry priest, Arlotto, told it before the Lord Mayor was born or thought of.* These circumstances, trifling as the subject may appear,

* Facezie del Piovano Arlotto, p. 23.—Arlotto relates how the adventure befel a

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pear, will lend their aid in tracing the fictions of the inhabitants of Europe from the first seat of the Caucasian tribes.

Whittington, however, will claim less attention than TOM THUMB and TOM HICKATHRIFT. The learned Doctor William Wagstaffe, Physician to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, Fellow of the College of Physicians and of the Royal Society, and whose name was so analogous to his humour, hath given a very strong 'testimony' respecting the merits of these histories, which, according to the good old custom of classical editors, we intend to prefix to our proposed critical edition of these works 'cum notis variorum.' The Doctor says 'that the lives in question are more proper to adorn the shelves of Bodley or the Vatican, than to be confined in the retirement and obscurity of a private library. I have perused the former of them (he adds) with more than ordinary application, and have made some observations on it which will not, I hope, prove unacceptable to the public.' He has confined himself, however, to the poetical beauties of the work; we hope therefore it will be equally 'acceptable to the public' if we attempt to contribute our mite towards its literary history.

Tom Hearne* would almost have sworn that Tom Thumb the fairy knight was 'King Edgar's page.' On ballad authority we learn that 'Tom a lyn was a Scottsman born.' Now Tom Hearne and the ballad are both in the wrong; for Tom a lin, otherwise Tamlane, is no other than Tom Thumb himself, who was originally a dwarf, or dwergar, of Scandinavian descent, being the *Thaumlin*, i. e. *Little Thumb* of the Northmen. Drayton, who introduces both these heroes in his Nymphidia, seems to have suspected their identity.

The German 'Daumerling,' i. e. little Thumb, is degraded to the son of a taylor;—he has not much in common with Tom Thumb the Great, except the misfortune of being swallowed by the dun cow, which took place in Germany just as it did in England.† This is a traditionary story of the Germans: but there is

Geneway merchant, upon which another, hearing of the profitable adventure, makes a voyage to Rat Island with a precious cargo, for which the king repays him with one of his cats.

* See Hearne's Benedictus Abbas, p. 54.

† 'Many years ago,' (a literary friend writes to us,) 'I had persuaded myself that several of our common nursery tales were the remnants of antient *μυθοι*, and that Tom Thumb, for instance, if the truth should be discovered, would be found to be a mythological personage. Though fully convinced at the time that so strange a fiction could not have arisen from any other source, I had not the least expectation that any thing would ever occur to me in confirmation of such an apparent paradox. Tom Thumb's adventure bears a near analogy to the rite of adoption into the Braminical order, a ceremony which still exists in India, and to which the Rajah of Tanjore submitted not many years ago. In Dubois work there is an account of a diminutive deity, whose person and character are analogous to that of Tom Thumb. He too, if I recollect

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is a little book in the Danish language, analyzed by Professor Nierup, of the University of Copenhagen, who censures it, and perhaps with some degree of justice, as a 'very childish history.' It treats of '*Swain Tomling, a man no bigger than a thumb, who would be married to a woman three ells and three quarters long.*' The Danish title-page, which we transcribe below,* enumerates other of Tomling's adventures which are not found in the 'History of his Marvellous Acts of Manhood,' as preserved in England; the manhood, however, which emboldened the Swain to venture on a wife of 'three ells and three quarters' in length is yet commemorated in the ancient rhyme which begins '*I had a little husband no bigger than my thumb.*'

According to popular tradition Tom Thumb died at Lincoln, which it may be recollected was one of the five Danish towns of England; we do not, however, therefore intend to insist that the story was handed down by the northern invaders. There was a little blue flag-stone in the pavement of the Minster 'which was shewn as Tom Thumb's monument, and the country folks never failed to marvel at it when they came to church on the Assize Sunday; but during some of the modern repairs which have been inflicted on that venerable building, the flag-stone was displaced and lost, to the great discomfiture of the holiday visitants.

The prose history of Tom Thumb is manufactured from the ballad; and by the introduction of the fairy queen at his birth, and certain poetical touches which it yet exhibits, we are led to suppose that it is a rifacciamento of an earlier and better original. One of Tom's sports deserves note; it is when, in order to be revenged on his playmates, he

> 'took in pleasant game
> Black pots and glasses which he hung
> Upon a bright sun-beam.
>
> The other boys, to do the same,
> In pieces broke them quite,
> For which they were most soundly whipt,
> At which he laught outright.'

---

lect right, was not originally a Bramin, but became one by adoption, like some of the worthies in the Ramayuna. Compare the multiplicity of Tom Thumb's metamorphoses with those of Taliessin as quoted by Davies; we shall then see that this diminutive personage is a slender but distinct thread of communication between the Braminical and Druidical superstitions. Even independent of the analogy between his transformations and those of Taliessin—his station in the court of King Arthur (evidently the mythological Arthur) marks him as a person of the highest fabulous antiquity in this island; while the adventure of the cow, to which there is nothing analogous in Celtic mythology, appears to connect him with India.'

* 'SVEND TOMLING, et Menneske ikke större end en Tommelfinger, som vil giftes med en Kone, tre Alen og tre Quarter lang, Kommer til Verden med hat paa og Karde ved siden, driver Plov; sælges til en herremand som forvare ham i sin Snuusdaase,' &c.

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This 'pleasant game' is borrowed from the pseudo-hagiography of the middle ages. It is found not only in one of the spurious Gospels, but also in the legend of St. Columbanus, who, as we are told, performed a similar miracle by hanging his garment on a sunbeam.

Mr. Thomas Hickathrift, afterwards Sir Thomas Hickathrift, Knight, is praised by Mr. Thomas Hearne as a 'famous champion.' The honest antiquary has identified this well-known knight with the far less celebrated Sir Frederick de Tylney, Baron of Tylney in Norfolk, the ancestor of the Tylney family, who was killed at Acon, in Syria, in the reign of Richard Cœur de Lion; '*Hycophric, or Hycothrift,*' as the mister-wight observes, '*being probably a corruption of Frederick.*' This happy exertion of etymological acumen is not wholly due to Hearne, who only adopted a hint given by Mr. Philip Le Neve whilome of the College of Arms. Their conjectures, however, accord but slightly with the traditions given by the accurate Spelman, in his Icenia. From the most remote antiquity, the fables and achievements of *Hickifric* have been obstinately credited by the inhabitants of the township of Tylney. '*Hickifric*' is venerated by them as the assertor of the rights and liberties of their ancestors. The 'monstrous giant,' who guarded the Marsh, was, in truth, no other than the tyrannical lord of the manor, who attempted to keep his copyholders out of the common field, called *Tilney Smeeth;* but who was driven away, with his retainers, by the prowess of Tom, armed with only his axle-tree and cart-wheel. Spelman has told the story in good Latin, and we subjoin it to the text.*

We have not room to detail the pranks which Tom performed when his 'natural strength, which exceeded twenty common men,' became manifest; but they must be noticed as being correctly Scandinavian. Similar were the achievements of the great northern champion Gretter, when he kept geese upon the common, as told in his Saga. We are not very deeply read in northern lore, but we

* 'In Marslandia sitæ sunt *Walsoka, Waltona,* et *Walpola*—In viciniis jacent *Terrington* et *St. Maries*—Adjacet Tylney veteris utique Tylneiorum familiæ radix. Hic se expandit insignis area quæ a planicie nuncupatur *Tylney Smeeth,* pinguis adeo et luxurians ut Paduana pascua videatur superasse. Tuentur eam indigenæ velut aras et focos, fabellamque recitant *longa petitam vetustate* de Hickifrico (nescio quo). Hasi illius instar in Scotorum Chronicis qui civium suorum dedignatus fuga, aratrum quod agebat solvit; arreptoque temone furibundus insiliit in hostes victoriamque ademit exultantibus. Sic cum de agri istius possessione acriter olim dimicatum esset, inter fundi dominum et villarum incolas, nec valerent hi adversus eum consistere, redeuntibus occurrit Hickifrickus, axemque excutiens à curru quem agebat, eo vice gladii usus; rota, clypei; invasores repulit ad ipsos quibus nunc funguntur terminos. Ostendunt in cæmeterio Tilniensi, sepulchrum sui pugilis, axem cum rota insculptum exhibens.'—*Spelman's Posthumous Works,* p. 138.

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hope that Messrs. Grimm will agree with us that Tom's youth retraces the tales of the prowess of the youthful Siegfried, detailed in the Niflunga Saga, and in the Book of Heroes. It appears from Hearne, that the supposed axle-tree with the superincumbent wheel was represented on 'Hycothrift's' grave stone, in Tylney churchyard, in the shape of a cross.* This is the form in which all the Runic monuments represent the celebrated hammer or thunderbolt of the son of Odin, which shattered the sculls and scattered the brains of so many luckless giants. How far this surmise may be supported by Tom's skill and strength in throwing the hammer (Part. I. Chap. 48.) we will not pretend to decide. If, on the other hand, any of our antiquarian readers should think it right to withhold their assent to the proposition that Thor can be identified with Tom Hickathrift, they may have the full benefit of our doubts. The common people have a happy faculty of seeing whatever they chuse to believe, and of refusing to see the things in which they disbelieve. It may therefore be supposed, that the rude sculpture which the Tylneyites used to call the offensive and defensive arms of their champion, was truly nothing more than a cross, of which the upper part is inscribed in a circle, a figure often found on ancient sepulchres.

From Tom Hickathrift and Thor we must proceed to their immortal compeer JACK THE GIANT KILLER. In Jack's memoirs, a Wormius, a Rudbeck, a Bartholinus, a Schimmlemann, a Stephanius, or a Peringskiold might discover indubitable resemblances to the fictions of the Edda. Jack, as we are told, 'having got a little money, travelled into Flintshire, and came to a large house in a lonesome place; and, by reason of his present necessity, he took courage to knock at the gate, when, to his amazement, there came forth a monstrous Giant with *two* heads, yet he did not seem so fiery as the former Giants, *for* he was a Welch Giant.'† This Welch Giant was rendered less 'fiery' than he would naturally have been, in consequence of 'breakfasting,' as the story says, 'on a great bowl of hasty pudding,' instead of keeping to the warm invigorating

* A Norfolk antiquary has had the goodness to procure for us an authentic report of the present state of TOM'S sepulchre. It is a stone *soros*, of the usual shape and dimensions; the sculptured lid or cover no longer exists. It must have been entire about fifty years ago, for when we were *good*, Gaffer Crane would rehearse Tom's achievements, and tell us that he had cut out the moss which filled up the inscription with his penknife, but he could not read the letters.

† See '*History of Jack and the Giants.*' Part I. Chap. v. p. 14.—The edition which we use has no date, but was 'Printed and sold by J. Pitts, No. 14, Great St. Andrew's Street, Seven Dials.' It is far less correct than the older edition printed at York by 'J. Kendrew, near the Collier-gate.' Yet, on the whole, as Dr. HARWOOD justly observes on a similar occasion, (View of the various Editions of the Classics with remarks by EDWARD HARWOOD, D.D. London. 1775. p. 214.) 'it has fewer inaccuracies than a scholar might justly expect from a London edition.'

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national diet, toasted cheese. To this low feeding we also attribute the want of sagacity which enabled Jack 'to outwit him,' notwithstanding his two heads. The history states that Jack undressed himself, and as the Giant was walking towards another apartment, Jack heard him say to himself,

'Though here you lodge with me this night,
You shall not see the morning light,
My club shall dash your brains out,—quite.'

'Say you so, says Jack, is that one of your Welch tricks? I hope to be as cunning as you. Then getting out of bed he found a thick billet, and laid it in the bed in his stead, and hid himself in a dark corner of the room. In the dead time of the night came the Giant with his club, and struck several blows on the bed where Jack had artfully laid the billet, and then returned to his own room, supposing,' as the romance writer observes with emphatical simplicity, 'that he had broken all Jack's bones.' In the morning early Jack came to thank him for his lodging. 'Oh! said the Giant, how have you rested, did you see any thing last night? No, said Jack, but a rat gave me three or four slaps with his tail.'

To this adventure, though the locus in quo is placed in Flintshire by the English writer, we find a parallel in the device practised by the Giant *Skrimner* when he and Thor journeyed to Skrimner's Castle of Utgaard, and related at large in the twelfth chapter of the Edda of Snorro. At midnight the mighty son of earth laid himself to sleep beneath an oak, and snored aloud. Thor, the giant-killer, resolved to rid himself of his unsuspicious companion, and struck him with his tremendous hammer. '*Hath a leaf fallen upon me from the tree?*' exclaimed the awakened Giant. The Giant soon slept again, and 'snored,' as the Edda says, 'as loudly as if it had thundered in the forest.' Thor struck the Giant again, and, as he thought, the hammer made a mortal indentation in his forehead. '*What is the matter?*' quoth Skrimner, '*hath an acorn fallen on my head?*' A third time the potent Giant snored, and a third time did the hammer descend, 'with huge two-handed sway,' and with such force that Thor weened the iron had buried itself in Skrimner's temples. '*Methinks,*' quoth Skrimner, rubbing his cheek, '*some moss hath fallen on my face.*' Thor might be well amazed at the escape of the Giant;—but Skrimner, acting exactly like Jack, had out-witted his enemy, by placing an immense rock on the leafy couch where Thor supposed he was sleeping, and which received the blows of the hammer in his stead.

The fictions of the north, and indeed of the east, are no less distinguishable in the robbery which Jack, who, after all, was an unprincipled young dog, committed on a simple cousin of his,* 'a huge and

* History of Jack, &c. Part I. chap. vi. pp. 18—21.

monstrous

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monstrous Giant having *three* heads, and who would beat five hundred men in armour. Jack terrified his three-headed cousin out of all his wits, by telling him that the king's son was coming. This is heavy news indeed, quoth the giant, but I have a large vault under ground, where I will run and hide myself. In the morning, when Jack let his cousin out of the hole, he asked what he should give him for his care, seeing that his castle was not demolished. 'Why, answered Jack, I desire nothing but your *old rusty sword*, the *coat* in the closet, and the *cap* and the *shoes* which you keep at the bed's head. Thou shalt have them with all my heart, said the Giant, as a just reward for thy kindness in protecting me from the king's son, and be sure that thou carefully keepst them for my sake; for they are things of excellent use: the coat will keep you *invisible*, the cap will furnish you with *knowledge*, the sword cuts asunder *whatever you strike*, and the *shoes* are of *extraordinary swiftness*.' Every one of these wonderful articles has been stolen out of the great Northern treasury, though we cannot pretend to explain in what manner Jack's cousin, the Giant with three heads, became possessed of them. The coat is, in fact, the magic garment known in ancient German by the equivalent denomination of the '*Nebel Kappe*,' or *Cloud Cloak*, fabled to belong to King Alberich, and the other dwarfs of the Teutonic cycle of Romance, who, clad therein, could walk invisible. To them also belongs the Tarn-hut, or hat of darkness,* possessing the same virtue. Velent the cunning smith of the Edda of Sæmund wrought Jack's 'sword of sharpness,' which in the Wilkina Saga bears the name of *Balmung*. So keen was its edge that when Velent cleft his rival Æmilius through the middle with the wondrous weapon, it merely seemed to Æmilius as though cold water had glided down him. Shake thyself, said Velent. Æmilius shook himself, and fell dead into two halves, one on each side of his chair. That the stories of Velent's skill were well known in this country is evinced by the Auchinleck text of the Geste of King Horn, where he is called Weland.

Jack's *shoes of swiftness* were once worn by *Loke* when he

* Wolf Dietrich saves his life by the loan of this hat of darkness.

—— Mournfully he sighed, for Dame Grel his sword had ta'en,
A dwarf then heard and pitied the heroe's woeful strain,
He saw where she had hid in the dark the noble blade,
Straight he ran where on the sod Wolf Dietrich was laid.

O'er the champion did he cast a *tarn cap* speedily,
And has led him to the cave where his falchion did lie,
Now with leathern thongs the savage giantess
Ran where the horse he had left bound upon the grass.
But when no more she saw him, back to her cave she came;
Scornfully Wolf Dietrich laughed when he saw the uncouth dame,
Off he throws the *tarn cap* and in her sight appears.

Illustrations of Northern Antiquities, p. 91.

escaped

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escaped from Valhalla. In the Calmuck romance of Ssidi Kur, the Chan steals a similar pair of seven league *boots* from the Tchadkurrs, or evil spirits, by means of the *cap* which made him invisible, which he won from certain quarrelling children, or dwarfs whom he encounters in the middle of a forest.'* Are these mere incidental coincidences between the superstitions and fictions of the followers of Buddha and of those of Odin?

In the history of '*Jack and the Bean-stalk*,' the consistency of the characters is still finely preserved. The awful distich put into the mouth of the Jette or Ettin, the principal agent in this romance,

'Snouk but, snouk ben,
I find the smell of earthly men,'

is scarcely inferior to the 'fee faw fum' of the keen-scented anthropophaginian of the other. The bean-stalk, 'the top whereof when Jack looked upwards he could not discern as it appeared lost in the clouds,' has grown in fanciful imitation of the ash *Ygdrasil* reaching, according to the Edda, from hell to heaven. As to the beautiful harp which 'played of its own accord,' and which Jack stole from the giant, we must find a parallel for it in the wonderful harp made of the breast bone of the king's daughter, and which sang so sweetly to the miller, 'Binnorie Oh Binnorie,' and in old Dunstan's harp which sounded without hands when hanging in the vale.

Before we dismiss the Giganticide, we must remark that most of his giants rest upon good romance authority: or, to speak

* 'Now the son of the Chan and his trusty servant travelled along a river and arrived in a wood, where they met many children who were quarrelling with each other. "Why do you thus dispute?" said they.

'We have found a *cap* in this wood, and each of us wishes to keep it.

'What is the use of the cap?

'The cap hath this virtue, he who wears it *is seen neither by the gods, nor men, nor the Tchadkurrs.*

'Now go all of ye to the end of the forest, and run hither. And I will keep the cap and I will give it to him who first reaches this spot and wins the race.

'So spake the son of the Chan, and the children ran, but when they came back they could not find the cap, for he had placed it on the head of his companion, and they sought for it in vain.

'And the son of the Chan and his companion travelled onwards, and they came to a forest wherein they met many Tchadkurrs who were quarrelling with each other. "Why do you thus dispute?" said they.

'It is I, exclaimed each Tchadkurr, to whom these *boots* belong.

'What is the use of the boots?

'"*He who wears these boots,*" answered the Tchadkurrs, "*is conveyed to any country wherein he wishes himself.*"

'"Now," answerred the son of the Chan, "go all of you that way, and he who first runs hither shall obtain the boots."

'And the Tchadkurrs ran their race accordingly. But the Chan's son had concealed the boots in the bosom of his companion, who at the same time had the cap upon his head. And the Tchadkurrs sought for the boots, but they found them not, and they went away.'—*Second Relation of Ssidi Kur.*

more

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more correctly, Jack's history is a popular and degraded version of the traditions upon which our earliest romances are founded. 'The Mount of Cornwall,' which was kept by a large and monstrous Giant, is St. Michael's Mount; and the Giant Corinoran, whom Jack dispatched there, and who 'was eighteen feet high and *about* three yards round, is the same who figures in the romance of Tristan. It was by killing this Corinoran, (the Corinæus probably of Jeffery of Monmouth and the Brut,) that Jack acquired his triumphal epithet of the Giant-Killer.*

In order that students of British gigantology may not be misled in their researches, we think it proper to inform them that they must take great care not to confound '*the History of Jack and the Giants*' with '*the History of the Giants.*' These works differ essentially in merit, and, although the latter begins with the history of Goliah the champion of the Philistines, yet the adventures contained in the remainder of the work, and particularly all those which relate to the Giants Trapsaca and Traudello, are, as the Irish bishop observed of Gulliver's travels, exceedingly incredible.

Of rarer occurrence than the heroic narratives to which our attention has hitherto been directed, is the 'history of FRIAR RUSH the devil's brother.' The friar was known to Reginald Scott before the history of his pranks was published. Scott ranks him in the same category with Robin Goodfellow, so that Robin and the Friar were alike the heroes of popular and traditionary tales. There is an ancient Danish poem, which treats 'of brother *Rus*, how he did service as cook and monk in the monastery of Esserom.' There is reason to suppose that the English story-book and the Danish history are derived from one common original, well known on the continent in times previous to the reformation, for, as Bruno Seidelius sings,

'Quis non legit, quæ Frater Rauschius egit?'

It is worthy of remark that the Danish Rus is made to travel through the air to England, where he possesses the king's daughter.

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* 'Now when the magistrates who employed John heard that the job was over, they sent for him, declaring he should henceforth be called "JACK THE GIANT KILLER," and in honour thereof presented him with a sword and embroidered belt, upon which these words were written in letters of gold:—

'Here's the valiant Cornish man,
Who slew the giant Corinoran.'

In the last London edition of Jack the Giant Killer, the printer's devil who corrected the sheets has arbitrarily chosen to read *Cormeran*. We have not scrupled to restore the true reading, although the spurious reading gives a smoother verse. According to the Brut it is Corineus who kills the giant, but as he was a giant himself, tradition has only changed sides,

CORINEUS estoit moult grant
Hardis et grant come yaiant.

There

There has been a fair exchange of nursery tales between the two countries, for in return for Brother Russ, we gave them the 'history of the lucky Richard Whittington, Lord Mayor of London,' whose life has been translated into Danish, and whose good fortune is now as well known in Bergen and Drontheim as in his own native land of Cockney. Puss has thus sailed half round the world, from the Gulf of Persia to the Northern Sea.

HOWLEGLASS stands as the leader of a merry troop; TOM TRAM, the son-in-law of Mother Winter, TOM STITCH, the tailor, and TOM LONG, the carrier of the Men of Gotham, follow in his train, whose penny 'histories,' all imitated from his 'merrye jeste,' are now *introuvables*. They all belong to the ancient and noble and widely dispersed family of TOM FOOL, which has obtained such pre-eminence and dignity in church and state throughout all Christendom. 'Yn the land of Sassen,' says old Copland, in the village of Keeling, 'there dwelled a man that was named Nicholas Howleglass, that had a wyfe named Wyneke, that laye a child bed in the same village, and that childe was borne to Christening and named Tyell Howleglass.' It were long to detail his fearful jokes which sometimes brought him to the gallows, yet saved him from the halter. He was buried with his coffin standing on one end, as the visitants at the Abbey believe of Ben Jonson, at Mollen, near Lubeck: and you may see his grave-stone under the great lime tree in the church-yard; and his *rebus*, to wit an owl and a looking glass, cut upon the stone. Ulenspiegel, as he is called in German, has almost made the tour of Europe: his life was first published in the Nether-Saxon dialect in 1483. Our English translation of the 'merrye jeste of a man that was called Howleglass, and of many marveylous thinges and jestes that he did in his lyfe in Eastland,' was 'Imprinted at London in Tamestreete, at the Vintre, in Three Craned Warfe, by Wyllyam Copland.' According to the technical phrase, it was done into English from the High Dutch. There is also a Flemish translation, which, well purified from all aspersions on holy church, is now a chap book in Flanders. The Flemish faithful are earnestly warned not to purchase the 'shameful edition printed at Amsterdam, by Brother Jansz, in the Burgwal, at the sign of the "Silver Can," the same being calculated to vex and scandalize all good Catholics.'

'SIMPLE SIMON'S misfortunes' are such as are incident to all the human race, since they arose 'from his wife Margery's cruelty, which began the very morning after their marriage,' and we therefore do not know whether it is necessary to seek out for a Teutonic or Northern original of this once popular book. 'The Fifteen Joys of Matrimony'* being also diffused pretty equally

* It is not translated from the 'Quinze Joyes du Mariage;' the titles only agreeing.

over

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over the wide world, we cannot presume to confine the origin of the tractate concerning them to our island.

Now that we have fairly entered into the matrimonial chapter we must needs speak of MOTHER BUNCH, not the Mother Bunch whose fairy tales are repeated to the little ones, but she whose 'cabinet,' when broken open, reveals so many powerful love-spells: it is Mother Bunch who teaches the blooming damsel to recal the fickle lover, or to fix the wandering gaze of the cautious swain, attracted by her charms, yet scorning the fetters of the parson, and dreading the still more fearful vision of the churchwarden, the constable, the justice, the warrant, and the jail. We dare not venture to unfold the incantations of the sapient beldam; but perhaps there may be equal efficacy in the '*Academy of Compliments, or Whole Art of Courtship*, being the rarest and most exact way of wooing a maid or widow *by the way of dialogue and complimental expressions*,' and which used to be sold by Mr. Hollis in Shoemaker-row near Doctor's Commons: and in the metrical magic of the 'Posies for rings and other things,' given in this same Academy; posies in no small request on the feast of good St. Valentine, however ill the saint may view the celebration of his festival.

> ——————— Bishop Valentine
> Left us examples to do deeds of charity,
> To feed the hungry, clothe the naked, visit
> The weak and sick, to entertain the poor,
> And give the dead a Christian burial.
> These were the works of piety he did practise,
> And bade us imitate, not seek for lovers.

The 'Academy of Compliments' is abridged from the 'Jardin d'Amour,' the last edition of which is augmented by 'plusieurs lettres familières pour l'utilité de la jeunesse;' and, as our good friend *Madame Garnier* informs us, there is not a peasant in Champagne who will attempt to woo, in an honourable way, except according to the established forms and precedents contained in this useful manual. And even the boors in the Low Countries are equally obedient to the lessons of its Flemish translation, the '*Konst der Minnen*,' when they sidle into the spinning-room, or try to drop upon one knee before the Juffrow, as their fathers did before them. Like its ambitious prototype, the 'Roman de la Rose,' the 'Garden of Love' has borrowed the principles of the great master Ovid: its author had more morality than the heathen poet, and less learning than Jean de Meung and Guillaume de Loris, his elaborate followers, who thought it necessary to invoke 'Reason' and the seven sciences her handmaids, merely to aid the lover in winning a woman's heart! Alas! many a year has flown since Mother

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Mother Bunch taught us to doubt the expediency of calling in such auxiliaries.

We have not the slightest idea that Jack the Giant Killer, or any of the volumes of the penny library, will be held cheap by our readers, but we anticipate that less respect will be paid to Hearne and Le Neve, and Spelman, and the other learned archæologists of whose researches we have availed ourselves. Yet with all due submission to the judges in this behalf, we cannot help thinking that no literary productions are treated so unfairly, as the works of the antiquary,

'——————— in closet close ypent
Of sober face, with learned dust bespreat;'

whose very name is become a byeword and a reproach even amongst his literary brethren. They hunt and drive him out of the commonwealth of letters, and immolate him as a scape-goat to the devouring appetite of the scorner. Honest zeal, even in a bad cause, demands our praise: and men of sense and genius should therefore bear with the enthusiasm of men of sense and learning, although they cannot participate in their glowing feelings. It was this enthusiasm which invigorated the erudite who flourished in the era that immediately followed the restoration of letters, and which, in times nearer our own, sustained the unwearied hands of Grævius and Gronovius, and Rymer and Prynne, and Montfaucon and Muratori, whilst they accomplished their Herculean tasks. But the age of folios has gone by, like the age of chivalry, and both may be regretted by posterity. A great book has been called a great evil, and this pithy axiom has been received without much inquiry into its truth or application. It was said of Albertus Magnus, that he could have been burned in a pile composed of one set of his own voluminous works. Such an author may not deserve an apotheosis merely on account of his industry, yet it does not follow that because his pen was prolific, his productions are only worthy of the flames. In the opinion of the urchin, the Christ-cross-row is a mile too long. Larger in their growth, yet equally lazy, are those who pride themselves in dealing out the small talk of literary censure, and who mock at the author of a ponderous tome, concealing their own inaptitude for the acquisition of knowledge by affecting to despise the volume which imparts it. These idlers are followed by the closer reasoners who have read the work which they criticise, and who think it beseeming to censure the author for his deficiency in taste and judgment. This accusation, grounded upon well-sounding words, and specious phrases, generally rebounds from side to side; it is repeated in the bookseller's shop, echoed in the library, and buzzed in the drawing-room, and the multitude confirm the

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the sentence by acclamation. Taste, however, is governed by an uncertain standard; and the critic would do well to recollect that the literary character may fail on the right side, when betraying what is so often termed want of judgment. It is ungraceful to be encumbered with learning, to swelter beneath the ample folds and furred trimmings of the academical robe, but yet this display of opulence is more creditable to the wearer, than the pitiful nakedness of the literary vagrant. Mere learning may tire, yet instruct: the conceit of ignorance will always disgust without affording instruction.

An author who directs his energies to austere studies is apt to be voluminous. Desiring to become fully intelligible to the uninstructed, and eager, at the same time, to gratify the erudite with information hitherto unknown to them, he exhausts his subject. Hence the learned are often induced to censure him as trivial, the unlearned as obscure: and by each his comprehensive intent is unworthily contemned. Still more unreasonable are those who slight the intensity of labour, which is called for by the very nature of his subject. The mould of the garden-bed may be turned up by the spade, and watered by a lady's hand: but he who wishes to found a settlement in the forest must toil in hewing the massy trunks, and in bestowing a sevenfold ploughing on the stubborn soil.

Wit, in unthinking levity, has sometimes scourged the studious tribes with undeserved harshness. Yet still more unkind and uncharitable are the dull, the sad, the solemn, and the grave, towards the antiquary, who, if endowed with genius, yields to the seductions to which he is then peculiarly exposed. Imagination endangers the reputation of the learned. They follow the ignis fatuus over marshes and quagmires, and the trembling surface sinks beneath the steps of the giants of literature, whilst the lighter limbs of the poet, who is equally deluded by the wandering fire, enable him to spring along with ease. Ritson, attacking Warton, affords a striking example of the spiteful pleasure enjoyed by a sour, clear-headed *precisian*, when he detects the errors of a superior intellect. But we are not always satisfied even with the tests of sober reason as propounded by those who judge with more fairness, and who, proceeding upon decent and respectable principles of criticism, damn the ingenious theories of the historian, the mythologist, or the philologer, because they seem wild and speculative. A writer who pursues obscure and difficult inquiries, is compelled to accept the proofs afforded by circumstantial evidence. There are certain optical glasses which, when applied to the eye, collect the spots and lines dispersed on a coloured tablet into a symmetrical form: like these, his mind associates and assembles the ideas dispersed through time and space. When he appears most arbitrary in his assumptions, most fanciful in

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in his conjectures, he is fortified by the internal consciousness, that his hypothesis is true; he feels a conviction of the truth which he cannot impart to others. In his devious course he guides himself by indications which the unpractised cannot discern. He tracks himself across the ocean by the floating weeds and the flight of the sea-fowl, and he convinces himself of the existence of the continent though his bark may never reach its shores.

The pleasures of laborious writers arise from their labours; they are joyful and triumphant when they verify a date, or adjust a verse, or explain the legend of a medal, tasks of which the world is reckless; and the attention with which they regard these supposed trifles is held to indicate a puny, feeble; mind yet they only yield to a universal instinct. Whatever we discover, we make our own; whatever is our own, we love. The traveller prizes a sparry fragment which he has broken from its native cavern, above the choicest specimens which he finds in the cabinet of another. The game can only be run down by the sportsman who takes delight in the chase, and this gratification is not to be forgotten by him when he contemplates the objects which occasioned it. Hence he may sometimes be induced to set a value on the skin of the brock, and even on the antlers of the deer, which surprizes the sober citizen, who sees nothing in these enlivening trophies save hide and horn. Vanity is the original sin of literature; but the vanity of the antiquary does not savour of egotism: he contents himself with being proud of his researches. Unveiling the deity to the worshipper, he, the hierophant, claims not the incense, and tastes no portion of the sacrifice. Ministering to no faction, desiring no reward, and contemning the praise of the multitude, he takes refuge in the studious cloister. His spirit walks in communion with the mighty dead. Shadows are his consorts, whom he attempts to grasp as bodies, because to him the vision is reality. Occasionally his tongue falters, and his words are confused, but the accuracy of his judgment or the vigour of his intellect are not therefore impaired—his transient giddiness is caused by the height wherein he soars—he looks down upon middle earth from the summit of Olympus, or the battlements of Valhalla.

ART. VI.—*Select Pieces in Prose and Verse*, by the late John Bowdler, Junior, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister at Law. Two vols. 8vo. 1818.

THE work before us is the monument erected by a father to the memory of his son: and we approach it, therefore, with the sympathy which such sorrows require, even from strangers. We will not wantonly tear away the laurels planted there, and we shall

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shall grieve if, in seeking to prune their wild luxuriance, we should be thought irreverently to expose any part of the fabric which they now embosom.

The contents of the volumes are a Life, Letters, Journal, Poems, Reviews, and Essays.

The interest of the work will not, perhaps, be in any material degree increased by the sketch of the life of the author, which is prefixed to it. It is too long for an epitaph, and too short for any other memorial of the dead. Yet it deserves the praise, which, short as it is, it might easily have forfeited, of saying nothing in bad taste, or bad spirit. Its value would surely have been considerably greater, if it had been connected by some stronger tie than that of mere juxta-position with the letters which now follow it; and these, on the other hand, would have lost nothing of their interest, by being interwoven with an explanatory narrative. Mason in his life of Gray, and Hayley in his life of Cowper, have adopted this principle of making their authors relate their own lives: and though some letter-writers must be excluded by their own confession as incompetent witnesses in their own case, when they fairly avow that their epistles, like the decads of Bishop Hall, never travelled farther than from their own desks to the printing-house; no such suspicion can exist in relation to the Letters in these volumes. The earlier series, in particular, must have been written at an age, and under circumstances when the hope or the apprehension of appearing in print could have had no operation. They are the letters of a boy who had just quitted school, and are addressed to another boy whom he had left behind; and contain as satisfactory evidence of his mind and morals as criticism can reasonably demand, and display such an union of knowledge and intelligence with playfulness of manner and affection of heart as is not often exhibited at so early an age.

It would not be a difficult, and, therefore, not a very glorious enterprise to overthrow errors in the style, the reasoning, or the facts of a boy of eighteen; and, accordingly, in calling the attention of our readers to the letters before us, written at that age, and, indeed, to the larger compositions of a somewhat later period, we reserve, expressly, the question of their impeccability: and, with that reservation, we have no hesitation in saying, that in expression and illustration they are at least equal, and in general reasoning, superior to the similar works of Kirke White, and other youths of genius prematurely snatched away.—

In the first letter (dated in March 1801, when the writer was eighteen) he mentions incidentally an act of labour, alike new and unnecessary, which he had imposed on himself:—'I have just begun to learn a law-book by heart: it contains 30,000 lines; and I

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hope to get it through twice in six months; but it is most dry, and like learning so many proper names.'—I. p. 72. It would be lamentable to think, that such a mind was so degraded, and such time so wasted, if we did not know that half the benefit of all education is the indirect attainment of a habit of applying the mind steadily to any object, and of grappling with difficulties. The habit, and not the acquirement itself, is the real prize.

'26th March, 1802.

'For myself I go on much in my old routine, fagging hard at classics and harder at law: I have lately been attacking "Trojani Belli Scriptorem," have nearly read through eight books, and have learnt A, which is a very long one, by heart. He helps to dispel the "tedia vitæ," and I may say as justly of the mists of this city, as Gray did of frozen regions, that "the muse has broke the twilight gloom." I have lately also read Juvenal, with some of Persius, two or three times, (omitting the sixth and ninth satires), and learnt about 1300 lines, which though certainly nothing to be named as real labour, yet is fair enough for the lighter hours of a stupid, illiterate quill-driver, bending over a desk in these regions of Cimmerian darkness,

Where murky mists the struggling morn disclose,
And howling watchmen lull me to repose:

and I scarce hear of any thing but mortgages, releases and assumpsits. —vol. i. p. 79.

1803.

'It is impossible for you to conceive the labour I go through, or at least the constant succession of employment; for I believe I may say, on an average, I am employed in reading or writing nearly fourteen hours every day. I am endeavouring, among my other various occupations, to obtain a knowledge of some branches of algebra and the mathematics as introductory to mechanics, optics, navigation, natural philosophy, &c. but now as my eyes, my head, my fingers, my pens, and my patience are all gone, and the night also is going fast, I must subscribe myself, &c.'—vol. i. p. 84.

On leaving his clerkship in an attorney's office, in the city, he became the pupil of a Chancery draftsman of great eminence. In 1806 he appears, by the date of two or three of the letters, to have been on the circuit; and in 1807 he was called to the bar. In the course of these two years, a considerable alteration is perceptible in his correspondence. Before this period, his letters are stiff and somewhat too learned, being in truth such as learned boys often attempt to write. The style, though not elaborately modelled on that of Johnson, seems to have been the result of too indiscriminate an admiration of that great writer, and has a stateliness not altogether epistolary. The sentiments, ethical and religious, with which they are interspersed, though plainly flowing from a mind of great purity and very carefully trained, yet appear, like the learning, to be somewhat too much produced for the occasion. We would not be understood to insinuate for a moment, that the singular and interesting

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interesting character, whose boyish history we have traced, was inconsistent with himself, or that his maturity proved other than his childhood has promised. Yet at the period of his life to which we are now adverting, his mental growth is visible. His thoughts, his feelings, his opinions appear to *become his own*, and, though very modestly delivered, are communicated with the freedom and independence of one who is dispensing from original stores. The appearance of effort and constraint almost wholly ceases. The impressions of religion, for which he was so remarkable, seem to become more profound and intimate; and his enunciation of them to assume an intonation not equally observable in his earlier compositions.

There are some admirable passages in the letters which follow; but we have not room for them. Yet we cannot refuse to extract the following on the Study of Ecclesiastical History.

'. . . . . Pray give my kindest regards to ————, and tell or read her this, and add, what I am persuaded her own piety would suggest, (yet which she will forgive me for mentioning,) that the Holy Scriptures, particularly the New Testament, furnish by far the best light, direction and antidote to the reading of ecclesiastical history. I know of no study in which it is more necessary to carry along with us an intimate acquaintance with the standard of faith and holiness delivered in holy writ. It happens of necessity that the most valuable part of the Church story, the lives, opinions, tempers, and practices of the most eminent saints, has been lost. These men contributed in general but little to the changes in church or state, which it is in the office of the annalist to record. They lived and died servants of God in spirit and truth, but, for the most part, disinclined to meddle in worldly concerns, and certainly quite indifferent to celebrity. Their kingdom, their hope, their prize, their glory, was that inheritance which fades not away, reserved for them in Heaven. We need not therefore be surprised to find strange corruptions early over-running the church; shocking acts of violence committed under the cover of religion; and even some of the best characters, whose actions are preserved, tarnished with great faults. All these things were so; and the wisdom of God, I doubt not, permitted them so to be, that those only who seek the truth in humbleness and sincerity may find it. Yet there were undoubtedly in every age many, whose very names are forgotten, that sustained in their principles and exhibited in their lives the purity of the Christian faith, following the steps of their blessed Master, trusting in His merits, and conforming to His example. To many I believe ecclesiastical history is full of snares; to the humble conscientious Christian it is full of instruction. He who first published the glad tidings of salvation to man, has ever watched over his servants with the tenderest love. His eye is now on me who write, and on you who read. I pray God, we, and all who are dear to us, may continually become more and more sensible of this.'—vol. i. pp. 102, 3.

The series is almost progressively improving: it is not possible

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to read without sympathy those which relate to the death of his sister. From that which begins p. 124, we extract one paragraph on his own situation.

'——— The pains of protracted illness are indeed very great: "to be weak is to be wretched, doing or suffering."—I know full well that I have merited far severer chastisement than that which has been inflicted; and the divines sometimes direct us to reflect on this in our seasons of trial. Indeed it may well silence complaining, but it is sad consolation. He who believes that he is afflicted only that he may be made more perfect and meet for a never-fading inheritance, who can measure the favour of God by his chastisements, may well suffer joyfully; but how different is the case of that man, who fears that his chastisements are penal judgments rather than mercies! I do not however mean tacitly to describe myself under either of these two characters, and indeed am almost ashamed to speak of my little pains as if they were a great matter.'

Let the reader carry with him the recollection, that the highest hopes of ambition, of fortune, and of happiness were combined to elevate, to encourage, and delight the opening manhood of Mr. Bowdler, and that in one summer all those hopes were blighted; and he may then form some estimate of the Christian acquiescence and cheerfulness with which he surrendered all that he had in possession and in prospect, every enjoyment, and every hope on this side the grave.

The Journal is slight and sketchy: but still it is the work of no ordinary hand. We doubt, however, whether, after all, we should not have suppressed it as a whole. Though admirably adapted for the family circle to which it was originally addressed, it contains too little either of learning, science, or observation to justify the publication at a time when every tenth gentleman in England has travelled, and every tenth traveller has published his journal. But at any rate we should have suppressed some passages.

The sunset in the Straits of Gibraltar is new and striking. p. 16. From a later part of the Journal, we select the following passage, not only as a favourite specimen of the style, but as a sketch of a country comparatively new in description.

'. . . . . After leaving Georisa Nova, we passed through the Grotto della Pietra Perciata, a rocky defile close to the sea, remarkable for its gloomy grandeur. In one part the rock is pierced through. It was at this place that robbers used formerly to fire on passengers from the clefts in the rocks: the scenery, therefore, is accompanied with its proper associations; and to secure its full effect, just as we had passed through the arched grotto, turning a sharp corner, we came suddenly on a party of horsemen, carrying each a fusee on his saddle. Their wild *farouche* air made me doubt for a moment, who they might be, and I jumped out of the lettiga in some haste; but I soon saw that they wore a kind of uniform, and as they rode by, the leader came up to me and informed

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informed me that they were a party of guards, carrying two malefactors, who were chained, to suffer death for their crimes. We proceeded over another mountain, very lofty, very beautiful, and more impracticable than all that had preceded it. Having surmounted it with some difficulty, we came, near the end of the descent, to a place where the road was for about twenty or thirty feet literally almost perpendicular. I had dismounted and was leading my mule; but to conduct him down this pass was impossible. I could by no means walk down myself, but half sliding, half tumbling, with some care got safe to the bottom. How the baggage-mules were to descend, passed my comprehension: but when the one who was most heavily laden arrived, he did not hesitate an instant; but resting himself on his feet, or rather his hocks, slid down with perfect coolness and safety. The skill and success of these animals in getting through difficult places is really astonishing; when they cannot walk they make a sort of clumsy spring, but never tumble or refuse the most impracticable passes. At St. Agatha at length we arrived just before sun-set. This is a small village, standing on the sea-shore, from which we could expect little. On inquiry, however, we found there was a locanda, containing one clean room for us, and a room behind for the servants. This was quite sufficient for a single night, and here, therefore, we determined to abide.

How many pensive visions have I wove,
Since first I wandered from my parent shore;
How many fairy scenes of peace and love
Have stole at eve with willing influence o'er
My aching heart, and bade me weep no more.
But all are faithless, vain each lighter dream,
And every mournful vision vainer still;
For joy has vanished like the morning beam,
And real griefs my labouring bosom fill,
That mock the idle thought which mused on fancied ill.'—

vol. i. pp. 60—4.

The early poetry of Mr. Bowdler consists of two or three copies of verses addressed to his mother and sisters; and two or three school exercises, which, like the greater part of all compositions written at the same age, and in the same circumstances, are rather centos of the phrases, or perhaps patch-work of the lines of full-grown poets. Yet it would not be doing justice, if we did not say that the exercises in question are above the average of their kind.

There is, however, a great and rapid transition in the character of the poems which follow the lines entitled 'To his Sister Jane.' The verses on leaving England for the South of Europe in consequence of illness, unite, with a pleasing degree of fancy, all the charms of truth and feeling; and we regret that we have not space to indulge ourselves or our readers by extracting more of them than one of the closing stanzas.

'——— But when the fading eye grows dim,
When fails each faint and wasted limb,

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And short and frequent pantings show
The sad disease that lurks below,
Will mirth allay, can pleasure calm
The hurried pulse, the burning palm?
Go, bid the festal board be crown'd,
Let the soft voice of music sound,
And art and wit, and learning spread
Their treasures round the sick man's bed;
With deafen'd ear, with heedless eye,
The silent sufferer turns to die.'—pp. 178—180.

The prose works consist, 1. of an Essay on the Comparative Merits of public and private Education—the ideas of a boy on a subject which requires the experience of a man; 2. of an admirable composition on the Improvement of Female Education: and though in this, and indeed in other places there is too frequently a somewhat ponderous attempt at lightness, the defect is amply redeemed by the depth of the writer's philosophy, and the extent of his knowledge; 3. of a somewhat angry stricture on a review of the Family Shakspeare, which appeared, we are not told where or when, but certainly, from the date of the Reply, some time before our existence. We shall not, therefore, be suspected of wincing under the castigation, which at present falls lightly on some nameless brother, when we express a doubt whether the temper and some even of the principles of these strictures are altogether consistent with the spirit of the Essays, which form the greater part of the volumes.

The fourth and fifth articles consist of Extracts from a Review of the *Tableau de la Littérature Françoise pendant le XVIII. siècle*, (the whole critique should have been given,) and of Mr. Dugald Stewart's Philosophical Essays. The editor does not state (in reference to either of these articles, or indeed to any others) whether he has taken them from original MSS. of the author, or from the critical works to which he gave them; though he has suffered the papers to retain all the dignity of the plural pronoun, and thus to betray their origin. Nec vox hominem sonat, O Dea, certe!

Both these articles are of merit so extraordinary and so various, that our estimate of the talents of the author which would have been high, if we had confined ourselves to either, was considerably raised when we read the two consecutively; and recollected, that he, who in the space of one year was thus giving to the world one of the first specimens of philosophical analysis which criticism had yet received, and one of the ablest sketches of French literature which England had produced, was, at the time of composition, with a constitution broken and hopes ruined, and spirits almost exhausted,

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exhausted, devoting himself with an assiduity apparently undivided to a profession of all others the most jealous: and that, while he thus snatched with eager hand the fruits and the flowers which grew on either side his path, and scattered them among the throng who watched his progress, he was still pressing onwards with a firm step in the great line of his duty, to that eminence which his talents would have dignified and his piety consecrated.

The theological tracts follow. The first is a sermon on the Atonement, written at the age of twenty; and which, notwithstanding one or two passages of obscurity, is, on the whole, abundantly creditable to the author. We may say the same of the second tract, a work of his twenty-first year, on the Eternity of Future Punishments. The third tract is on the supposed Connexion between Religion and Melancholy. It is in some respects one of the least satisfactory in the volume: that is to say, it has more faults of style and of taste than any other, and it contains more questionable positions. The following is one: He is speaking of a man being 'happily irregularly educated, or his powerful mind might have been lost in dialects and prosody.' ii. 139. as if Mr. Pitt, Mr. Fox, and Lord Grenville, who were all regularly educated, and who therefore learnt much about dialects and prosody, had thereby lost their powerful minds. The truth is, that these restraints are the cords of the Philistines which the Sampsons break like tow, and by which no really-powerful mind was ever endangered.

The most original portion of these volumes is the Series (of Essays on the Christian Graces) with which they close. We could almost wish to see it published in a detached form, for it would not be easy to name any religious work which combines more taste, wisdom, and piety, with so much grace and so much strength. We are aware that essay-writing is a species of composition peculiarly easy, and therefore adopted by men, women, and children, of every height and growth of intellect. But the success of Mr. Bowdler is not of an ordinary kind; and indeed appears to us so great, that on sacred subjects, at least, we cannot recollect above one or two essayists whom we should place on the same level.

The essays are eleven in number, and are entitled as follows: Practical View of the Character of Christ, and of his Atonement; on Submission to God; Trust in God; Love of God; on Faith; Hope; Spiritual-mindedness; Thankfulness; Prayer; and Humility. The first in the order, and we think in the relative excellence of the Series, is the practical View of the Character of Christ.

As a specimen of Christian philosophy, we select the following from the Essay on the Love of God.

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'I cannot but observe here, and it can scarcely be considered as a digression from the subject, how wisely it has been ordained of God, that actions, rather than sentiments, shall be the proofs of our allegiance to him. Whoever is at all acquainted with the speculations of philosophical writers respecting the will, must be aware that no man can with propriety be said to desire or will any thing, which lies within the reach of his own powers, unless he so prefers that he really endeavours to obtain it. For the will is governed by motives; and if a man says, he desires to do one thing while he actually does another, it is plain that he speaks inaccurately: his preferring the second, is a proof that he does not, in any strictness of expression, desire the first. If a man says his earnest desire is to be virtuous, while he continues to live on in sin, it is plain he deceives himself; for (through God's assistance, freely offered to all) he might be virtuous if he would; that is, if he really desired so to be: and the truth is, he does not desire it; though, if he could be virtuous, and still continue to enjoy the pleasures of sin, he probably would desire it. Yet we hear men talk of a thousand wishes, which they think real, though in truth they exist only in their imaginations; and there can be no doubt that many bad men take great comfort to themselves from their supposed desires to be good. Now God, who knows what is in man, could not but know, (I speak with reverence,) that if the sentiments and dispositions of the heart were made the test of holiness, men would deceive themselves respecting these, just as we find they do respecting their wishes; that they would fancy they loved God, while they really loved the world; and imagine they loved their fellow-creatures while they really loved themselves. For contrary affections are just as incompatible, and, in strictness of language, as absurd, as contrary desires. God, therefore, has declared, that actions shall be the test of our sentiments, exactly as they are of our wishes. And this is the more observable, because the dispositions of the heart, and not external actions, evidently furnish the qualifications for heaven and happiness; so that it might have been supposed, (with apparent reason,) that a revelation from God would enjoin only the attainment of certain tempers of mind, as the proper conditions of our acceptance. We see, however, that a different test has been established; and surely it is no mean proof of the truth of christianity, that the most accurate researches into the constitution of man enable us to verify its wisdom.'—vol. ii. p. 218.

The Essays on Faith, on Prayer, on Thankfulness, and on Submission would afford almost equal materials for selection.

The peculiar value of these volumes, if nothing had been known of the author, is the combination of talent, of taste, and of piety which they exhibit. Even if they had appeared without a name or a tale, we should have recommended them confidently, because we believe them to be eminently calculated to shew that the most comprehensive talents are not inconsistent with the deepest devotion. They afford a practical proof that the most acute and powerful understanding may submit itself, with filial docility, to the precepts of

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of the Scriptures; and that the most cautious and reasoning mind may embrace the humblest and most self-denying faith of a Christian. This lesson, however, after all, may be learnt in other schools: but that, which is pre-eminently the lesson of these volumes, is the proof that this consecration of talent to piety is not necessarily confined to one studious and retiring class, to those whose duty and whose privilege it is to find their ordinary employment in the most exalted pursuits that can occupy human attention. The attainments in religious knowledge and principle which we have admired in these Remains of Mr. Bowdler were the lessons learned in the intervals of the most exhausting professional labours: they were acquired in hurried walks through crowded streets, by a patient attention to the moral improvement of his own character, an attention encouraged by sickness, and not discontinued in health. They were acquired by habitual reflection on the scenes and circumstances around him, by an analysis equally philosophical and Christian of the mind, the dispositions and the moral capacities of man. His classical and mathematical attainments were not acquired at Oxford, or Cambridge. His school-boy learning of Winchester was matured by his midnight labours while an attorney's clerk, and often maintained by half hours in the intervals of journies. His knowledge of the exact sciences was wholly gained as a relaxation. His philosophy was not learnt under any *public* advantages; though in one man of eminent talents and virtue, Mr. Henry Thornton, he appears to have found 'a guide, philosopher, and friend.' His theological attainments were the harvest of a single day in the week, though, indeed, he seems to have acted on the principle recommended in the words in which Sir William Jones so beautifully paraphrased the celebrated distich of Sir Edward Coke.

'Seven hours to law, to soothing slumber seven,
Ten to the world allow, and—*all to heav'n.*'

In considering the style of his genius and character, it is impossible not to revert to the memory of the greatest luminary of the English law. We may indeed observe, that the essays of Mr. Bowdler, though they no where betray, as far as we know, the slightest marks of an imitation of the *Contemplations, moral and divine*, yet not only agree with those remarkable productions in their general aspect of seriousness, and in the uniformly practical tendency of the principles which they deliver, but even treat, in a great measure, the same subjects. They contain, however, both eloquence and more philosophy; and in poetry, though we have already said that we do not regard *that* department of these volumes as the best, the superiority of the author over his illustrious predecessor is beyond all competition. On the whole, if it had pleased Providence to spare the life of this interesting young man, it

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it seems no unreasonable hope, that his ripened virtues and matured professional acquirements might one day have placed him at no considerable distance from the fame of Sir Mathew Hale.

It is the idle, and far worse than idle, prejudice of fourth, and fifth-rate minds, that profligacy is the privilege and proper evidence of talent. Because some men of real capacity have debased their genius by their want of morals, the wretched conclusion is drawn, that the ordinary decencies of life were not made for superior intellects: that the temperance, the frugality, the patient industry, the habitual self-denial, enjoined by Christianity, are altogether vulgar virtues, mere every-day qualifications, which it may be respectable enough to possess, but which it is the part of high endowments to overlook or despise, as badges of natural servitude and conscious inferiority. The consequences of this notion are not merely that really gifted minds learn to foster and encourage themselves in what they conceive to be a 'brave disorder,' and in that practical irreligion which too often ends in speculative infidelity; but that the same licence is assumed by a far greater number without the same pretensions; men who, having heard that poets are apt to be profligate, give us the profligacy without the poetry; and who, because genius is said to pursue *the vast, the wonderful and wild*, unfortunately infer, that when they have become thoroughly 'wild,' they are of course all that is 'vast and wonderful.'

The idolaters of Dermody, Chatterton, Burns and other poets of a similar cast of character, would almost persuade us that vice and genius are convertible terms. To this opinion the history of literature and of Christianity furnishes the best answer. The annals of every age attest the perfect compatibility of the highest intellectual faculties with the profoundest, the most genuine, most efficacious sense of religion. In how many instances have the most commanding and comprehensive powers of thought, invention or reasoning, submitted themselves to the lessons of Revelation? In how many instances have the brightest, the most rapid, the most electric powers of imagination, served to shed lustre over the purest, most regular, most unimpeachable life! If Christianity were, what assuredly it is not, a matter of precedent and authority, we could oppose to the names of Voltaire, Rousseau, and the rest of the *Anakim* of French philosophy, other and more exalted names drawn from the literary chronicles of their own country. Or, if we should look homewards, should we not find that the foremost among our own great writers have been not merely the hereditary professors of Christianity, but the active and zealous defenders of its truth and its authority? Let us not be understood to imply that the claims of revealed religion are sufficiently consulted, when it is merely enforced or propounded as a system of belief. It is one thing to be the

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the dignified advocate of Christianity, and another to be its devoted disciple; one thing to vindicate it with our pens, and another to illustrate it by our practice. But to be the strenuous defender and expounder of truth is at least to pay it homage. Of the great men, to whom we have alluded, some perhaps may have admitted inconsistencies into their conduct, possibly even into their creed; but at least they have repelled the impious pretensions of scepticism, profaneness, and avowed immorality. They have redeemed, as far as the literature of their country was concerned, the pledge of their baptism, and have fought the battles of the Cross without being ashamed of their colours.

That the most splendid powers and acquirements should be found in alliance with religion and good morals will not, on consideration, seem surprising, even without reference to the real reasonableness of religious and moral truth. If we reflect how much of solid ground the sceptic (whether his scepticism be in religion or in morality) throws away, we shall not expect to find him very successful even in that province of reasoning and speculation which he affects to regard as the peculiar theatre of his glory. In rejecting so many established positions, he, in effect, sacrifices a great part of the admitted premises of all reasoning and speculation: his vigour is wasted in destruction; and it would be too much to ask that a superstructure should be successfully raised by him who cannot even settle his foundation.

It is not merely to the powers of the understanding that these observations apply. They hold also with respect to the more airy and delicate powers of taste and fancy; though it must be confessed that, in this department, signal cases of exception have sometimes occurred. There can be no doubt that violent and vicious passion may stimulate the sensibilities of the mind to an extraordinary degree of exertion: and that the action so excited in the system will discover itself in highly singular combinations of ideas and daring felicities of expression. This is inspiration, but it is the inspiration of a 'strange fire;' and, in general, we believe, that the imagination, which burns with the clearest, the loftiest and the most expansive flame, will be that which is fed by the purest sentiments and the freshest affections.

> Strong links and mutual sympathies connect
> The moral powers and powers of intellect:
> Still these on those depend by union fine,
> Bloom as they bloom, and, as they fade, decline.
> Talents, 'tis true, gay, quick and bright, has God
> To virtue oft denied, on vice bestow'd;
> Just as fond Nature lovelier colours brings
> To paint the insect's than the eagle's wings.

But

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But of our souls the high-born loftier part,
Th' ethereal energies that touch the heart,
Conceptions ardent, labouring thought intense,
Creative fancy's wild magnificence,
And all the dread sublimities of song,
These, Virtue, these to thee alone belong:
These are celestial all, nor kindred hold
With aught of sordid or debasing mould:
Chill'd by the breath of Vice their radiance dies,
And brightest burns when lighted at the skies;
Like Vestal flames to purest bosoms given,
And kindled only by a ray from heav'n.

To the canonized names at which we have glanced, the author of the compositions before us would, probably, if he had lived, have made a bright addition. Prematurely, indeed, as his career closed, he was spared long enough to display, in active life, an example of great ability, united with the devoutest faith, and the purest morals. In this respect his death may be considered as less untimely than some of the other privations, which this country has, within no long period, sustained, of juvenile talents and virtue. Kirke White, who, perhaps, most nearly resembled him, was snatched away in his earliest spring. Bowdler lived to assume a definite station in the community, and to realize, in a degree, the hopes and promises of his opening youth. *Non flosculos, sicut prior, sed jam certos atque deformatos fructus ostenderat.* But even if he had performed no other service than that of leaving a collection of writings bespeaking so much reach of thought, and elevation of principle, as that which we are now about to close, we can truly say that we should still have thought him entitled to an honourable rank among the ornaments of his country.

Art. VII.—*Sketches of America. A Narrative of a Journey of Five Thousand Miles through the Eastern and Western States of America; contained in Eight Reports, addressed to the Thirty-nine Families, by whom the Author was deputed, in June* 1817, *to ascertain whether any, and what part of the United States would be suitable for their Residence: with Remarks on Mr. Birkbeck's 'Notes' and 'Letters.'* By Henry Bradshaw Fearon. London. 1818.

WE had proposed at first, to combine our observations on the present work with those on the 'Statistical View' which stands at the head of our Number, but a little consideration determined us to devote an Article to each; as the minute details furnished by Mr. Fearon do not readily fall in with the great features of American polity sketched by Mr. Bristed.

There

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There is a numerous set of people in this country who, having grown inordinately rich under its protecting shield, while the rest of the civilized world lay exposed to the ravages of war, are become feverish and discontented, because the return of peace has not instantaneously, and, as it were by magic, shaken from their shoulders the burdens necessarily created by that protracted state of hostility to which their fortune is mainly due. Too selfish to endure any reduction of their extravagant profits, or to await the relief which the re-establishment of tranquillity must gradually effect, they leave their country to support its burdens as it can, and are already on the wing, with their multitudinous acquisitions, for a foreign shore.

Among others of this description, forty families, principally resident, we believe, in the neighbourhood of Southwark, gaily formed themselves into an emigrating party to the United States—

> Cedere namque foro jam nec tibi deteriùs quàm
> Esquilias a ferventi migrare Suburrâ—

—to transfer their allegiance and their affections to another government sits as lightly upon them as to remove, in the fashionable season, from the Ward of Farringdon Without to Margate or Rotting Dean. The feeling which ennobled the citizens of Sparta and Athens, and stood them in the stead of many virtues, the *love of country*, once the peculiar pride and boast of Englishmen, has no residence in the bosom of these persons. The endearing charities of life, the ties of blood, of society, of early friendships, of kindred habits, are all sacrificed by them to one sordid passion, while, rudely trampling over the graves of their forefathers, they rush in crouds to deposit their wealth where it may be safe from the claims of their native land.

Had the amiable con-fraternity of whom we are speaking been agriculturists, they would have transported themselves at once, and blindly plunged into the insatiable gulf which has already swallowed up so many thousands of their countrymen: but they were traders—cold-blooded, calculating men, who, in their own language, deemed it prudent *to look before they leaped*, and, in the usual mode of business, to send out one of their members as a kind of *Rider*, to examine the country, and select the most favourable spot for settling, before they trusted themselves, with their accumulations, to the winds.

The person fixed upon for this purpose was Mr. Henry Fearon:—and as there was an evident solicitude in the party to procure a favourable report from the United States, the choice could not have fallen upon a fitter agent. A democrat fieffé, Mr. Fearon joined to a sovereign contempt for the civil and religious institutions of England, of which he knew little, a blind and sottish admiration

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admiration of those of America, of which he knew nothing at all. With the gullibility common to the party, he appears to have swallowed all the rancorous abuse of this country, and all the outrageous panegyrics on America, which he found in Cobbett, and Wooler, and Sherwin, with equal avidity and delight. Thus happily qualified for an impartial speculator, and furnished with 'letters of introduction by Mr. Alderman Wood,' he commences his narrative and his voyage on the 4th of June, 1817. The results of his travels are contained in 'Eight Reports'; transmitted, as occasion offered, to the persons by whom he was deputed.

Mr. Fearon would have thought he offered an injury to 'the land of liberty,' had he disembarked on it from the polluted atmosphere of an English ship; he therefore took his passage on board an American vessel, called the *Washington;* and, as the cabin passengers were Americans, and one of them was a gentleman in office, undoubtedly anticipated 'high converse' on the imperishable beauty of Isocracy; and *Symposia*, at which the legislators of Sparta and Athens might have sat and listened with profit and delight. Such, however, is the frail texture of human affairs, that these reasonable expectations, we lament to say, proved altogether fallacious. Mr. Fearon's sublime idea of American republicanism received a check at the very outset of the voyage. 'Of the nineteen cabin passengers,' he assures his friends that they 'will be somewhat *surprised* to learn that Mr. George Washington Adams (eldest son of the HONOURABLE John Quincey Adams, according to American etiquette) and himself were the only warm friends of political liberty:'—and still more so when, on the anniversary of American independence, kept on board, he has to inform them that 'the toasts were but indifferent.'—'I was not gratified,' he adds, 'with even an approach to the old English' (modern Whig) 'sentiment of "Civil and Religious Liberty all over the world."' The steerage passengers, amounting to thirteen, had almost as little relish, it would seem, for Liberty as their betters in the cabin. There was, however, a Mr. Davis among them, 'an ingenious clever man,' who organized a debating society, which was held twice a week in a sort of dog-hole, 'weather permitting.'—On one occasion the question was—'Which is the best form of government, a democracy or a monarchy?' After a strong contest, it was determined in favour of the former by the casting vote of the chairman, 'who was seated in presidential state on a water cask.' And we almost tremble while we state the alarming fact—that for this narrow escape of Democracy being left in a minority, she was solely indebted to the attendance of 'young master Adams' and Mr. Fearon, who left the cabin for that purpose.

The

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The first landing at New York however was calculated to impress our author with better hopes. A lad having called a hackney-coach was liberally rewarded, as Mr. Fearon thought, with the offer of a shilling, which the young republican however refused to take, 'for as how, (said he) I *guess*, it is not of value; I have been *slick* in going to the stand right away.' The tone of independence (impudence—for which Mr. Fearon would probably have longed to kick a poor water-man in Farringdon Ward Without) with which this was uttered, though somewhat displeasing to Mr. Fearon's pride, was not so, he tells us, to his judgment, more especially on observing that 'there was no sense of having received a favour in the boy's countenance or manner, when Mr. Adams gave him half a dollar.' Our traveller, however, is in some dilemma in making up his mind to this first essay of republican independence, and is disposed to think that a simple 'I thank you, Sir,' would not derogate from a freeman's dignity: yet, 'after all,' he concludes, 'even *cold independence* is preferable to *warm servility*.' Here, as every where else, he is the dupe of words: the question, with his leave, is not between cold independence and warm servility, but between downright impudence and courtesy: for, surely, 'I thank you' has nothing servile in it. In fact, Mr. Fearon's pride peeps out through the holes of his ragged republicanism. He was evidently mortified.

The first observation made by our author on the quay of New York was, that the labouring class were not better clothed than men of the same condition in England, 'but more erect in their posture; less care-worn in their countenances'—'and that among them there were no beggars.'—Mr. Fearon, we suspect, would not look for beggars on the quays of London.—The next was, that the 'mercantile and genteel orders wore large straw hats, that trowsers were universal, and that the general costume of these classes was inferior to men in the same rank of life in England.'—'Their whole appearance was loose, slovenly, careless, and not remarkable for cleanliness.' One striking feature of the street population consisted in the multitude of blacks. The white men, women, and children were all sallow, and Mr. Fearon soon learned that 'to have colour in the cheeks is an infallible criterion by which to be discovered as an Englishman.' The people here (he says) seem all of one family, 'and though not quite "a drab-coloured creation," the feelings they excite are not many degrees removed from the uninteresting sensations generated by that expression.' Old men are rarely to be seen. The streets are narrow and dirty, and much infested with pigs—circumstances which, to our author, seemed to indicate a lax police.

'Upon the whole, a walk through New York will disappoint an Englishman:

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lishman: there is, on the surface of society, a carelessness, a laziness,' (what is become of the erect posture of the people, which so edified Mr. Fearon a few lines above?) 'an unsocial indifference, which freezes the blood and disgusts the judgment. An evening stroll along Broadway when the lamps are alight, will please more than one at noon-day. The shops then look rather better, though their proprietors, of course, remain the same: their cold indifference may, by themselves, be mistaken for independence, but no person of thought and observation will ever concede to them that they have selected a wise mode of exhibiting that dignified feeling:'—this, however, is precisely the mistake which Mr. Fearon made in the case of the young gentleman who called the coach.—'I disapprove most decidedly of the *obsequious servility* of many London shopkeepers,' (the London shopkeepers are infinitely obliged to Mr. Fearon)—'but I am not prepared to go the length of those in New York, who stand with their hats on, or sit or lie along their counters, smoking segars, and spitting in every direction, to a degree offensive to any man of decent feelings.'—p. 11.

Mr. Fearon went, as strangers usually do, to a boarding-house. He occupied a small room in the attic story with two small beds in it, which he shared with the rats and musquitoes. The furniture consisted of two old chairs, as many temporary bedsteads, a mattress, cotton sheets and coverlid—no bell in the room, which indeed (says he) would be useless, as 'the attendance of servants is perfectly unattainable.'—For these splendid accommodations, he paid something more than four guineas a week—this, however, he gaily adds, 'troubles me but little. If there be but a good government, a healthy and fertile country, and an enlightened people, I for one, and I am sure you all will join with me, shall be contented and happy.' He was somewhat staggered, however, in his preconceived ideas as to the 'good government,' on hearing, at the dinner table, a conversation between Commodore Decatur, who is a member of the Navy Board, and a gentleman of the town, respecting favouritism in disposing of the government contracts. The policy of giving away good things to the supporters of government was stoutly defended by one person, and assented to partially by Commodore Decatur, while another complained, with some feeling, of jobs and peculation. 'These,' says Mr. Fearon, with the simplicity of a sucking child, 'were terms which I *had imagined* were unknown in the language of the United States; *I had hoped* that this *refined* order of things would never be imported from our great but oppressed country to this land, at the emancipation of which from tyranny and taxation every free mind throughout the world joined in exultation and triumph.' For a man so utterly ignorant of the history of both countries as Mr. Fearon, the intrepidity with which he delivers his judgment is any thing but laudable. America was subjected to no tyranny before

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fore the era of her rebellion; and she certainly has not been emancipated from taxation since. The 'triumph' of this gentleman and his friends therefore, if not premature is, at least, unwarranted.

Another circumstance that surprised our simple traveller was, the great number of black slaves in this 'free state.' The boarding house was full of them—'female blacks (he says) often obstructed my passage up and down stairs; they lie about clinging to the boards as though that had been the spot on which they had vegetated.' Soon after landing he had an excellent practical specimen of that 'liberty and equality' which he had so fondly anticipated in 'the land of promise.' He called at a hair-dresser's shop; the man within was a negro. A black man, very respectably dressed, came into the shop and sat down. On the black shaver inquiring what he wanted, the reply was, he wished to have his hair cut—the rest of the scene is excellent.

'My man turned upon his heel, and with the greatest contempt, muttered in a tone of proud importance, "We do not cut coloured men here, Sir." The poor fellow walked out without replying, exhibiting in his countenance confusion, humiliation, and mortification. I immediately requested that if the refusal was on account of my being present, he might be called back. The hair-dresser was astonished: "You cannot be in earnest, Sir?" he said. I assured him that I was so, and that I was much concerned in witnessing the refusal from no other cause than that his skin was of a darker tinge than my own. He stopped the motion of his scissars; and after a pause of some seconds, in which his eyes were fixed upon my face, he said, "Why, I *guess* as how, Sir, what you say is mighty elegant, and you're an elegant man; but I *guess* you are not of these parts."—"I am from England," said I, "where we have neither so *cheap* nor so *enlightened* a government as your's, but we have no slaves."—"Ay, I guessed you were not raised here; you salt-water people are mighty grand to coloured people; you are not so proud, and I *guess* you have more to be proud of; now I reckon you do not know that my boss would not have a single ugly or clever gentleman come to his store, if he cut coloured men; now my boss, I *guess*, ordered me to turn out every coloured man from the store right away, and if I did not, he would send me off slick; for the slimmest gentleman in York would not come to his store if coloured men were let in; but you know all that, Sir, I *guess*, without my telling you; you are an elegant gentleman too, Sir." I assured him that I was ignorant of the fact which he stated; but which, from the earnestness of his manner, I concluded must be true. "And you come all the way right away from England. Well! I would not have supposed, I *guess*, that you come from there from your tongue; you have no hardness like, I *guess*, in your speaking; you talk almost as well as we do, and that is what I never see, I *guess*, in a gentleman so lately from England. I *guess* that your talk is within a grade as good as ours. You are a mighty elegant gentleman, and if you will tell me where you keep, I will bring some of my coloured friends to visit

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you. Well, you must be a smart man to come from England, and talk English as well as we do that were raised in this country." At the dinner-table I commenced a relation of this occurrence to three American gentlemen, one of whom was a doctor, the others were in the law: they were men of education and of liberal opinions. When I arrived at the point of the black being turned out, they exclaimed, "Ay, right, perfectly right, I would never go to a barber's where a coloured man was cut!" Observe, these gentlemen were not from the south; they are residents of New York, and I believe were born there. I was upon the point of expressing my opinion, but withheld it, thinking it was wise to look at every thing as it stood, and form a deliberate judgment when every feature was finally before me.'—pp. 59, 60.

All this is very well; but where was this sage reflection when, with a meanness that wants a name, Mr. Fearon stooped to flatter the vanity of an ignorant journeyman hairdresser at the expense of truth and his country?—To return to the negro: nothing indeed can be more deplorable than his condition, whether free or in slavery, in this 'land of liberty.' The poor wretch dares not shew himself within the doors of any place of public worship where white persons attend. If he goes to the theatre, a corner of the gallery is railed off for him; and even in the jails the white culprit will not eat with a black offender—in short, we are told that in the *free states* of New York and Jersey, 'the treatment of Americans of colour, by their white countrymen, is worse than that of the brute creation.'

'There exists (continues Mr. Fearon) a penal law, deeply written in the *minds of the whole white population*, which subjects their coloured fellow-citizens to unconditional contumely and never-ceasing insult. No respectability, however unquestionable,—no property, however large,—no character, however unblemished, will gain a man, whose body is (in American estimation) *cursed* with even a twentieth portion of the blood of his African ancestry, admission into society! They are considered as mere Pariahs—as out-casts and vagrants upon the face of the earth! I make no reflection upon these things, but leave the facts for your consideration.'—p. 168.

These statements are heart-sickening, and, to do Mr. Fearon justice, he speaks of them with merited reprobation: but was it necessary for him to cross the Atlantic to become acquainted with them, and to excite the astonishment of a poor negro barber at his want of the most common kind of information?—'Here,' he exclaims on reaching New York, 'Here I am—in the *land of liberty!*' These are his first words; and he actually seems surprized, when, on going ashore, he finds, good easy man, such triumphant justifications of his exclamation as these, in the first American paper which he takes up.

'To be sold. A servant woman, acquainted both with city and country

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country business, and sold because she wishes to change her place. Enquire at the office of the New York Daily Advertiser.'

'FOR SALE OR HIRE. A likely young man, sober, honest, and well-behaved. He would suit very well for a house servant or gentleman's waiter. Enquire at this office.'—p. 57.

'What,' subjoins Mr. Fearon, with an amiable warmth of feeling, 'what should *we* say, if in England we saw such advertisements in the Times Newspaper? Should *we* not conclude that freedom existed only in words?' Such would, indeed, be a legitimate conclusion; but it was not that of the *we's* to whom Mr. Fearon so confidently appeals. They might, and, according to his own statements, *must* have *seen* columns of 'such advertisements,' not, thank heaven! in the Times, or any other English Newspaper, but in the countless American papers with which every coffee-house in London is supplied; yet, (so 'essential was freedom to the happiness of these conscientious persons'—p. iv.) that, in spite of their knowledge, they dispatched an agent to inquire in what part of this New Goshen, over which the light of liberty was so equally and so happily diffused, they might sit down with the fairest prospects of turning their property to account.

In plain truth, however, 'conscience' had as little to do with the meditated flight of these people, as 'the rights of man.' The democratic writers, on whom they relied, had assured them that bankruptcy and ruin were advancing upon England with giant strides, and therefore it became 'essential to their happiness' to get out of the way as fast as they could. 'They apprehended,' says Mr. Fearon, 'approaching evils'; and they were anxious to secure their gains. All beyond this, is sheer hypocrisy. No man, valuing genuine freedom, or possessing real sentiments of humanity, could tolerate for a moment the idea of passing his days in a country where such brutalizing scenes as those which we have noticed, and which, Mr. Fearon says, his friends had often lamented, must be perpetually before his eyes:—and they exist, with few exceptions, in every part of North America, from the eastern shore to the Illinois, and from New York to New Orleans.

But while Mr. Fearon reprobates these abominable practices, he might, we think, have had the candour to contrast the conduct of England, as he never fails to do when he imagines that he has any thing to produce to her disadvantage, with that of the United States on this subject:—it might have occurred to him that—

> 'Slaves cannot breathe in England:—if their lungs
> Receive our air, that moment they are free!
> They touch our country—and their shackles fall.
> That's noble! and bespeaks a nation proud
> And jealous of the blessing.'

Of this, however, Mr. Fearon knows nothing—he found it not

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in the enlightened pages of the Examiner and the Black Dwarf; and beyond these he does not appear to have looked.

With the unlimited liberty of conscience, as far as regards religious opinions, Mr. Fearon seems quite charmed. 'There is no *state-religion*, and no government prosecution of individuals for conscience-sake,'—as in England, Mr. Fearon would gladly lead his readers to conclude. We fear, indeed, that there is very little religion of any kind in the greater portion of the United States—Virginia, the birth-place of 'the enlightened Jefferson,' allows no *chaplain* to officiate in her state legislature; and most of the other states, as we learn from Mr. Bristed, have declared it to be *unconstitutional* to refer to the providence of God in any of their public acts. The chaplain of the Franklin, American ship of war, is an English clergyman. To obtain his appointment, he was obliged to appear before the Secretary of State (we believe Mr. Monroe). Being asked to what *sect* he belonged, he hesitated in giving an answer. 'Oh,' said the Secretary, 'I perceive you belong to *no* sect; you will, therefore, answer our purpose very well.'

The religious duties of 'the Presbyterians and Episcopalians, who are very numerous in New York, seem to be performed without one single spark of devotion.' They go, Mr. Fearon says, to particular churches, 'because they are frequented by fashionable company, or they are acquainted with the preachers, or their great grand-mother went there before the revolution, or (which is the weightiest reason of all) because their interest will be promoted by their so doing.'

As for the countless sects, 'they differ essentially from the English sectaries, in being more solemnly bigoted, more intolerant, and *more ignorant of the Scriptures.* Their freedom from habits of thinking seems to emanate from the cold indifference of their constitutional character; and *their attaching no importance to investigation.* There is also another feature in the religious national character, which will be considered by different men in opposite points of view. I do not discover those *distinctive marks* which are called forth in England by sectarianism. There is not the aristocracy of the establishment, the sourness of the presbyterian, or the sanctified melancholy of the methodist. A cold uniform bigotry seems to pervade all parties; equally inaccessible to argument, opposed to investigation, and, I fear, indifferent about truth: as it is, even the proud pharisaical quaker appears under a more chilling and more freezing atmosphere in this new world. Can it be possible, that the non-existence of religious oppression has lessened religious knowledge, and made men superstitiously dependent upon outward form *instead of internal purity?*'

Certainly not:—religious persecution may lead to bigotry, but can never promote true devotion. The evil in North America has a deeper root, the total absence of early religious instruction—'Train up a child in the way he should go,' was the precept of one

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one who had deeply studied the human heart. It was well said by Archbishop Secker to a lady who boasted that she followed Rousseau's plan in preventing her children from reading religious books till they were ten or twelve years of age, and could comprehend them—'Madam, if *you* don't put something into your children's heads before that age, the *Devil* will.'

In his perambulations through New York, to discover what trades and professions were likely to succeed, our traveller found 'that lawyers and medical practitioners were as common there as paupers are in England.' A gentleman, seeing his friend walking in Broadway, called out 'Doctor!' 'and immediately sixteen persons turned round to answer to the name.'—This is an old joke—but it may do. The story, however, 'is still more characteristic,' he says, of 'lawyers. At almost every private door, *cellar*, or boarding-house, a tin plate is displayed, bearing the inscription 'Attorney at Law.' 'Perhaps,' adds our author, 'we may date the frequency of litigation to the intricacy of the profession, which is bottomed on English practice:'—perhaps it may be found in the overbearing and litigious temper of democracy. But Mr. Fearon has another reason for the great number of 'legal friends.' 'A *learned education* opens the door to them for an appointment; and, by the way, Americans are great *place-hunters.*' Is it possible!

Mr. Fearon is in the habit of advancing rather hastily general assertions, of the accuracy of which he can scarcely be accounted a competent judge; such as that—'at New York every industrious man can get employment'—'that the absence of irremediable distress is indisputable,' &c.—It happens, however, that, in the very year he collects his information, such was the number of indigent poor, destitute of all the first necessaries of life—food, clothing, lodging and fuel—that 'it was not possible,' Mr. Bristed says, 'for any city in Europe—for London, for Paris, for Dublin itself—even at that awful hour of universal distress and visitation, to exhibit a greater proportional number of wretched objects, sunk to the lowest pitch of barren sorrow and destitution, more loathsome moral deformity of infancy, youth, manhood and old age, than were exposed to the astonished view of the various committees in their rounds of inquiry through the city of New York.' Nothing of all this, nor of the increasing poor rates, nor of the thousands of starving Irish sent to Nova Scotia while he was there, engaged the attention of Mr. Fearon for an instant—if it did, he has thought fit to suppress all mention of it.

He reports however that the rents of houses are enormously high. 'A house and shop equal in size and situation to those esteemed the best in Whitechapel, Fore-street and the Surrey-side of Blackfriars, would be 320*l.* to 350*l.* a year;' and 'to those in

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Oxford street, Bishopsgate within, the best parts of Holborn and Gracechurch street, would be 400*l.* to 600*l.* per annum.' 'Two houses in the Lombard street of New York were let by public auction for 2,587*l.* 10*s.* per annum. 'The common necessaries of life, except lodging and clothing, are cheaper than in England; but every thing like comfort (if any thing exists that is applicable to the word) must be purchased at a much dearer rate.' The general impression which this state of things made on the mind of Mr. Fearon will appear from the summing up of his First and Second Reports.

'The lawyer and the doctor will not succeed. An *orthodox* minister' (there is probably some wit here, but we do not comprehend it) 'would do so. The proficient in the fine arts will find little encouragement. The literary man must starve. The tutors' posts are pre-occupied. The shop-keeper may do as well, but not better than in London—unless he be a man of superior talent and large capital:—The farmer (Mr. Cobbett says) must labour hard, and be but scantily remunerated. The clerk and shopman will get but little more than their board and lodging. Mechanics, whose trades are of the *first necessity*, will do well: those not such, or who understand *only* the cotton, linen, woollen, glass, earthenware, silk and stocking manufactures, cannot obtain employment. The labouring man will do well; particularly if he have a wife and children who are capable of contributing, not merely to the consuming, but to the earning also of the common stock.'—p. 89.

Such a labourer, we apprehend, has no necessity to cross the Atlantic in order 'to do well:'—he will do well anywhere.

The enthusiasm of liberty led Mr. Fearon about eighteen miles out of his road to pay a visit to the '*celebrated* Mr. Cobbett' on Long-Island.—By the way, we suspect that he uses this word for *notorious*, in its worst sense, or we should not hear of the *celebrated* Commodore Rogers, the *celebrated* M'Nevin, and the *celebrated* ruffian just mentioned. 'Calling at a tavern in this garden of America' (Long Island) to get some dinner, 'I observed,' he says, 'the great public room without table or chair, with a bar railed off like a prison; and the inhabitant being tall, thin, yellow, cold, suspicious and silent, I did not venture to make known my wants.' At the next house, a 'Tavern and Hotel,' he besought the landlady for something to eat, meekly observing 'he was not particular, and should be glad of any thing the house afforded.' 'She walked on towards the bar, without once looking at him, muttering, "I *guess* we have got no feed for strangers; we do not practise those things at this house, I *guess*."' Thus repulsed, Mr. Fearon gets into the stage for Wiggins's Inn, and on the way indemnifies himself for the humility of his air and tone to the lady of the tavern, by commencing a spirited conversation with a fellow-passenger, on what he is pleased to call 'the *murder* of the American prisoners at Dartmoor,' and which,

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which, with his usual rancour towards his own countrymen, he does not fail to stigmatize as a 'disgraceful transaction,' though it is perfectly obvious that he was shamefully ignorant of every circumstance relating to that unfortunate affair. The American gentleman, who *did* know the nature of the transaction, with a liberality which appears to have startled Mr. Fearon, 'refused (he says) to censure in this instance the conduct of the British. *He* stated that there was a great deal to be said on both sides'—and that 'Lord Castlereagh and the English cabinet were great men, who acted with good intentions for the welfare of their country.' We wish we could ascribe such 'good intentions' to Mr. Fearon, or give him the credit of ever admitting that 'much might be said on both sides.' We should not then find him, whenever England is concerned, venting his ignorant sneers or indulging his spiteful calumnies, at the expense of decency and truth. With Commodore Rogers he had the assurance to talk of the 'disgraceful conduct of Admiral Cockburn, at Havre de Grace,' insensible to the rebuke which even that officer gave him. Nor is this the only instance where this maligner of his country's honour has ignorantly and insolently dared to traduce the character of one of the most able, enterprising, intelligent and humane officers in his Majesty's naval service.

From the crimes of the British officers Mr. Fearon seeks relief in the virtues of Mr. Cobbett. He alights near his house, and it is most painful to contemplate the appalling gloom which oppresses his spirits as he thinks of his melancholy situation. We know no parallel to such sinking of the heart, except that which Mr. Hobhouse declares he felt at hearing of the victory of the English at Waterloo. 'My feelings,' (Mr. Fearon says, p. 64.) 'in walking along the path which led to the residence of this celebrated man, are difficult to describe. The idea of a person *self-banished*—leading an isolated life in a foreign land—a path rarely trod—fences in ruin—the gate broken—the house mouldering to decay'—

O, 'tis so moving, we can read no more!

There is, however, an inaccuracy in this *sombre* delineation. Had Mr. Fearon condescended to learn any thing about Cobbett that was not taught in 'Cobbett's Register,' he might have known that 'this celebrated man' was no otherwise '*self-banished*' than those of his party so justly described by Mr. Bristed as 'defrauding the jails and the gallows by a precipitate flight.' The 'celebrated' Cobbett fled from his creditors.—That he should do this is perfectly natural; the thing to be admired is—that such a man should have creditors to flee from!—Had he staid at Liverpool another tide, he would have been brought back, and consigned to Newgate or the King's Bench for the remainder of his

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life. The good Genius of England prevailed, and he escaped; leaving behind him debts to the amount of six and thirty thousand pounds!* In Long Island he can do no mischief:—'*Measter's Yorkshire too.*' We have mentioned this circumstance solely out of regard to our traveller's wounded *feelings*, which, we hope, will be somewhat relieved by finding that this 'celebrated man' was not 'self-banished.'

It is good to contrast the manner in which Mr. Fearon crouches before this sculking vagabond, this 'triple-turned' renegade, with that in which he bristles up against all that is dignified and venerable in his own country: it is still better to observe that his base servility is not without its due reward. Cobbett has published an answer to this part of Mr. Fearon's work,† in which he denies (in a strain of coarse and vulgar obloquy) the whole of the conversation stated to have passed between him and the author, whom he belabours without mercy. 'I took the blade (he says) for a decent tailor, my son William for a shopkeeper's clerk, and Mrs. Churcher (the *help*) for a slippery young man,' (a thief, we presume,) 'or, at best, for an exciseman;' and Mrs. Churcher makes an affidavit to the same purpose, which is regularly dated, and filed.

We take no interest in the dispute between these strenuous advocates of liberty and equality, nor, we believe, do any of our readers. In justice to Mr. Fearon, however, we may add, that in a question between him and Cobbett, no man who has ever heard the name of the latter will hesitate a moment on which side the right lies. We think Mr. Fearon incapable of advancing an untruth; whereas falsehood is known to be the essential part of his antagonist's character. Meanwhile Mr. Fearon may derive some profit from the severe castigation which he has received. He may insult the army, the navy, the administration of his country (as he constantly does) with perfect impunity: he may vilify every national institution, however high or holy, and every noble character, however eminent for worth or talent; but let him beware

* We copy a part of them from an authentic list now before us. Mr. T—n—o, (mortgagee of the Botley estates,) 16,000*l.* Sir F. B———t, 4,000*l.* Mr. R———, 4,000*l.* Messrs. T. and F. (stationers,) 3,500*l.* T. B——n, 2,000*l.* Mr. L——r, 1,300*l.* Executors of Mr. B——e, 900*l.* Mr. P——s, 450*l.* Mr. W——e, 500*l.* Messrs. H. T. and M———x, (printers,) 500*l.* Mr. S——n, (printer,) 100*l.* Sundry poor shopkeepers and others at Botley, 400*l.* We could go farther—but this perhaps may suffice to shew Mr. Fearon that the celebrated Mr. Cobbett had other motives than his own good pleasure for taking to his heels.

It must be very consolatory to his creditors to listen to the NEWGATE ETHICS which this unprincipled miscreant is in the weekly habit of promulgating. 'I hold it' (he says, in his letter to Mr. Tipper) 'to *be perfectly just*' (no doubt) 'that I should never, in any way whatever, give up one single farthing of my future earnings to the payment of my debts in England.'

† See his Register of March 16, 1819.

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how he hazards the slightest reflection on the most vile and worthless of democrats. To talk of the profligacy of ——— House (p. 113.) is nothing; but to hint at *the bad state of Mr. Cobbett's fences*, though with a tear in either eye, is a crime that no subsequent sycophancy on the part of the offender can expiate. As is Mr. Cobbett, so is every democrat, (we do not except Mr. Fearon and *his host of families*, as Cobbett calls the huckstering band that sent him to America.)—'Obey, and I will use you kindly; if you do not, I will trample on you,' is the language of them all.

Mr. Fearon has scarcely ended weeping over the woes and wrongs of this 'isolated' Cacus, when a fresh source of lamentation is opened to him. 'The *celebrated* Mr. Emmett,' he says, 'was pointed out to me; and I was *grieved* to find native Americans speak of him with great jealousy. It appears that in *their eyes* he has been guilty of two unpardonable crimes—two sins against the Holy Ghost—the first is in being, as they term it, *a foreigner!* the second, and greatest of all, in being *an Irish rebel!*' We are not displeased to find that the people of New York have the good sense to hold in detestation (though at the expense of Mr. Fearon's feelings) a rebel and a traitor. It would have been no impeachment of Mr. Fearon's understanding had he left out the flippant and irreverent abuse of Scripture—But he knew to whom he was writing, and how far he might safely go.

It cannot have escaped the reader that Mr. Fearon has been in a state of perplexity and amazement ever since he left his home: nothing falls out as he expected it to do. But—'the perils of democracy on board the Washington,'—'the swarming of white and black slaves' in 'the land of equal rights,'—the 'vile jobbing' of 'the only cheap and enlightened government on earth,'—the 'eager place-hunting' of 'the strenuous supporters of republican purity,'—events sufficiently *surprizing* in themselves—all dwindled into common accidents before the portent which awaited him at Newburgh. 'A lieutenant of the American army,' he says, 'who is at this instant sitting opposite to me, and who has just returned from the lakes, assures me that the number of *Americans* who emigrate from the western states into Canada, is very considerable.'—p. 83. Do we hear aright? What!—while Mr. Fearon and his thirty-nine suffering families are preparing to quit 'their oppressed country,' and seek relief for their wounded consciences in a land where there is neither king nor priest *to tax and tithe* them—is it possible, that the natives of this very land can be so insensible of their happiness as to turn their backs on it in crouds, and encounter the evils of a tedious journey for the sake of placing themselves not only under a monarchy, but an established church? The man who *drew Priam's curtains*

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in the dead of night, assumed not, we suspect, such a look of alarm and horror as Mr. Fearon called up at this stupendous intelligence. 'I asked,' he says, 'WITH SURPRIZE, what *could be* their inducement?' He is told that the King gives them great encouragement, with land for nothing. This, he admits, is encouragement indeed! 'and such,' says he, 'as *we, old friends of his majesty*, would be happy to see imitated in England.' No doubt. It is fortunate, however, for the disinterested virtue of these 'old friends,' (which might otherwise be put to too severe a test) that his Majesty has no lands in England to give away. With respect to the insult, it must pass—it is neither the first nor the last which Mr. Fearon offers to his afflicted and venerable sovereign.

From Newburgh our traveller returns to New York; whence, after a short stay, he departs for Boston, and we proceed to examine what materials the journey supplied him with for his 'Third Report.' In his route from New York to Providence there is little worthy of remark except the reply which he received from an old man to an observation on the badness of their roads, 'yes,' said he, 'roads, I *guess*, are unpopular in this State: we think, I *guess*, that they are invasions of our liberties: we were mightily *roiled* (vexed) when they were first cut, and we always spoiled them in the night.' p. 97.

Of the general appearance of the country Mr. Fearon 'wished,' he says, 'to *force* himself to think well;'—'but,' he observes, 'I must tell the truth, and therefore honestly say, that, as it respects my bird's eye view of its soil and cultivation, I am rather disappointed.' The town of Providence however bore the appearance of general prosperity, and at Pawtucket, four miles from it, he found thirteen cotton manufactories, six of which were on a large scale, and all of them carried on by companies; but the persons employed at the whole combined were not equal (he says) in number to those at *one* of a moderate size in Lancashire. p. 101.

At this place Mr. Fearon witnessed a scene which gave him great delight. A woman came up to a manufacturer over whose shop-door was written 'Weaving given out here.' 'Judging,' he says, 'from her independent (though not impudent) air, I supposed her to be a customer.' But, no—'I want work, Boss:'—whether this word, like the *Bos* of our Lilly, stands for '*ox, bull, cow*,' we cannot tell; but in general it seems to mean *master*:—'I want work, Boss,' she said, 'for Harriet Angel.' The proprietor immediately called to his assistant, 'Where is that work for Miss Angel?' 'How,' exclaims Mr. Fearon, 'would Sir Robert Peel feel if addressed in the true language of honest independence?' p. 102. Sir Robert Peel, whose name is thus wantonly introduced,

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duced, may despise the insult:—a gentleman of more liberal and humane feelings does not exist. As to Mr. Fearon's question, in which there is at least as much impudence as ignorance, we can venture to answer for Sir Robert Peel that he would bear the language of honest independence far better than himself or his democratic employers.

From Providence to Boston the road improved as well as the appearance of the country—' but there was nothing in either, which would be inviting to an inhabitant of our beautiful and cultivated island. During the route of 180 miles, which I have just traversed,' Mr. Fearon says, ' I counted only twenty-five cows, ten horses, six small farmers' waggons, three men travelling on foot, four on horseback, two families in waggons removing to the western country, one on foot pursuing the same course. There were no beggars.'—What should beggars do on an unfrequented road?—' Yet this is the oldest, most populous and best cultivated state in North America.'

Boston pleases our traveller: ' A great increase of interest,' he says, ' is communicated by the knowledge of the fact, that it is the birth-place of the immortal Franklin, and that here broke forth the dawnings of the ever memorable revolution.' (p. 110.) His first excursion is, of course, to Bunker's Hill—' the spot sacred to patriotism and liberty,'—' and yet,' continues Mr. Fearon with evident vexation, ' the young gentleman who accompanied me from Boston, did not know the road to it!' The monument raised to commemorate the victory over the English troops does not please Mr. Fearon—' it is only of brick and wood, and without an inscription:' but for this shock to his feelings he is amply recompensed by a view from the heights of ' two *far-famed* monuments of American glory,' (as he terms them) ' the frigates Guerrière and Java, named after the two taken from the British.' The spectacle inflames his patriotism, and he bursts forth—' What would a Franklin, a Patrick Henry,' (who is he?) ' or a Washington have felt could they have foreseen these things?' Perhaps—for we cannot pretend to be positive to a fraction—about a thousandth part of what was actually experienced by Mr. Fearon.

This day was a day of unclouded happiness to Mr. Fearon, and has doubtless been marked by him *with a whiter stone.* ' In the afternoon, young Mr. Adams' came to conduct him to Quincy to dine with his grandfather—the ' *late king*' of America. ' The dinner consisted of a pudding made of Indian corn, molasses, and butter; of veal, bacon, neck of mutton, potatoes, cabbages, carrots, and Indian beans.' All this is very well, and we should have left Mr. Fearon to digest it in peace, had he not taken occasion from it to insult the *present king* of England. ' How great,'

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great,' he exclaims, 'is the contrast between this individual—a man of knowledge and information, without pomp, parade, or vicious and expensive establishments, as compared with the costly trappings, the depraved characters and the profligate expenditure of' (Carleton) 'House' and (Windsor).

We meddle not with the table of Mr. Adams—who may, if it suits his taste, or his appetite, have two puddings—we wish not to inquire in what capacity, or with what property, his father first crossed the Atlantic; still less are we solicitous to learn the extent of his present fortune—but we know (and feel it our duty to make Mr. Fearon know) that the sovereign, at whose 'establishment' he is scandalized, the descendant of a long line of princes, is the lawful inheritor of the vast possessions of those who for more than a thousand years have swayed the sceptre of this country. Is Mr. Fearon so hopelessly stupid as to imagine that the early monarchs of this country were without property—that the great and powerful races of Kent and York and Lancaster came beggars to the contest for empire! or that they flung away their boundless possessions as soon as they had mounted the throne! No family on earth can boast of a longer established right to its paternal estates, than the king of Great Britain to the possessions which devolved on him at the moment of his accession: and had not his present majesty resigned his hereditary property to the nation for a stipulated sum, he would at this moment have been the richest sovereign in Europe. The resignation was frank; and we should have felt that it was wise, had it not furnished a pretext for the selfish and the malicious to turn upon the generous monarch, and reproach him with the effects of his own sacrifice. What was compromise is now considered as bounty. Investigations of no very delicate nature are made by other inquisitors than Mr. Fearon into every article of expense, and the basest of the rabble are daily invited to calculate how much is wrested from their earnings to support an arrangement by which the nation is widely profiting.

Leaving this, however, we have still to ask Mr. Fearon on what authority he presumes to talk of the depraved character of ——— as compared with that of Mr. Adams? That a life of exemplary worth and goodness should, in these monster-breeding times, be no protection from obloquy, is matter of little surprize; and we shall not therefore affect any at the language which we have just heard: but we will still assert—without intending to offer the least disrespect to Mr. Adams—that the sovereign thus rudely dragged forward to set off the superiority of his character, might—*O that might!*—compete with him, not only in 'knowledge and information,'

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tion,' but in every virtue that confers grace and dignity on the human character.

It may possibly have escaped Mr. Fearon's recollection, in the midst of his eagerness to calumniate his sovereign, that he has described this very Mr. Adams, who is so frugal, so moderate, so philosophical in all his views, as a person (to use his own words) —'whose fourteen years naturalization law, whose frequent public prosecutions, whose plans for a standing army, and above all—whose *aim to obtain the state and style of royalty, no friend of liberty* can advocate'!—p. 363. To live without expensive establishments—with due respect to the natural sagacity of Mr. Fearon—is a merit of no very extraordinary kind in a private gentleman, and needed not therefore to be invidiously contrasted with the situation of one who has public duties to perform, and who is invested with the concentrated state and dignity of a mighty nation for purposes essential to its stability and glory.

Mr. Fearon finds the state of society in Boston preferable to that of New York, 'though the leaven of aristocracy seems to be very prevalent.' By degrees, however, he cools in his admiration. In New York (he says) 'English Tory writers are neither unknown nor unpopular;' but here the people are decided aristocrats. '*Distinctions* exist to an extent rather ludicrous under a free and popular government. There are the first class, second class, third class, and the 'old families.' Titles, too, are profusely distributed.—These things are grievously against the poor Bostonians; but what appears to have injured them more than all the rest, in the good opinion of Mr. Fearon, is the discovery that they evince some respect for religion. 'A man (he says) who values his good name in Boston hardly dare be seen out of church at the appointed hours.'—This is so serious a charge, that we trust Mr. Fearon took special care to be well informed before he ventured to bring it forward:—'nay (continues he) this would be considered as a heinous crime, by men who would consider the same individual cheating his creditors as of small import'—these remarks, he adds, are applicable 'to all the religious bodies of this place.' (p. 115.) Few 'appear to have any regard for the general extension of liberty to the whole human family,' (as in the slave states); for these reasons, and because the Bostonians approach nearest to Englishmen, he quits them with an avowal that 'his feelings are those of disappointment.'

Our readers must have frequently heard of the rude inquisitiveness of the American people. An amusing instance of it (and, to say the truth, we have rarely seen so amusing a book as this of Mr. Fearon) occurred on his entrance into Boston. 'In proceeding along the street with his baggage, a *gentleman* ran out and

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and accosted him—'Where are you from?—When did you arrive?—Any thing new in York?—What is your name?—Any thing special?'—And he has scarcely got into the Albany stage, certainly not out of the city, when he is assailed in the very same manner. Our traveller is no sooner pumped dry, than his unwearied inquisitor turns to the next man, and nothing can be more divertingly characteristic than the following dialogue which passes between them. It is by no means necessary in America to advertize for 'agreeable companions in a post-chaise.'

'Q. Where are you going, middle on?—*A.* Yes.

Q. Do you keep at Boston?—*A.* No.

Q. Where do you keep?—*A.* Fairfield.

Q. Have you been a lengthy time in Boston, e'h, say?—*A.* Seven days.

Q. Where did you sleep last night?—*A.* ——— street.

Q. What number?—*A.* Seven.

Q. That is Thomas Adonis ———'s house?—*A.* No; it is my son's.

Q. What, have *you* a son?—*A.* Yes; and daughters.

Q. What is your name?—*A.* William Henry ———, I *guess.*

Q. Is your wife alive?—*A.* No, she is dead, I *guess.*

Q. Did she die slick right away?—*A.* No; not by any manner of means.

Q. How long have you been married?—*A.* Thirty years, I *guess.*

Q. What age were you when you were married?—*A.* I *guess* mighty near thirty-three.

Q. If you were young again I *guess* you would marry earlier?—*A.* No; I *guess* thirty-three is a mighty grand age for marrying.

Q. How old is your daughter?—*A.* Twenty-five.

Q. I *guess* she would like a husband?—*A.* No; she is mighty careless about that.

Q. She is not awful (ugly), I *guess*?—*A.* No, I *guess* she is not.

Q. Is she sick?—*A.* Yes.

Q. What is her sickness?—*A.* Consumption.

Q. I had an item of that. You have got a doctor, I *guess*?—*A. Guess* I have.

Q. Is your son a trader?—*A.* Yes.

Q. Is he his own boss?—*A.* Yes.

Q. Are his spirits kedge (brisk)?—*A.* Yes; I expect they were yesterday.

Q. How did he get in business?—*A.* I planted him there. I was his sponsor for a thousand *dallars.* I *guess* he paid me within time; and he is now progressing slick.'—p. 123.

The Fourth Report introduces us to Philadelphia, of which it offers but a meagre account. Mr. Fearon says his first impressions of this city were decidedly favourable—it gave him ideas of a *substantial* cast; its character being essentially different from that of New York—it has not so much business, not so much gaiety, not

not so much life.' Mr. Fearon took up his lodging at a boarding house; and here he soon made what he calls an 'unpleasant discovery'—'an affectation of splendour, or what may be called *style*, in those things which are intended to meet the public eye; with a lamentable want even of *cleanliness* in such matters as are removed *from* that ordeal.' And he gives an instance of that 'appearance of uncomfortable extravagance' at a 'genteel private house' where he drank tea. 'The furniture was splendid, the table profusely supplied, the bread and butter was roughly cut in huge hunks piled zig-zag. The children's faces were dirty, their hair uncombed, their dispositions evidently untaught, and all the members of the family, from the boy of ten years of age, up to the owner (I was going to say *master*) of the house, appeared *independent* of each other.'—(p. 138.) All this is lamentable to be told; but as the people are not so offensively religious as at Boston, Mr. Fearon tempers his impatience, and continues to drink tea with the inhabitants, in spite of the bad taste in which they cut their bread and butter.

The extremes of heat and cold characterize the climate of Philadelphia, and its effects (aggravated probably by other causes, such as the general use of close stoves, on the part of the females, and the excessive abuse of spirituous liquors and tobacco on that of the males) are visible in the appearance of the inhabitants.

'A Philadelphian (particularly a female) is as old at 27 as a Londoner at 40. Neither sex possesses the English standard of health—a rosy cheek. The young females indeed are genteel; but their colour is produced by art, but for which disgusting practice, many of them might pass for beautiful. You will be surprised to hear, that in the practice of *rougeing*, the junior branches of *the society of Friends* are not at all deficient! Englishmen are said to improve in appearance for the first 12 months of their residence, but after that time the face becomes sallow and flabby.'

The gentlemen in their dress ape the fashions of England; the ladies those of France; both of whom modestly declare 'that they combine the excellencies of the French and English character, without possessing the defects of either:'—but, adds our author, 'for myself I can trace no resemblance to the former, unless it lie in kid gloves, and artificial flowers; nor to the latter, except in a fondness for Lady Morgan's writings, and an admiration of Lord Wellington's achievements.'—We would fain persuade ourselves that Mr. Fearon is as much mistaken in the literary taste of the ladies of America, as he certainly is in that of his fair countrywomen, whom he grossly libels in representing them fond of the writings of Lady Morgan. We have reason to know that from *Ida of Athens*, the first (we believe) of her monstrous

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strous progeny, to that last sooterkin of dullness and immorality *Florence Macarthy,* they view them all with equal disgust. If this woman has any readers, they are not among the *ladies* of England. Be this, however, as it may, we must positively attempt to rescue the American fair from the sarcastic sneer of Mr. Fearon on their rejoicing in the victory of Waterloo.—That victory gave repose to the world, and, with Mr. Fearon's leave, was not gained *over their own countrymen.* We have yet to learn therefore why the ladies of America may not take an interest in the heroic achievements of a Wellington, quite as decorously as Mr. Fearon in the capture of an English frigate, and in the exploits of 'the celebrated Commodore Rogers!'

Mr. Fearon reached Philadelphia at a busy moment. The election of a governor for the state of Pennsylvania was about to commence, and our traveller was 'fortunate enough (he says) to have letters of introduction to the leading man of one of the great political parties which divide the state, and which afforded him an opportunity of witnessing all the novel machinery then in such active operation.'—p. 138. After the election, he sat down to take, what he calls, a calm review of the whole, for the information of his friends. Any thing more loathsome than this 'highly interesting scene' cannot well be imagined. *It is all bruise and wound and putrifying sore.* The addresses of the different parties exceed in vulgarity and senseless abuse all that ever emanated from the Borough or Covent Garden. Corruption is neither concealed, nor sought to be concealed. 'Few, if any,' Mr. Fearon says, 'cared one straw about principle, but all were eager and intent upon betting.'—A sample follows.

'"I'll bet you fifty on Hiester in Chesnut ward."
"What majority will you give him?"
"One-fourth."
"Give old Sour Kraut a hundred and thirty, and I'll take you."
"Done."
"What will you give Finlay in Lower Delaware ward?"
"One hundred."
"Give Bill three and half, and I'll take you for five hundred."
"No; I'll give him three and half for a pair of boots."
"'*Guess* I'll take you for a pair and a hat."
"What for Dock ward?"
"I won't bet on Dock: they're all a set of d—d Tories."
"Will you give Joe four hundred in South Mulberry?"
"I won't take Joe, I *guess,* in that ward?"
"What will you give Billy in South Mulberry?"
"A couple of hundred."
"Done for five hundred."

"*All.*

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"*All.* What majority upon the whole election, friend, will you advise us to give?"'

"*Fr.* You must be cautious in your majorities. We do not know how Beaver and Dauphin may turn out.—Mind! save yourselves.—If you find Billy going down, take up Sour Kraut."'—p. 141, 142.

What our readers will think of this we know not, but Mr. Fearon, who sought (as he says) to obtain an insight into the character and mind of this people, by observing how they acted in their political capacity, is not afraid to intimate that *there is much to lament* in it. True it is that he instantly qualifies his temerity by a palliative which never occurred to him in England—namely, that 'we should recollect, after all, that in the political as in the natural world, we must endure evils in order to insure a preponderance of good.'—p. 149. Certainly, it must be a traveller's own fault, if he visits America without improvement.

From the triumph of 'political purity,' Mr. Fearon instantly proceeds, with a master boot-maker, to witness that of 'personal liberty,' the deplorable want of which in England troubled his conscience and drove him to seek peace for it beyond the Atlantic. The brig *Bubona* had just arrived at Philadelphia from the Texel with a cargo of those deluded wretches known by the name of *redemptioners*—i. e. Europeans who sell themselves to the captain of an American ship, to procure a passage to the *land of liberty*, and, on their arrival in it, are immediately *sold again* for the profit of their worthy conductor, and his no less worthy employers. Mr. Fearon explains the term with somewhat more tenderness. 'A *redemptioner*,' he says, 'is a European who emigrates without money, and pays for his passage by binding himself to the captain, who receives the produce of his labour for a certain number of years.' The meaning, as Sir Hugh observes, is just the same, *save and except that the phrase is a little variations.*

'As we ascended (Mr. Fearon says) the side of this hulk, a most revolting scene of want and misery presented itself. The eye involuntarily turned for some relief from the horrible picture of human suffering, which this living sepulchre afforded. Mr. ——— inquired if there were any shoe-makers on board. The captain advanced: his appearance bespoke his office; he is an American, tall, determined, and with an eye that flashes with Algerine cruelty. He called in the Dutch language for shoe-makers, and never can I forget the scene which followed. The poor fellows came running up with unspeakable delight, no doubt anticipating a relief from their loathsome dungeon. Their clothes, if rags deserve that denomination, actually perfumed the air. Some were without shirts, others had this article of dress, but of a quality as coarse as the worst packing cloth. I inquired of several if they could speak English. They smiled, and gabbled, "No Engly, no Engly,—one

Engly

gly talk ship." The deck was filthy. The cooking, washing, and necessary departments were close together. Such is the mercenary barbarity of the Americans who are engaged in this trade, that they crammed into one of those vessels, 500 passengers, 80 of whom died on the passage.'—p. 150.

Mr. Fearon's statement as to the number of these unfortunate creatures taken into one ship would seem to be far beneath the truth. It was asserted in Congress, that in one instance, a single vessel had taken on board 1287 passengers; that 400 of them had died before she got out of the North Sea, and 300 more previously to her arrival at Philadelphia; and that many of the remainder shortly afterwards died of fever and debility: finally, that of 5000 persons who had embarked at Antwerp in the course of the year 1817, one fifth had died on the passage. This infamous traffic is confined, exclusively, to American vessels.

But Mr. Fearon never retains his anger long against these exquisite upholders of equal rights. He turns, in the very next sentence, to 'the illustrious house of Orange,' and accuses it of being the *fons et origo* of the whole evil. 'From my heart,' he says, 'I execrate the *European cause*,' &c. Had a NATHAN been at hand, how would the daring eye have sunk, how would the hypocritical lip have quivered, while the prophet looked him sternly in the face, and pronounced the awful words—THOU ART THE MAN! There is no subterfuge for Mr. Fearon. These poor wretches are the very persons whom he is principally solicitous to entice from their country: first, by filling them with discontent, and next, by perverting their understanding by flattering promises, by fallacies and lies. 'The class of British society' (he says) 'who would be primarily benefited by emigrating to America, is that *large* and *much injured body of men* who are here chained to the country and the political system, which oppresses and grinds them to the earth—I mean THE EXTREME POOR' (and he marks the words that they may not be overlooked,)—'they would not be in America a week before they would experience a rapid advance in the scale of being.' p. 445. That is—and Mr. Fearon knows it cannot be otherwise—they would rise, from labourers in their own country, to 'redemptioners' on board a pestilential hulk, and, if they survived the passage, soar to a state of slavery in the free soil of Kentucky or Virginia.

From the hustings and the white-slave hulks, Mr. Fearon proceeded (such is the abundance of entertainment provided in Philadelphia) 'to the churches, as all houses of religious assembly are denominated.' He first visited the African church, in which were none but blacks, and, in the course of the same evening, 'Ebenezer church, in which were only whites.' The scene which Mr.

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Mr. Fearon witnessed at the latter, is of a very extraordinary kind, and must be told in his own words; none that we could substitute would do it adequate justice.

'As the latter (Ebenezer church) possessed all the characteristics of the former, with considerable additions of its own, to that only is it necessary that I should call your attention. I went at eight o'clock in the evening. The door was locked; but the windows being open, I placed myself at one of them, and saw that the church within was crowded almost to suffocation. The preacher indulged in long pauses, and occasional loud elevations of voice, which were always answered by the audience with deep groans. When the prayer which followed the sermon had ended, the minister descended from the pulpit, the doors were thrown open, and a considerable number of the audience departed. Understanding however that something was yet to follow, with considerable difficulty I obtained admission. The minister had departed, the doors were again closed, but about four hundred persons remained. One (apparently) of the leading members gave out a hymn, then a brother was called upon to pray: he roared and ranted like a maniac; the male part of the audience groaned, the female shrieked; a man sitting next to me shouted; a youth standing before me continued for half an hour bawling, "Oh Jesus! come down, come down, Jesus! my dear Jesus, I see you! bless me, Jesus! Oh! oh! oh! Come down, Jesus!" A small space farther on, a girl about eleven years of age was in convulsions: an old woman, who I concluded was her mother, stood on the seat, holding her up in her arms, that her extasies might be visible to the whole assembly. In another place there was a convocation of holy sisters, sending forth most awful yells. A brother now stood forward, stating, that "although numbers had gone, he trusted the Lord would that night work some signal favours among his dear lambs." Two sisters advanced towards him, refusing to be comforted, "for the Lord was with them:" another brother prayed—and another. "Brother Macfaddin" was now called upon, and he addressed them with a voice which might almost rival a peal of thunder, the whole congregation occasionally joining responsive to his notes. The madness now became threefold increased, and such a scene presented itself as I could never have pictured to my imagination, and as I trust, for the honour of true religion and of human nature, I shall never see again. Had the inhabitants of Bedlam been let loose, they could not have exceeded it. From forty to fifty were praying aloud and extemporaneously at the same moment of time: some were kicking, many jumping, all clapping their hands and crying out in chorus, "Glory! glory! glory! Jesus Christ is a very good friend! Jesus Christ is a very good friend! Oh God! oh Jesus! come down! Glory! glory! glory! thank you Jesus! thank you God! Oh glory! glory! glory!!!" Mere exhaustion of bodily strength produced a cessation of madness for a few minutes. A hymn was given out and sung; praying then recommenced; the scene of madness was again acted, with, if possible, increased efforts on the part of the performers. One of the brothers prayed *to be kept from enthusiasm!* A girl of six years of age became the next object of atten-

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tion. A reverend brother proclaimed that she "had just received a visit from the Lord, and was in awful convulsions—so hard was the working of the spirit!" This scene continued for some time; but the audience gradually lessened, so that by ten o'clock the field of active operations was considerably contracted. The women, however, forming a compact column at the most distant corner of the church, continued their shriekings with but little abatement. Feeling disposed to get a nearer sight of the beings who sent forth such terrifying yells, I endeavoured to approach them, but was stopped by several of the brethren, who would not allow of a near approach towards the holy sisterhood. The novelty of this exhibition had, at first sight, rendered it a subject of amusement and interest; but all such feelings soon gave way to an emotion of melancholy horror, when I considered the gloomy picture it represented of human nature, and called to mind that these maniacal fanatics were blaspheming the holy name of Christianity. Notwithstanding my warm love of liberty, I felt that, were I an absolute lawgiver, I would certainly punish and restrain men who thus degraded their nature, who set so wicked an example of religious blasphemy, and so foully libelled the name and character of revelation.'—p. 163—6.

Alas! alas! it was 'the want of religious liberty' which drove Mr. Fearon from the land of his fathers; and he is no sooner arrived in the only place where it is to be found in full perfection, than he quarrels with it! It is happy for mankind that our new Solon is not possessed of absolute power. He knows not *of what manner of spirit he is;* and his judgment unluckily is as deficient as his experience. He would make woeful work with his 'restraints and his punishments;' and would act more wisely for himself, and far more safely for others, by trusting to the rational piety and practical knowledge of the great founders of the institutes of his country, than by promulgating, in the confidence of blind ignorance, theories, which check him at every step, and attempts to define the boundaries of that liberty of which he comprehends neither the nature nor the extent in a single instance.

On the whole, religion appears to be at a lower ebb in Philadelphia than at New York—and it threatened no inundation there. '*Whatever degree of religious information exists,*' Mr. Fearon says, '*is confined to the clergy,* who perhaps have lost nothing by the abolition of a *state religion.*'—p. 168. Such is the triumphant conclusion of this wretched reasoner on the spectacle before him. He sees religion made a jest, and the churches filled by fanatics, hypocrites and buffoons; and yet persists to exult in the thought that, amidst the general defection, the clergy still acknowledge some fealty to their Creator, and have perhaps lost nothing by the abolition of a *state religion.* This is the phantom that haunts the brain of our traveller, and 'frights him from his propriety.'

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propriety.' *The clergy have lost nothing!*—but what have the laity gained? We could answer from a full heart;—did not every page of Mr. Fearon's book, successively, anticipate us.

After what he has seen, the reader must be fully prepared for our traveller's conclusion. 'Philadelphia,' he says, 'has done much towards raising America in my estimation.' It did not however enable him to make even an approach towards a decision on the main question of emigration. He found all the comforts and many of the necessaries of life to be exorbitantly dear; articles of wearing apparel, and almost every thing used in domestic economy, were of British manufacture, and from 25 to 100 per cent. dearer than in London. The prices and wages are given in ample detail for the information of those who are interested in such matters; but neither of them are such as to induce, for their sake alone, any description of men to emigrate, though he seems to think that a brewer and a London shopkeeper with *good capitals* might succeed. Lawyers, doctors, clerks, shopmen, literary men, artists and schoolmasters, would, to use an American phrase, 'come to a bad market.'

The 'Fifth Report' is dated from *Shawnee town* in the Illinois territory; and embraces observations and occurrences along the line between that place and Philadelphia. Passengers on foot, on horseback, and in waggons, crowded the road in their way to the Western country. They travelled generally in companies, in order to assist one another in getting the waggons over the rugged and steep mountains; and the progress was so slow and painful, that Mr. Fearon says he generally preferred walking; this too afforded him an opportunity of entering into the views and little histories of his fellow-travellers. He found the women the most communicative. 'The first I conversed with was sitting upon a log, which served for the double purpose of a seat and a fire; their waggon had broken down the day before; her husband was with it at a distant blacksmith's: she had been seated there all night: (thermometer from 26° to 22° below the freezing point!) her last words went to my heart: "Ah! Sir, I wish to God we had never left home."' (p. 193.)

In these elevated regions of the Alleghany chain, log houses are the only habitations; and the character of the mountaineers, contrary to that of the same description and condition in the countries of Europe, 'appears cold, friendless, unfeeling, callous and selfish.' Mr. Fearon says all the emigrants complain of the enormous charges of the log-taverns; from the following extract we should suppose they have something more serious to complain of.

'At five o'clock in the evening we reached the top of the Alleganies. Our stage was far behind. This day I had walked about sixteen miles;

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and, as was the case the day before, we were not allowed to stop for dinner, there being no *coach proprietor* upon the road. "The Fountain Inn" is a miserable log-house, or what you would call a dog-hole: it was crowded with emigrants. I asked for something to eat, but could only obtain for answer, "I *guess* whiskey is all the feed we have on sale." I have met with several similar instances, when I have asked, "Have you any meat?" "No."—"Either cold or hot will make no difference to me." "I *guess* I don't know."—"Have you any fowls?" "No."—"Fish?" "No."—"Ham?" "No."—"Bread?" "No."—"Cheese?" "No."—"Crackers (biscuits)?" "No."—"I will pay you any price you please." "I *guess* we have only rum and whiskey feed."'

At the foot of Turtle-creek-hill where our traveller alighted from his waggon knee-deep in mud, he came up with 'a woman and girl with two infants in their arms, who came, to use their own language, "vrom Zomerzetshire in Hingland." They spoke of their own country with heartfelt attachment; were sorry they had ever been persuaded to leave it; they had been told that America was the first country in the world, but they had experienced nothing but difficulties since they had set their foot upon it. The husband was dragging on their little all, having been forty-five days from Philadelphia.' p. 197. It is such instances as these which afflict us. The expatriation of a thousand such 'essential admirers of civil and religious liberty' as Mr. Fearon's consistent and 'conscientious' employers, might be contemplated with perfect composure; but the departure of one honest and credulous family like this must excite pity and regret. The former have many consolations to which the latter cannot look: these poor people bear no hatred to their country, nor hope, by taking their little all abroad, to inflict a wound on her prosperity; they feel no instinctive horror at the name of a king, nor look for credit among strangers by traducing his character, and reviling his servants. At home, they are condemned to labour, it is true;—they cannot live without labour in America: but here they labour with the companions of their youth, and grow old in the society which waxes gray around them. If they are in absolute want, they are relieved; if they are sick and infirm, they find medicine: in health, they partake in the public worship of their Creator; on the bed of death, they enjoy the soothing consolations of the religion which they love; and they repose at last by the side of their forefathers, whose graves they dug in the pious and cheering hope that they should one day sleep with them, and wake together with them to a joyful resurrection. What of all this can they hope to find in the land to which the artifices and persuasions of the Birkbecks and the Fearons are eagerly propelling them?—'An advance in the scale of being,' (if they understand such jargon) 'and food for their

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their labour,' amidst loneliness, dejection, and despair, with the certainty of receiving, at last, the burial of a dog, and the memorial of a ditch or puddle!

Pittsburgh, situated at the confluence of two rivers, whose united streams form a third, which affords it a direct communication with the Atlantic, though at the distance of 2500 miles, is perhaps the most interesting place in the United States; and, though not a second Birmingham, as the natives call it by that figure of speech which Morris Birkbeck has named 'anticipation;' yet from its advantageous situation, as the connecting link between '*New* and *Old* America,' may prove one day as important to the Western States, as Birmingham is to England.

'The published accounts,' says Mr. Fearon, 'of this city are so exaggerated and out of all reason, that strangers are usually disappointed on visiting it. This, however, was not my case. I have been in some measure tutored in American gasconade. When I am told that at a particular hotel there is *handsome* accommodation, I expect that they are one remove from very bad; if "*elegant* entertainment," I anticipate tolerable; if a person is "a *clever* man," that he is not absolutely a fool; and if a manufactory is the "*first in the world*," I expect, and have generally found, about six men, and three boys employed.——With all its advantages for the establishment of manufactories, the shops (he adds) are literally stuffed with goods of English manufacture, consisting of articles of the most varied kind, from a man's coat, or lady's gown, down to a whip or an oyster knife.'—p. 208.

If trade, as our traveller subsequently assures us, be at a stand here, it is evidently from no want of rath-ripe calculating heads. On the evening of his arrival, Mr. Fearon attended the theatre; 'the play (he says) was Hamlet, and the acting was, perhaps, superior to the audience.' As the representative of the philosophical 'Horatio was dead drunk and extremely dirty,' the compliment to the latter need not put their modesty to the blush: but Mr. Fearon found entertainment not specified in the bills.

'Between the acts, two boys, not fourteen years of age, were very solemnly discussing what the profits of the house would be monthly, if that night could be taken as an average. From this they took a view of what interest the house paid to its owner. Their calculations were made with the precision of state financiers, and their conclusions drawn with the gravity of sages. After a long dispute, whether the interest were $8\frac{3}{4}$, or $8\frac{7}{8}$ per cent., they determined that the theatre was good property.'—p. 212.

'This occurrence,' he adds, 'is in perfect accordance with national character. Gain is the education—the morals, the politics, the theology, and stands in the stead of the domestic comfort of all ages and classes of Americans; it is the centre of their system, from which they derive both light and heat.' We will not dis-

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pute the *heat*; but for the *light*,—if we are to judge of it from the various instances of incredible, unimaginable stupidity which Mr. Fearon witnessed during his short residence at Pittsburgh, we cannot avoid saying, that the *darkness* of the poor savages of Baffin's Bay was noon-day radiance to it.

'Understanding,' Mr. Fearon says, 'that mechanics in every occupation met at "Carey's Porter-house," I went there several times for the purpose of obtaining information. I found them chiefly English, and all discontented with America.' In this porter-house his attention was directed to a mean looking wretch, sitting like a sot in a corner, who turned out to be that offspring of folly and sedition—the assassin Watson, little known and less regarded. 'Americans,' Mr. Fearon adds, 'who have heard of him, either care nothing about him, or despise him for the political part which he has taken.' Not so our traveller; and it is curious to observe the tenor of his language on the occasion. The crimes for which this villain fled his country were of the most atrocious nature; yet they appear to have impressed a very favourable idea of the perpetrator on Mr. Fearon's mind. 'I had,' he says, 'imagined young Watson to be a daring, bold, enthusiastic indiscreet young man.' p. 212. Now as he could have no criterion whatever to judge of young Watson but the enormities of which he had been guilty, namely sedition, robbery, and murder, we can desire no better proof of Mr. Fearon's mode of thinking, and that of those to whom he is not afraid or ashamed to address such language, than the passage before us. '*Enthusiasm! indiscretion!*' And Mr. Fearon is evidently disappointed when he finds his martyr of liberty—what all the world knows him to be—a drunkard and a driveller. Yet he cannot quite give him up. The attempt to forward the *good cause*, however unsuccessful, claims, at least, the kind remembrance of the party; and Mr. Fearon therefore makes over to him again the enthusiasm of which he had deprived him, in a preceding paragraph, and insists that it was 'called into *action*' (very justifiably no doubt) 'by an order of things which deprives a great part of the population of England of the actual necessaries of life.'

From Pittsburgh our traveller proceeds into the State of Ohio, over an uninterrupted level, composed chiefly of close timbered forests, and prairies of eight or ten miles square without a shrub upon them. It is not to *him* however that we are indebted for the information that this American prairie is not 'that pretty French word which means green grass bespangled with daisies and cowslips,'—*he* does not tell us that 'it is a wide expanse covered with rank coarse rush-like grass, sometimes flooded middle deep, and wearing the appearance of an inland sea;' but such is the fact;

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fact; and the dry prairies are little better. Mr. Fearon, however, does venture to say that 'the dreary monotony of limited views of such endless uniformity produces sensations of the most depressing melancholy;' and (with a compliment to his own country) that 'head-aches and intermittent fevers are so general, that a man's being *sick* is as common in this country, as being in distress is in England.' He notices also another circumstance, which he could not illustrate by a disadvantageous comparison with his country. 'The first article of the constitution is, *All men are born equally free and independent*, yet the people of Ohio have coloured people which they call their property;' negro slaves, in short. 'The mode in which they effect this perpetuation of slavery, in violation of the constitution, is to purchase blacks and have them apprenticed to them. Some are so base as to take these negroes down the river at the approach of the expiration of their apprenticeship, and *sell them at Natchez, for life!*'—p. 227. Mr. Fearon affects surprise at this; why, we cannot pretend to say. The people are here more 'lengthy and sallow,' if possible, than in other parts of the United States; and, if we are right in our interpretation of Mr. Fearon's '*vaulty* aspect,' they are generally of a cadaverous appearance.

The circulating medium through the Western country is chiefly paper, generally small notes from 3½*d.* to 2*s.* 6*d.* The very trifling quantity of specie consists of Spanish dollars cut into halves, quarters, and eighths; nay they divide the small notes into parts, which pass current, even in the capital, where Mr. Fearon purchased a pair of worsted gloves of the commonest kind for half a dollar, such as cost 8*d.* or 9*d.* in London, and the store-keeper, having no change, took *half* of a dollar-note on a Baltimore bank:—he afterwards found that demi-notes were a common currency. The notes are generally at a discount, which differs, in different towns, from 5 to 40 per cent.: had he sufficiently understood *this trade*, he says he could nearly have paid his expenses by merely buying, in one town, the notes of that to which he was going. We recommend this account of the currency of the United States to any gentleman who may have occasion to undermine the national credit, or to extol that of America at the expense of England.

On entering Kentucky, Mr. Fearon tells his friends 'that a variation of character in the people was evident.' At the first tavern at which he put up, 'six gentlemen were seated at the dining-room fire, drinking wine, and engaged in varied and rational conversation! an instance of *sociality*, which, (says he) common as it may appear to you, *I had not witnessed in my previous western travels.*' It is certainly somewhat different from the general practice of each person taking his solitary 'eye openers,' and 'phlegm dispersers,'

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dispersers,' and swallowing them down at the bar, 'the keeper of which is in full employ from sunrise to bed-time.' Another instance of a propensity to *sociality*, in these 'frank and affable Kentuckians,' appears to have made less impression on our traveller than it will perhaps on many of his readers. Among the 'Rules to be observed by all *gentlemen* who choose to dine at the hotel' is this: '5. No gentleman shall *take* the saddle, bridle or harness of another gentleman *without his consent*.' p. 242.—We have seldom seen a more delicate periphrasis.—Just before Mr. Fearon sat down to table, a kind of interlude was performed, a common mode, it appears, of giving zest to a Kentucky dinner.

'My attention was excited by the piteous cries of a human voice, accompanied with the loud cracking of a whip. Following the sound, I found that it issued from a log barn, the door of which was fastened. Peeping through the logs, I perceived the bar-keeper, together with a stout man, more than six feet high, who was called Colonel ——,' (Mr. Fearon tenderly suppresses the name) 'and a negro-boy about fourteen years of age, stript naked, receiving the lashes of these monsters, who *relieved* each other in the use of a horse-whip: the poor boy fell down upon his knees several times, begging and praying that they would not kill him, and that he would do any thing they liked: this produced no cessation in their *exercise*. *At length* Mr. Lawes arrived, told the valiant Colonel and his humane employer, the bar-keeper, to desist, and that the boy's refusal to cut wood was in obedience to his (Mr. L.'s) directions. Colonel —— said, that "*he did not know what the nigger had done*, but that the bar-keeper requested his assistance to whip Cæsar; *of course* he lent him a hand, being no more than he should expect Mr. Lawes to do for him under similar circumstances." At table Mr. Lawes said, "that he had not been so vexed for seven years." This expression gave me pleasure, and also afforded me, as I thought, an opportunity to reprobate the general system of slavery; but not one voice joined with mine; each gave vent in the following language to the super-abundant quantity of the milk of human kindness, with which their breasts were overflowing —

"I *guess* he deserved all he got."

"It would have been of small account if the *nigger* had been whipt to death."

"I always serve my blasted *niggars* that way; there is nothing else so good for them."

'It appeared that this boy was the property of a regular slave-dealer, who was then absent at Natchez with a cargo. Mr. Lawes's *humanity* fell lamentably in my estimation when he stated, "that whipping *niggars*, if they were his own, was perfectly right, and they always deserved it; but what made him mad was, that the boy was left under his care by a friend, and he did not like to have a friend's *property* injured." *

* As it appears that 'Mr. —— and Mr. ——, of Liverpool, together with Dr. B. and Colonel B.,' were present at this edifying scene, it may be hoped that they will furnish Mr. Roscoe with some important matter for his next panegyric on the free and happy condition of all ranks in North America.

'There

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'There is in this instance of the treatment of a negro, nothing that in this State is at all singular; and much as I condemned New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio, when in those sections, I must now give them the character of *enlightened humanity*, compared with this State, in which such conduct as that I have described is tolerated and approved, and where such public notices as the following, extracted from a newspaper, are of every day occurrence:—

'"20 DOLLARS REWARD.

'"RAN AWAY on the 27th instant, a NEGRO MAN named JACK, about 5 feet 6 or 7 inches high, very stout made, of a dark complexion, and has several of his fore teeth rotten or out, about 25 years of age. He was brought from Lexington, Kentucky, by Messrs. Jacoby and Stone, *negro traders*, where I think it is likely he will try to get to. The above reward will be paid on his being apprehended and lodged in any jail, so that I may get him, together with all reasonable expenses, if brought to the subscriber. BASIL LAMAR."'
—pp. 242—5.

Notwithstanding all this, and a great deal more to the same purpose, Mr. Fearon does 'not feel himself competent (he says) to confirm or deny the general claim of the people of Kentucky to *generosity* and *warmth* of character,' though he admits that 'they drink a great deal, swear a great deal, and gamble a great deal.' He has reason also to believe, (he adds) that the 'barbarous practice of *gouging* still exists among them,' as well as another practice, 'nearly akin' to the former, called '*gander-pulling*.' The consanguinity is not very apparent to us;—but 'the *diversion*' (as it is called) consists 'in tying a live gander to a tree or pole, greasing its neck, riding past it at full gallop, and he who succeeds in pulling off the head of the victim, receives the laurel crown.'* p. 247. There is another species of *diversion* which Mr. Fearon seems to have overlooked, in which these 'genteeler sort' of Americans are even more adroit than in *gouging* and *gander-pulling*—namely, *scalping* Indians, whose territory no Kentuckian who has the least turn for economy ever dreams of approaching without a tomahawk and a scalping knife. During the late war, in an affair near the Raisin River, a Kentuckian regiment, after scalping the Indian prisoners, proceeded, with a dexterity peculiar to themselves, to *cut razor-straps from their backs*.† Mr. Fearon, perhaps, saw nothing of all this. Tears for the '*murder* of the American prisoners at Dartmoor,' the '*disgraceful* conduct of Admiral Cockburn at Havre de Grace,' and the '*buc-*

* This *diversion* appears to have been overlooked by 'Inchiquin the Jesuit.' We cannot pass the opportunity of paying our tribute of respect to the name of this intelligent and accurate observer. He has been accused of exaggerating the defects of the American character (and we, who followed him, have been involved in the censure); but every publication on the subject, which has since come to hand, refutes the charge, and bears honourable testimony to the fairness and truth of his observations.

† The Federalist. *Answer* to the *Olive-branch*.

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cancering 'expedition against Washington,' appear to have effectually blinded his eyes to objects of this kind.

This is the smallest part of the disgusting scenes which Mr. Fearon witnesses in his excursion through this plague-spotted State, which—and it is a fearful consideration (though Mr. Fearon introduces it without being aware of its tendency)—as the strongest member must of necessity influence the growth and healthfulness of the whole western body, where 'men in theory proclaim the principles of equal liberty, and in practice continue, nay, *boast* of the most demoralizing habits, treat their fellow creatures worse than brute beasts, and sell human beings like cattle at a fair.' (p. 254.)

We are glad to escape from such 'sociality,' and shall therefore take leave of the Kentuckians with the following Advertisement from a Lexington newspaper, which, after the horrors through which our readers have just waded, may serve to amuse them.

'"TAKE NOTICE,

"And beware of the swindler JESSE DOUGHERTY, who married me in November last, and some time after marriage informed me that he had another wife alive, and before I recovered, the villain left me, and took one of my best horses—one of my neighbours was so good as to follow him and take the horse from him, and bring him back. The said Dougherty is about forty years of age, five feet ten inches high, round shouldered, thick lips, complexion and hair dark, grey eyes, remarkably ugly and ill natured, and very fond of ardent spirits, and by profession a notorious liar. This is therefore to warn all widows to beware of the swindler, as all he wants is their property, and they may go to the devil for him after he gets that. Also, all persons are forewarned from trading with the said Dougherty, with the expectation of receiving pay from my property, as I consider the marriage contract *null* and *void* agreeably to law; you will therefore pay no attention to any lies he may tell you of his property in this county. The said Dougherty has a number of wives living, perhaps eight or ten, (the number not positively known,) and will no doubt, if he can get them, have eight or ten more. I believe that is the way he makes his living.

MARY DODD.

Sept. 5, 1817."'

We deem it unnecessary to follow Mr. Fearon through his general observations on the Illinois territory, which are in fact merely what he has gathered from the reports of others. The inhabitants of these back woods, as we already knew, consist of a medley group of Indian hunters, squatters, land jobbers, lawyers, doctors, and farmers occupying lands on speculation. The surface is almost one unbounded flat of swamps and forests, and when our traveller says 'the wildness of the country implies an *unformed* climate,' he might have added 'an unformed society.'

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The 'Sixth Report' marks the progress of our traveller from the Illinois territory by Natchez to New Orleans, and from thence to Washington. He sets out by stating that, having travelled two thousand miles, since the date of his last report, he lamented to say there was not one spot, in the whole of that vast distance, in which either he or any man among his employers, could be induced to make a permanent settlement. 'The white population are the victims of demoralizing habits. The native Indians present of course nothing but a picture of mere savage life; and the poor negroes suffer even more than commonly falls to the lot of their oppressed and degraded situation.'

At the landing place of Natchez on the Mississippi are about thirty houses, the greater part of which are whiskey shops and gambling houses; and in these, says our traveller, 'there is a degree of *open* profligacy, which I had not before witnessed in the United States.' Here too he observed fourteen large vessels called '*flats*,' full of *coloured* people, particularly females, whom he concluded to be emigrants in search of a settlement. On a closer examination, however, these vessels proved to be freighted with human beings for sale, who had been collected in the several States by slave dealers, and shipped from 'the warm and generous' soil of Kentucky for a market.

Natchez is so very unhealthy, that one fourth part of the population had been entombed in the church-yard, in the course of five weeks; yet an inhabitant of that town was about to challenge a stranger, for 'daring to say that *his* city was sickly—to be sure (he added) five hundred people *have* died in a short time, but men do not live for ever, even among the Yankies. (New Englanders) —I say, Sir, that there is not a more healthy place in the world than Natchez.' p. 273.

New Orleans is described as being in a most flourishing state, in consequence, as Mr. Fearon supposes, of a free and unshackled trade. 'The general manners and habits are, however, very relaxed. The first day of my residence here (he says) was *Sunday*, and I was not a little *surprised* to find in the United States the markets, shops, theatre, circus, and public ball-rooms open. Gambling-houses *throng* the city: all coffee-houses, together with the exchange, are occupied from morning until night by gamesters.'—p. 276. Sunday seems to be considerately reserved for the more elegant sports. We know not that we can furnish a better specimen of the taste for public amusement than the following seductive advertisement. It is somewhat 'akin to *gander-pulling*,' and we cannot therefore wonder that the polished and humane Kentuckians, when they arrive at this place, are, as Mr. Fearon says, at

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at the height of their glory, 'finding neither limit to, nor punishment of their excesses.'

'"EXTRAORDINARY EXHIBITION.

"On SUNDAY the 9th inst. will be represented in the place where Fire-works are generally exhibited, near the Circus, an extraordinary fight of *Furious Animals.* The place where the animals will fight is a rotunda of 160 feet in circumference, with a railing of 17 feet in height, and a circular gallery well conditioned and strong, inspected by the Mayor and surveyors by him appointed.

"1st *Fight*—A strong Attakapas Bull, attacked and subdued by six of the strongest dogs of the country.

"2d *Fight*—Six Bull-dogs against a Canadian Bear.

"3d *Fight*—A beautiful Tiger against a black Bear.

"4th *Fight*—Twelve dogs against a strong and furious Opeloussas Bull.

"If the Tiger is not vanquished in the fight with the Bear, he will be sent alone against the last Bull, and if the latter conquers all his enemies, several pieces of fire-works will be placed on his back, which *will produce a very entertaining amusement.*

"In the Circus will be placed two Manakins, which, notwithstanding the efforts of the Bulls, to throw them down, will always rise again, whereby *the animals will get furious.*

"Admittance, grown persons one dollar; *children*, half-price."'—p. 277.

When we add, that Mr. Fearon witnessed *gratis*, from the window of his hotel, a conflict of more *furious* brutes, than those of the hand-bill, in which he supposed one of the parties to be *dirked;* and that he assures us 'these things are of every-day occurrence,' we shall be thought to have said enough of New Orleans. Our traveller concludes his remarks on it in a very Christian-like manner. 'Notwithstanding what has been said, to all men whose desire only is to be rich, and to live a short life but a *merry* one, I have no hesitation in recommending New Orleans.'—p. 281.

We find our traveller next at Washington: how he got there does not appear. Of this new capital of the United States, Alexandria, he says, may be considered as the port, Georgetown the residence of shopkeepers, and Washington the depôt for office-holders, *place-hunters,*' (again!) 'and keepers of boarding-houses—'none of whom would appear to be in possession of too much of this world's goods.' Mr. Fearon's account of it is as meagre and disjointed as the straggling city itself. He makes some amends, however, by subjoining the following lines from Moore:—

'In fancy now, beneath the twilight gloom,
Come, let me lead thee o'er this modern Rome,
Where tribunes rule, where dusky Davi bow,
And what was Goose Creek once is Tiber now.

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This fam'd metropolis, where fancy sees
Squares in morasses, obelisks in trees,
Which travelling fools and gazetteers adorn
With shrines unbuilt and heroes yet unborn;
Though nought but wood and ——— they see,
Where streets *should* run, and sages *ought* to be.'*

The inhabitants are described as being 'a century inferior to Boston, and half a century behind New York.' What engrosses the morning besides 'place-hunting,' we are not told, but 'conversation, tea, ice, music, chewing tobacco, and excessive spitting, it seems, afford employment for the evening.' 'At the chief tavern, most of the door-handles were broken; the floor of the coffee-room was strewed with bricks and mortar from the crumbling of the walls and ceiling; and the charges were as high as at the first hotel in London.' In Mr. Fearon's *lengthy* dissertation on the Congress, the lawyers, the judges, the caucus,† &c. there appears to be little or nothing that could give pleasure to his employers, unless they found satisfaction in hearing that the worst degree of corruption which the inventive malice of the worst jacobin ever charged on the government of this country, is more than realized in the very citadel of pure republicanism, the focus of American virtue!

At Washington our traveller found a 'Mr. Hulme, a Lancashire cotton-bleacher,' and a great friend of Mr. Cobbett, who had just emigrated, '*self-banished*,' perhaps, like his worthy precursor.‡ The purport of this honest gentleman's visit was to induce the congress to *lay double duties on all British goods.* (p. 295.) and it speaks volumes in favour of the disinterested love of li-

* Epistle from Washington.

† This *Caucus* mightily puzzles our traveller. He may find an illustration and example of it in that Committee, which, after dragging 'England's Pride and Westminster's Glory,' at an enormous expense, through all the mire of Tothill Fields, into the *House over the way*, has the modesty (like Mr. Fearon's transatlantic friends) to talk of the *purity* of election!

‡ Since this was written, Mr. Hulme has obligingly furnished us with his history. It appears to be drawn up by Cobbett, for Hulme himself is said to be totally illiterate. He was brought up (he tells us) to farming-work, apprenticed at fourteen to a bleacher; set up for himself at a village near Lancaster, employed 180 people, and acquired considerable property. This he determined to remove out of the reach of those from whom it had been gained, and, therefore, emigrated with it to America, having first tried a variety of plans to bring about a revolution, or, in his own phrase, to effect a reform. His last exhibition was in Palace Yard, 'I was one of the delegates, (he says) whom Sir F. Burdett so shamefully abandoned.'

Of all the unnatural vipers who have sucked the nutriment of their country, and then turned to sting her to death, this is the most rank and poisonous. His language is that of an infuriate demon: the foam gathers round his mouth at the mention of a priest, and curses and execrations pour in full tides from his lips whenever the name of England occurs to him. We bless Providence for having put it into the heart of such a wretch to exhale his venom elsewhere.

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berty which carried Mr. Fearon to America, that he declares, 'if he had been acquainted with this important object at an earlier period of his journey, he would have taken, individually, a very material concern in it.' He was now grown too familiar with the country, it seems, to expect any advantage from it.

The 'Seventh Report' contains only two pages of description, and they are dedicated to Baltimore—a city which we are told, and, we believe, truly, 'occupies the foremost rank in deadly animosity towards England.' We are not surprized at this; for the inhabitants are not merely democrats, but furious Jacobins. A spirit of hostility towards England, however, is but too prevalent throughout the United States,—a spirit which is industriously kept up by the Cobbetts, the Emmetts, the M'Nevins, the 'Shamrock Society,' and, above all, by the editors of newspapers, who are generally Scotch or Irish rebels, or felons who have defrauded the gallows of its due. That hatred, however, would seem most unreasonable on the part of the native Americans, since their ancestors owed every thing valuable among them to the parent state. It was with English capital, and under the immediate auspices and protection of England, that the wild and desert woods and swamps of North America were first reclaimed. Their first implements, their first machines, their first cattle, their fruits and grain, were all derived from England; their children grew up in prosperity, maintained and fostered by a liberal and indulgent parent, who saw, with heartfelt satisfaction, her offspring increase in strength and stature, and advance with firm and rapid steps towards maturity—this is what Mr. Fearon is not ashamed to call the *tyranny* of the mother-country. It is not therefore to the declaration of Independence (as he appears to think) that the present flourishing condition of the United States is to be attributed. They flourished and were happy while English colonies; they have continued to flourish since their separation, and, we may add, in proportion to their adherence to their original institutions, and to their connection with that nation to which they owe their birth.

Mr. Fearon's excursion terminates at this point; and it is not a little tantalizing for those who have accompanied him through the whole of his travels, and witnessed the greediness with which he seized upon every opportunity of traducing the character and conduct of our best and bravest officers, to be carelessly told, just as he is about to return to England, that he really knew little or nothing about them. 'My knowledge,' he says, 'of the details of the war was *extremely limited* when I first landed in America.'—p. 374. Had this ignorance operated to check the flippancy of his censure, it would have been no disparagement of his modesty.—He now, however, 'investigates the facts,' and learns

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learns, for the first time, (what every child in this country could have taught him before he left home,) 'that the American ships were not only larger and stronger than those opposed to them, but that they were fought, in a great measure, by British subjects.'*—p. 375.

The Eighth and last Report is chiefly occupied with criticisms on 'Birkbeck's Letters from Illinois,' and winds up with an opinion as to the description of British subjects who might be benefited by an exchange of country. The first class on his list are '*the extreme poor*,' who, he says, 'instead of depending for subsistence upon charity soup, occasional parochial relief, and bowing with slavish submission to the tyrant of the poor-house,' would here have 'meat at least seven times in the week, and know no one who could make them afraid.' And this he writes from a city in which (as we learn from Mr. Bristed, p. 9.) *one-seventh part* of the population had subsisted on *charity* soup and *private benevolence* during the whole of the preceding winter! And this he writes too, with the perfect assurance that the 'extreme poor' who are thus 'to relieve themselves from slavery,' and 'to know no one who can make them afraid,' have no means of benefitting by an exchange of country, but by selling themselves to some brutal captain of a slave-ship, who will sell them in his turn to some more brutal planter, to flog for exercise or amusement.

His second class of persons, who might emigrate with probable advantage, are mechanics in branches of the first necessity; who, by prudence and economy, 'would advance their pecuniary interests though they might not enlarge their mental sphere of enjoyments.' To these he thinks he may add the small farmer, though he warns him to be prepared against very many privations. Alas! not a few 'small farmers' have already been induced to try their fortunes in the woods and swamps of the new Eden, but soon found, to their cost, that they did not, to use Mr. George Flower's phrase, 'transplant well'! As to farmers with a small capital of two or three thousand pounds or upwards, whom Mr. Birkbeck attempted to seduce as the most likely customers to purchase lots of his delightful *prairie*, we have their pleasing prospects depicted, and faithfully we doubt not, by a man to whom the very name of England is poison. 'For an English farmer, (says Cobbett in his 'Letter to Birkbeck†,') and more especially an

* See the accurate work of Mr. James on the Naval Transactions of the late war with America.

† We were not quite correct, it seems, in ascribing Mr. Birkbeck's throwing up his farm, and railing at the government, to the raising of his rent, and the fall of prices. He had no such plea, it appears, for his angry invective, having sold the remainder of his lease for £2000. His spleen, however, like his 'downward movements' from a car-

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an English farmer's wife, after crossing the sea, and travelling to the Illinois with the consciousness of having expended a third of their substance to purchase, as yet, nothing but sufferings; for such persons to boil their pot in the gypsy-fashion, to have a mere board to eat on, to drink whiskey or pure water, to sit and sleep under a shed far inferior to their English cow-pens, to have a mill at twenty miles distance, an apothecary's shop at a hundred, and a doctor no where; these, my dear Sir,' he affectionately exclaims, 'are not, to such people, "every-day evils of life."'

'The man of small fortune, who cares little about politics, to whom the *comforts* of England are perhaps in some degree essential, but who wishes to curtail his expenditure, would not act wisely by emigrating to America. Indeed, should such a man make the attempt, he would return as expeditiously as did a family who arrived at New York in the Pacific, on the 25th March, with the intention of continuing, but who took a passage back in the same vessel the following week;—they went to America in the cabin, they departed from it in the steerage.'* p. 447.

And how many thousands would follow their example, if, having expended their little all on a passage 'in the steerage,' they had not left themselves without the means of return! Mr. Fearon thus sums up the result of his observations.

'In going to America then, I would say generally, the emigrant must expect to find—not an economical or cleanly people; not a social or generous people; not a people of enlarged ideas; not a people of

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tinge to walking on foot, was not without a cause: not satisfied with the vast profits of so good a farm, he turned soap-boiler, by which he lost eight or ten thousand pounds. His landlord is said to have composed the following epigram on his fortune:—

'Had you ta'en less delight in political writing,
Nor to vain speculations given scope,
You'd have paid me my rent,
Your time better spent,
And besides—wash'd your hands of the *soap*——'

Soap-boiling is not the only speculation of friend Morris which has turned out ill. He appears to have tried to do something in *the female line*, and to have taken out a young lady with his family, as a venture. This fair creature, soon after their arrival at the Wabash, asserted her natural claim to liberty, and revolted to Mr. Flower, who, having left his wife in England, very considerately took her to his bed *ad interim*. Mr. Birkbeck was very unaccountably nettled at this arrangement; and the friends now glare at each other across the swamp like two angry comets 'denouncing war and ruin.'

* This live-carriage, by the way, forms one of the most profitable branches of American commerce, and fully accounts for the zeal and profusion with which hand-bills containing 'Encouragement to Emigrants,' are printed and dispersed at every corner, together with lists of the publications of Sir Richard Philips and Dr. Senate. Mr. Fearon paid 'forty guineas for his passage (he was one of twenty) exclusive of wine, &c.' and the poor creatures 'in the steerage (of whom there were thirteen) twelve pounds each, and had to find themselves in every thing but water.'—p. 3. So that the Washington cleared, by passengers alone, in the homeward voyage, nearly a thousand pounds. A trifling *per centage* should probably be deducted from the amount for the agency of the Monthly Magazine, and one or two Sunday papers.

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liberal opinions, or towards whom you can express your thoughts "free as air;" not a people friendly to the advocates of liberty in Europe; not a people who understand liberty from investigation and from principle; not a people who comprehend the meaning of the words "honour" and "generosity." On the other hand, he will find a country possessed of the most *enlightened* civil and political advantages! a people reaping the full reward of their own labours, a people not paying tythes, and not subjected to heavy taxation without representation; a people with a small national debt; a people without spies and informers; a people without an enormous standing army.'—p. 441.

If this estimate be correct, why, it will naturally be asked, are not Mr. Fearon and the nine-and-thirty families who employed him, those 'men of upright and conscientious minds, to whose happiness civil and religious liberty is essential,' already in the country 'around which their most endeared political opinions are entwined'? Solely on the principle of loss and gain. If rent and clothing and provisions had been low, and wages and profits high, the 'friends of civil and religious liberty' would long ere this have taken their flight; but finding that their pecuniary condition would not thereby be improved, they have saving wisdom enough to remain in that country which their agent has vilified with no sparing hand.

The reader of Mr. Fearon's book cannot avoid being struck with the marked distinction uniformly drawn between the government and the people of America, the former of which is, on every occasion, most offensively bepraised at the expense of the latter, including even those who are in the immediate exercise of the functions of that government. We hear over and over again, that it is an *easy, cheap,* and *reasonable* government; and yet all the materials of it, all the members of the several departments of it, are accused of ignorance, vulgarity, brutality, and corruption. In one place the author is told, and believes, that almost every civil office in the state is 'bought and sold as commonly as the poor oppressed men of colour are in the neighbouring states, or as seats in the English House of Commons.' (p. 133.) He hears of 'jobs and peculations' at another (p. 15.); of bargaining for offices at a third (325.); and that the election of the President is a matter of 'juggle and intrigue.' Mr. Hulme (the friend of Cobbett) told him that the latter had declared that 'during the several years which he resided near the Treasury in London, he did not witness so much bribery, corruption, and place-hunting as he had seen in one week in Pennsylvania; and that the members of the legislature were engaged in little except smoking, drinking and gambling.' 'In all these opinions Mr. Hulme cordially

 joined'!

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joined'! (p. 298.); and Mr. Fearon himself tells us that 'he became acquainted with facts in Washington which no man could have induced him to believe without personal observation.' Yet, after all this, and more—after repeated declarations that every election in America, from the President downwards, is carried by bribery, corruption or intrigue,—by a strange perversity of intellect, he dares to put such practices in competition with the administration of justice in England, and to call the government of America an enlightened and *reasonable* government!

A word more as to this *cheapness*, of which Mr. Fearon so frequently reminds his readers, and by which he means, we suppose, if he has any meaning at all, the low salaries of the public functionaries, and the moderate rate of taxation: they get a President, for instance, he says, at the rate of £5625 a year, which 'is found to procure able men, *who have really talent and mind at their own disposal.*' Indeed he has made the notable discovery that 'the *statesman* of America is perhaps of a superior race to those of Europe,'—none of your 'regularly trained' or 'family-born great men.' Of what materials then do these incomparable statesmen consist? for there is not a class of citizens throughout the United States that Mr. Fearon has spared—the answer is, of *lawyers*, the class which of all others he has loaded with the greatest share of his vituperation.

We doubt not that in England, as well as in America, we might have lawyers equally cheap. We might engage the splendid talents of Dr. Watson, for the foreign, and his learned colleague, Mr. Preston, for the home department, on still easier terms; and we might perhaps hire a sovereign, who would not scruple to ride down to the Parliament-house, booted and spurred; and hang the bridle of his horse on the railing, while he delivered his speech from the throne. But what would the nation gain by this? Would she sustain a more dignified character abroad? or would her safety, honour, and welfare be increased at home? Would the Russells, the Cavendishes, and the other great nobles and proprietors of the land,—would the manufacturer, the shop-keeper, and the mechanic consider their lives, their liberties, and their property more secure under a government thus *cheaply* administered, than, as it now stands, at an expense probably to each individual of about tenpence a year? 'To mete out a meagre subsistence to the public servants of a country,' Mr. Bristed says, 'and to calculate, to a single dollar, the exact amount of bodily and mental labour, for which a given salary is to be equivalent, is a theoretic illusion and a practical evil: in consequence of this marvellous improvement in the system of political economy, there

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there is *not* a sufficient stipend allowed to any American public officer, whether executive, or judicial, or ministerial, or naval, or military, to enable him to support the decent exterior of a gentleman.' And a very sensible writer, 'The Federalist,' in his answer to a scurrilous publication by an Irishman of the name of Carey, justly observes that 'when the government of a country falls into the hands of demagogues and partizans, and men of low habits, loose principles and depraved understandings, as well as hearts, gain influence and ascendency; the public taste becomes vitiated, the public morals contaminated, the public welfare entirely disregarded, and individual interest, and individual agrandizement, the only objects of the governmental solicitude.'

We more than suspect that this cheap government of the United States is, after all, of as little advantage to the individuals of the community, as to the national honor and national welfare: where indeed is the national advantage of a *cheap* government, the members of which can help themselves to what they please? or the individual benefit where every thing else is dear? If (as Mr. Fearon assures us) 150 per cent. is paid for lodging more than in England, and nearly as much for all the necessaries of life—if a coat costs eight guineas, a great coat eleven, a pair of indifferent boots from forty to fifty shillings, a pair of shoes half as much, and a hat forty shillings, what is saved by 'a cheap government,' and 'moderate taxation'? May we not conclude that Mr. Fearon was correctly told that 'the Americans, in proportion to their means, were more heavily taxed than the people of England'?—p. 64. And might he not have discovered this, without being told, from his own experience? 'I was astonished,' (he says) 'at the numerous lots of land, which are sold at auction in *all* the States for *non-payment* of taxes. I have seen lists in the newspapers, and at the taverns, which could not contain less *in each, than fourteen hundred names of defaulters,* whose property was to be transferred to the highest bidder:'—'and the last published lists of *insolvents* in New York alone contained upwards of four hundred names.'—p. 209.

We here close our strictures. Before, however, we dismiss the subject, we must beg our readers to recollect that the views of America which have been presented to them in the present Number, were not taken by unfriendly hands, or by persons prejudiced, however lightly, in favour of this country. Mr. Bristed, whose work we first examined, is an Englishman, it is true, but, one that has neither part nor portion among us; he is, in fact, an enthusiast for the glory of the United States, which he founds on the ruin of Great Britain, an event that he appears to contemplate with

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sufficient complacency. Mr. Fearon, the author before us, is possessed with a kind of *patriophobia*, an instinctive dread of all the institutions, civil and religious, of his native land, and fierce and vehement against his sovereign, 'and all who are put in authority under him.' It is evident, therefore, that whatever deductions may be called for on the score of partiality, will take nothing from the hideousness of the picture.

We could have wished to part with Mr. Fearon on better terms. Cobbett calls him '*a young chap*;'—(this, by the way, ill agrees with his '*old friendship for his Majesty*,')—there might, therefore, be some chance of his improvement, were it not that his prejudices, which all point one way, are rooted in the profoundest ignorance. One valuable quality, indeed, Mr. Fearon possesses, and it is this which, in despite of numerous defects, renders his book one of the most interesting and amusing that ever came before us. He is a lover of truth, and, so far as he discerns it, is ready to set it forth. We cannot recollect an instance, during the whole of our progress through his voluminous work, in which a suspicion of his veracity as to what he saw and heard crossed our minds.

Amusement, however, is not all that these 'Sketches' supply; they are pregnant with information of the most valuable kind to every one who meditates a removal to America. The author wished, he says—he even laboured 'to *force* himself to speak favourably' of what he saw in that country; but his sincerity overpowered his prejudices, and he perpetually bewails the ungrateful truths which the monitions of conscience will not allow him to suppress.—Our readers have seen children anxiously watching the successive extinction of sparks in a sheet of burnt paper. This infant play is the serious employment of Mr. Fearon: he has placed before his fancy the plane of the United States more thickly studded with moral and political virtues than the galaxy with stars; and the fretful disquietude, the terror with which he witnesses the disappearance of every luminary, in succession, as his eye is directed to it, forms not the least entertaining part of his adventures.

He is evidently a man of very limited faculties. He cannot compare, nor reason from what he sees to what is immediately connected with it. To enable him to judge, every object must pass, individually, before him. When one ridiculous prejudice has been subdued by personal conviction, he never appears to entertain the slightest suspicion that he can possibly be the dupe of another; nor to abate one jot of confidence in his own sagacity. Hence he is in a state of perpetual childhood. His total want of knowledge is sufficiently apparent; and his principles (which,

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(which, as we have already said, are those of the Black Dwarf and the Examiner) are elucidated by every line of his correspondence. If he were not too vain for advice, a salutary lesson might be pointed out to him in the effects of his own excursion. His violent prejudices in favour of America, he confesses, have been shaken or removed. May it not be worth his while to consider, whether those more violent ones which he entertains against his own Country have a more sure foundation than the former?—Whether, if he would look for information from other sources than those to which he has so unhappily for his credit confined his studies, there might not be a chance of his discovering that neither civil nor religious liberty was so abridged in this country as to force a conscientious person to flee for a fuller enjoyment of them to a land of misrule and impiety? *Truth is mighty,* and will force a way through stronger obstacles than Mr. Fearon is ever likely to oppose to it. We cannot give a more striking proof of our assertion than the following passage, which, while it appositely closes our remarks, will come doubly recommended to our author when he hears that it is extracted from the last work of that 'celebrated man' to whose political wisdom he bows with admiration.

'ENGLAND has been very happy and free; her greatness and renown have been surpassed by those of no nation in the world; her *wise, just, and merciful laws* form the basis of that freedom which we here enjoy; she has been fertile beyond all rivalship in men of learning, and men devoted to the cause of freedom and humanity; her people, though proud and domineering, yield to no people in the world in frankness, good faith, sincerity and benevolence: and I cannot but know, that this state of things has existed, and that this people has been formed, under a government of KING, LORDS, and COMMONS.'

ART. VIII. *Church-of-Englandism and its Catechism examined; preceded by Strictures on the Exclusionary System, as pursued in the National Society's Schools: interspersed with parallel views of the English and Scottish Established and Non-established Churches: and concluding with Remedies Proposed for Abuses Indicated: and an Examination of the Parliamentary System of Church Reform lately pursued, and still pursuing: including the proposed New Churches.* By Jeremy Bentham, Esq. Bencher of Lincoln's-inn, and late of Queen's-college, Oxford, M. A.

FEW persons have derived more advantage from the choice of an almost open subject than Mr. Bentham. Before him scarcely any

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any one had aspired to write methodically on legislation, and by treating it systematically to raise it to the rank of a science. The works of Montesquieu and Beccaria, replete as they are with the profoundest original thinking, and deep insight into the frame of human society, are, in fact, only collections of discursive and unconnected essays; and though they furnish a rich mine of materials for such an undertaking, yet they do not aim at a complete elucidation of those principles on which political institutions are founded, and on which all legislative enactments should proceed. Mr. Bentham, however, made this attempt, and being possessed of unwearied industry, considerable ingenuity, and no small confidence in his own powers, he erected a system which was to comprize within its limits the whole of human nature, and to be applicable to every case that could arise upon the surface of the earth. There was something imposing in the vastness of the design, as well as in the bold pretensions of the *redacteur;* and as there existed no acknowledged standard with which to compare his principles, many of those who shunned the fatigue of thinking for themselves have been in the habit of looking to the *Traités de Législation,* and the *Théorie des Peines et des Récompenses* as the only depositories of the principles of human government.

But if these boasted works be examined, they will be found to contain very little to justify the opinion entertained of them by the author and his admirers. They are encumbered throughout with many tedious classifications, which, even when they are correct, are utterly unimportant, with mere verbal distinctions, and truisms laboriously demonstrated. Mr. Bentham's fondness for system, and his taste for subtle disputation, often decoy him from matters of real importance to frivolous refinements; and when a good thought occurs, he generally renders it ridiculous by overstretching it, and injudiciously applying it where it is not suitable.

Mr. Bentham has also some other defects, which preclude him from being very useful in the department which he has chosen. He has not that knowledge of human nature, or that sympathy with it, on which moral philosophy must be founded. He is, as he tells us, 'a recluse, who forms no part of society,' one who lives 'as if he were immured in a cell;' and thus separated from his fellow-creatures, he is not conscious of, and cannot comprehend many of the feelings that reside in the human heart. Judging of mankind only from books, and from his own systems, he has formed a very low, and a very erroneous opinion of it. He seems to have hardly any conception of disinterested virtue, but refers every action to sordid self-interest, or to some other equally gross and palpable motive, and rejecting all those that are less obvious, and more difficult to be

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be weighed, he fancies that the conduct of a man may be reduced to calculation like the movement of a machine. Measuring morality by utility, and the utility of every thing by the quantity of pleasure, which, according to his own estimate, it produces, he thinks he can discriminate to a nicety the shades of right and wrong. And when he is thus led to results directly contrary to universal feeling, he is not induced to entertain any doubts of the perfection of the process by which he has arrived at them, but without hesitation announces that he alone is right, and that the moral feelings of the rest of mankind are perverted.

The restless ambition of Mr. Bentham has prompted him to attempt, in succession, to become the governor of a prison, the enlightener of the world, the legislator of despotic Russia, of republican America, and lastly the head of a chrestomathic school. In these very various pursuits he has met with several repulses. No nation has yet trusted its guidance to him; and though he has been most liberal of his offers, and hawked his wares about wherever there was any chance of a market, he has not yet had an order for a single code of laws. The English government has not persevered in his prison-scheme; and the pecuniary recompense, which he received for his services in that department, was but scanty compared to the golden hopes in which he once indulged. These mortifications, particularly the last, have apparently thrown a misanthropical gloom over his temper, and hurried him from general speculations to smaller matters, and to attacks on individual persons and institutions. He has found that to teach abstract principles alone, has not been sufficient to remove all the evil that unfortunately exists in the world. It is necessary to furnish also a practical comment; he has therefore descended to particulars, and has lately employed himself in the publication of works having for their immediate object the thorough reform of the civil and religious establishments of his own country. Its government and its systems of education he has already treated of, and in the present volume he gives us his ideas of its national church.

The work opens with a short correspondence commenced by our author with Mr. W. Smith, on the subject of a bill, which that gentleman brought into Parliament a few years ago, to relieve Unitarian dissenters from some antiquated and unexecuted penal statutes. This useless though harmless measure, it will be remembered, ultimately passed into a law: but, it seems, from Mr. Smith's statement that, during the discussion of it in the Upper House, some objections were taken by the Lord Chancellor and the Lord Chief Justice to the form in which it was first introduced. At their suggestion it was negatived, and a new bill to the same effect with some

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some formal difference was prepared, and received the sanction of the legislature is the same session. Mr. Bentham, who was in search for some criminating matter, is rather disappointed that no marks of bigotry or intolerance could be found in the conduct of the Archbishop of Canterbury throughout the transaction; but so explicit is Mr. Smith's declaration of the 'uniform frankness and liberality' of his Grace, that our author, notwithstanding all his ingenuity in the detection of latent bad motives, is not able to impeach it. He consoles himself, however, by indulging his vituperative propensities upon the two learned lords who effected the alteration in the bill, and very philosophically conjectures that they threw out the first bill for the sake of some additional fees that might be payable on the introduction of the second. After thus displaying his knowledge of the 'springs of action,' he steps aside to mention Lord Ellenborough's act, 'by which, in the true Draco style, a bounty is given upon murder;' and to hint at the causes that make our statute law so voluminous and so bad. All legislation, he says, is done 'under the direction of those whose interest it is that it should be as badly done as possible. Uncognoscibility being the end, indistinctness, voluminousness, confusion, uncertainty, are so many means.' He next renews his attacks on his old enemy, 'sham law, commonly called common law,' and tries to convince his correspondent, that though he has removed the statutes so obnoxious to Socinians, he has still no security for the toleration of his religious tenets, that he is still kept 'in hot water,' and is likely to be persecuted, and 'ground to powder' by 'the piety of the common law.' 'Know you not, sir, in a word, that wheresoever common law reigns, security—whether it be for life, liberty, property, or any thing else—is an empty name?' If our author has not somewhat exaggerated the terrors of the law, it is surprising that he should have contrived to preserve his life from its ravages so long, and still more surprising that he should subject himself to it any longer than he can help.

Mr. Bentham now enters upon the consideration of the Church Catechism, which is here termed a 'sub-substitute for the Bible.' A great many pages are devoted to a particular discussion of its demerits. We shall not disgust our readers with any specimens of the wretched and impious sophistry with which its expressions and doctrines are criticized. The faults which Mr. Bentham has detected in it, he classes, with his usual regularity, under five general heads, and shews that, besides the minor offences of bad grammar and bad logic, this 'pestiferous compound' inculcates the practice of 'hypocrisy, lying, imposition, sin and vice in every other shape.' And he calls upon the 'rulers of the Church of England' to give it

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it up, and 'to cease acting in the character of suborners of juvenile mendacity.'

Unfortunately, however, our clergy have a strong attachment to this formulary, and insist upon teaching it in the schools over which they preside, partly, it seems, because they find it an able assistant in the propagation of insincerity, their darling vice, and partly because it is of service in the hostilities which our author has discovered they have long meditated and are now carrying on against the Bible. 'To keep the Bible as much as may be out of sight, is a policy, which, as far as circumstances have admitted, has ever been pursued in common, by Church of Romanism and Church of Englandism.'—p. 55.

'In the hands of *Lancaster*, with or without intention, the Bible, put into action by the instrument invented by Dr. Bell, worked as a battering-ram against the Established Church.—What was to be done? The Bible suited not the purposes of the Church of Rome: they forbade the use of it. As little did it or does it suit the purposes of the present rulers of the Church of England. What then was to be done?—Forbid the use of it they could not. What, in the same view, they could and did was—to teach, in the new way, the old thing which they found already in use—the Catechism:—the Catechism, which, having so long ago been taken in substance from the Church of Rome, was now seen to be so commodiously suited to those same purposes. The Bible was taught by Lancaster: the Church of England Catechism was not taught by him. Should the system of Lancaster spread, and become universal,—the Bible might prevail over the Catechism, and the Church of England might thus be brought to an end.—*Dr. Bell* was taken up,—and, with the Catechism in his hand, employed to defend the *Church* against the *Bible*.

'The war thus secretly carried on against the Bible, common prudence forbade to become an open one. Appearances required that some use should appear to be made of it. Selected and cooked up in the manner which was judged a proper one, the *Parables*, the *Miracles*, the *Discourses of Jesus*,—sooner or later, (for, in the accounts published, *times* are throughout kept, as will be seen, in a state of the most convenient darkness)—sooner or later, some of each, at any rate, were professed at least to be taught.—Taught—but how? Taught by being caused to be repeated? Oh, no: that was a privilege, reserved (as in Part I. § 4, as hath been seen) for compositions of superior worth and use: for the *Graces*, the *Collects*, the *Prayers*, the *Catechism*;—the Catechism "*entire and broken*"—of the Church of England. Under the impossibility of suppressing it altogether, the shortness of one short discourse—the Lord's Prayer, saved it from exclusion, so resolutely put upon every thing else that was ever said by him.'—pp. 55, 56.

Thus arose the National Society, intended by its patrons as a mode of attack on the Bible, and it appears that in this extraordinary

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nary warfare, the assailants had recourse to the most extraordinary means. From the first origin of this society Mr. Bentham, it seems, closely watched their 'nefarious' proceedings. From the first, several strange circumstances excited in his mind a suspicion 'that all was not right,' and that there was some concealed fraud at the bottom. Sometimes the dates of its meetings were not advertized, sometimes the place was omitted, the members present were not named, and, what is worst of all, the secretary most corruptly suppressed all but the initial letters of his Christian names, and signed himself T. T. Walmsley. This was strong evidence of guilt, and by a lengthened and minute examination of the various artifices, Mr. Bentham found that they who constitute this Society have all along been deceiving the public with 'a tissue of imposture, if not of absolute forgery;' that in order to magnify their importance, they have been in the habit of announcing fictitious meetings, held by 'imaginary persons,' committees without any 'tokens of existence,' and resolutions that were never passed except *in nubibus:* it is, in fact, 'a society of invisibles.'

Our author, however, carries his scepticism a little too far. Notwithstanding his doubts of the existence of this excellent association, it is certainly not altogether invisible. Its good effects are both seen and felt, and are widely diffused and every where acknowledged. We can assure Mr. Bentham of these facts, and to satisfy some of his other scruples we will tell him, we have been credibly informed that Mr. Walmsley is a person *in esse*, and that (whatever may have been his reasons for concealing them) he actually has two Christian names.

This Society is, we are told, intended as 'a job for the bishops,' and 'the intolerant part of the bishops and their adherents, being but too probably the major part of them, contrive in this way to enjoy the benefit of their wickedness, without standing exposed to the disgrace so justly due to it.' This disgrace they will now no longer escape; their wicked design of teaching religion, that 'sanctified and so well elaborated production of the modern den of Cacus,' is detected; they must now blush, if they can, at the exposure of their 'self-conscious improbity,' and submit to the 'due humiliation' with which they are here threatened.

Having disposed of the subordinate and less important subjects of the Catechism and the National Society, our author enters at large on the consideration of the church, its various 'abominations' and 'antichristian practices.' We cannot follow him through all his lamentations over the many virtues that are sacrificed to the 'Moloch of the Church of England,' and the divisions and subdivisions of the twenty-five vices (for that is the exact number) which render it

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it 'adverse to the joint interests of piety, morality, and economy.' Many of the faults here attributed to it are such, as have often before been laid to its charge by its enemies; but Mr. Bentham must certainly be allowed the merit of having enlarged the catalogue. He is clearly original when he says that 'neglect of duty, wilful, constant, predetermined neglect of duty, and with it obtainment of money on false pretences, is sanctioned and established by the legislature.' We have often heard complaints of 'extravagantly paid benefices,' but our author is the first who has pointed out the very alarming consequences of those occasional dues which he emphatically terms 'the fornication-compelling, and birth and death embittering surplice-fees.' He has wandered a good way, even from his own former notions, in quest of accusations against our Rome-begotten and Rome-resembling church. He used to think that the many crimes committed in this country were owing to the ill construction of our laws, and at the time when he offered to convert rogues into honest men by contract, he flattered himself that with a system of laws framed according to his own views, and a panopticon of proper dimensions, the national morals might have been regenerated. But even attachment to his own speculations has yielded to enmity to the establishment, and we now learn that it is to 'the crime-producing virtue' of Church-of-Englandism that we are indebted for every moral disorder. 'Where would penal colonies, hulks or jails, find inhabitants, but for the Church of England?' Thus the good that is done by the prisons is undone by the churches, and unless the latter be abolished the former will always overflow. Even the errors and superstitions of a rival creed the clergy are to answer for. What interest they can have in the support of popery is not very obvious; but according to Mr. Bentham they degrade the understandings of the lower Irish to render them incapable of perceiving the abuses of the protestant establishment, and on this subtle calculation of remote advantage they perversely assist in keeping up the authority of his holiness. 'Yes; it is *for* Church-of-Englandism, as well as *by* Church-of-Englandism, that Catholicism and Popery are kept on foot in Ireland.'

Under the system here delineated, the unfortunate laity are, it seems, 'excellently well fleeced and squeezed, and no less excellently gulled and duped.' He rather grieves at the patience with which they submit to such exactions. 'But so long as people will continue to lie with their heads in a bush, to be thus vexed and pillaged, where is the imposture, where even the violence that will be grudged?'

The spectacle of his unhappy countrymen, suffering under this load of misery does not oppress the spirits of Mr. Bentham; on the

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the contrary he seems rather to enjoy it, and cries out in sportive triumph—

'There stands Excellent Church. Behold her in *puris naturalibus*. These are among her *vices*. More, at any time, if wanted. Enquire, as above, of the Diocesan Secretary. Who shall make up the *per contrà* side of her account? Who shall make out the list of her *Excellencies*?—Come forward, *Dean Kipling*;—Come forward, *Dean Andrews*;—Come forward, *Bishop Burgess*;—Come forward, *Bishop Marsh*;—Come forward, *Bishop Howley*;—Come forward, *Archbishop Sutton*;—"Defenders of the Faith and so forth."—Come forward, Legion,—Saints of all sorts and sizes, buttoned up into unity in the waistcoat of *the Quarterly Review*.'—pp. 377.

Such is the classic wit with which our author can enliven a dreary prospect! and this is not the only instance in which he has deigned to make merry with his opponents, and to employ the weapons of gay irony and delicate sarcasm. To ourselves he has been throughout particularly attentive, and besides the honourable mention made of us in the above passage, he proposes to dignify us (perhaps rather prematurely) with the honour of canonization, and jocularly designates us by the title of St. Quarterly Review. It is gratifying to observe that profound philosophical reflection is not incompatible with sprightly elegance, and that our author's application to severer studies has not dimmed the brilliancy of his fancy.

After having given so melancholy a view of the present system, we hasten to reverse the picture, and to show how complete is the alteration proposed by the author. He does not approve of half-measures, and accordingly the catalogue of what is to be abolished is tolerably extensive. It includes, besides 'all recorded declarations of belief concerning doctrine,' all dignities and all offices in the church, (except that of parish clerk,) and all without exception in the universities. College fellowships are to be given to half-pay officers, and the colleges themselves to be converted into invalid barracks. The performance of divine service, which for some reason or other is still to be continued, is to be committed to the clerk, or to a parish boy, to be taught reading for the purpose, and to receive a small stipend out of the poors-rates. The advantages which this plan offers in point of economy are obvious, and the improvement in discipline will probably be equal; for if the young preacher should be guilty of any irregularity, his congregation are to correct his negligence, or 'boyish malice,' by proper rebuke, or if necessary a proportionate application of the rod.

These are Mr. Bentham's views of the dignity of the clerical profession, and the remarks which he has incidentally let fall on that of the law, indicate it to be no better, and to stand in need of some

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some similar reform. He seems to think that the 'man of law,' the 'veteran and wily lawyer,' is a character as detrimental to society as the 'lawyer-tutored priest,' and that it is a generous rivalry in the arts of fiction that endears these two professions to one another.

'Fraud, under the name of *fiction*, being the grand instrument of his power—fraud upon the legislature—fraud upon the people—fraud on every occasion—is dear to the man of law; dear to him—primarily for the sake of that same power, secondarily, and by force of habit, for its own sake. Fraud, in every licensed shape in which he has a part in the management of it—(and in what licensed shape has he not a part in the management of it?) it is his interest that to the eye of the public it should be as familiar as possible Familiar?—Why? even that by familiarity the deformity of it may, as nearly as possible, be rendered imperceptible. Never *without* fraud will the man of law do any thing which he can contrive to do *by* or *with* fraud. Bad things he does by fraud, because he could not do them otherwise: good things, when they *must* be done, he chooses to do by fraud,—that by the goodness of the *effect* the blindness of the public may be deluded into a belief of the goodness of the *instrument*. And whether he is or is not conscious of them (for—no fees being to be got by the perusal of it—his own mind is an object too frightful for the man of law to be fond of looking into) whether he is or is not conscious of them—in the *fictions*, alias the *frauds*, with which the Catechism will be seen to swarm, may be seen the cause of the fondness with which it is hugged, not only by the established priest, but by his confederate, the man of law. The Liturgy, with its Catechism and its Altar, have they not become stepping-stones not only to spiritual but to temporal benches? From interpreting, in the Church-of-England mode, according to the rules that will be seen, the Oracles of God, the half-bigot, half-hypocrite comes to interpret, according to the same rules, the oracles of the grim Idol, to which, day by day, under the name of *Common Law*, so many lives and fortunes are sacrificed: the Idol manufactured by his predecessors on the same Bench, with the instrument with which Samson slew the Philistines.'—pp. 229, 230.

We commonly feel most warmly on those subjects that come most nearly home to us, and it is therefore not surprizing that, amidst a general hatred of the institutions of his country, Mr. Bentham's bitterest animosity should be directed against the university at which he was educated, and the profession of which he is a member. The object of the universities is, he tells us, to inculcate 'habits of insincerity,' and to teach 'perjury in perfection;' 'the end of law is uncognoscibility.' As Mr. Bentham does not deal in facts, we cannot speak to his veracity, and do not know how far he may have profited by the mendacious instructions of his college tutors; but his work certainly exhibits symptoms of uncognoscibility as strong, at least, as those in any legal composition.

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tion. The art of protecting his ideas from penetration by involving them in obscurity, he possesses to an unusual extent. This, and his taste for quibbling, Mr. Bentham may perhaps have learnt from his former professional pursuits, and if such be the case his anger against the law is not disproportionate to the injury it has done him.

It is in tracing human actions to their motives, and to the hidden feelings which give rise to them, that the power and discernment of a moral philosopher display themselves the most. Mr. Bentham very adequately performs this part of the character. He points out the objects with a view to which every measure has been taken, and leaves nothing uncertain as to the secret or open designs of his opponents. His ideas, as we have already seen, are by no means favourable to their moral integrity. To the Bishop of London he is indeed more charitable than to any other person who has the ill-luck to be mentioned in this volume. The conduct of that Right Reverend prelate arises, it is hinted, from the misfortune of insanity, if that can be called a misfortune which shelters him from accountability for the guilt here laid to his charge. This instance of exemption is however solitary, and almost all the other persons and classes of persons mentioned or alluded to, are accused of the worst of actions, and those actions are traced to some low and degrading origin; to cool calculating selfishness, or to 'interest-begotten prejudice.'

Mr. Bentham's 'laudatory' remarks are very rare, and he seldom uses terms of approbation, except to apply them ironically to his enemies. But in the language of vulgar scurrility, his vocabulary is copious and original, and all the terms of abuse that he can find or invent are profusely distributed on whatever is within his reach. In his indiscriminate railing, it is impossible to recognize any marks of the conviction of a liberal philosophy, or the warmth of a generous enthusiasm for theoretical perfection. If he were led away by too high a conception of the dignity of our nature, or by an overstrained zeal for the happiness of mankind, we might excuse indignation flowing from such a source, and pardon intemperate expressions of it; but his invective evidently arises from wounded vanity, and from the hatred which he nourishes against all whom he looks upon as obstacles to any of his plans: It probably never occurred to him to doubt the infallibility of his reasonings, or the certainty of his conclusions; and not being charitable enough to make allowances for the weaker understandings of others, he thinks that, but for their own selfish views, all would acknowledge the truth of his doctrines. He therefore denounces as hypocrites all who are not his converts, and apparently feels towards them as if they were his enemies. No accusation is too improbable,

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ble, no insinuation too calumnious to be propagated against them. The deep-rooted malignity exhibited in this volume must render it disgusting to every person whose mind contains the smallest portion of candour.

Mr. Bentham's friends may perhaps offer for his present publication the excuse which he so kindly proposed for the Bishop of London; but we are inclined to think, that in giving to the world these angry effusions, he has acted only upon the principles of his own peculiar philosophy. In the Traités de Législation our author has classed under nine heads the different kinds of pleasure of which man is susceptible; amongst these a place is given to the *pleasures of malevolence.* The work before us is a practical exemplification of this amiable feature in his ethical system. If any man doubted before the existence of these pleasures, if any were ignorant of their extent, and of the length to which they may lead their votary, let him read 'Church-of-Englandism,' and he will be convinced that they cannot have been overrated.

It is fortunate that this book (as we have said) is not at all attractive; it is too obscure to be generally understood, and too ridiculous to be admired; and however mischievous the intention, the tendency will be very innoxious. Of its worst part, the indecent levity with which all that is sacred is treated in it, we have not spoken. These offences must be answered for at a higher tribunal; but we would seriously recommend it to the author to consider, whether the decline of life cannot be better spent than in captiously cavilling at the doctrines of religion, and in profane ridicule of its most holy rites?

ART. IX.—1. *The Travels of Marco Polo, a Venetian, in the Thirteenth Century; being a Description by that early Traveller of remarkable places and things, in the Eastern parts of the World. Translated from the Italian, with Notes,* by William Marsden, F. R. S. &c. with a Map. London. 1818.

2. *Di Marco Polo e degli alteri Viaggiatori Veneziani più illustri Dissertazioni del* P. Ab. D. Placido Zurla. Vol. i. in Venezia. 1818.

'IT might have been expected,' Mr. Marsden says, 'that in ages past, a less tardy progress would have been made in doing justice to the intrinsic merits of a work (whatever were its defects as a composition) that first conveyed to Europeans a distinct idea of the empire of China, and, by shewing its situation together with that of Japan (before entirely unknown) in respect to the great Eastern ocean, which was supposed to meet and form one body of water with the Atlantic, eventually led to the important discoveries

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of the Spaniards and Portugueze.' At length, however, we need not scruple to assert that ample justice has been done to the character and reputation of this early oriental traveller; and that the name of Marco Polo stands completely rescued from that unmerited reproach which, in an age of ignorance, was wantonly heaped upon it, and which five centuries have not been sufficient entirely to wipe away; at least, according to Mr. Marsden, who tells us there are still those 'who declare their want of faith, and make the character of Marco Polo the subject of their pleasantry.'—There may be such 'persons;' but we should be somewhat less tender of their cavils and scruples than Mr. Marsden, and manifest very little of that consideration which he has vouchsafed to shew them, by undertaking his 'translation and commentary,' as he tells us, 'with the view of removing from such *candid and reflecting minds* any doubts of the honest spirit in which the original was composed.'

For ourselves we can safely say that, on every occasion where we have found it necessary to refer to Marco Polo, either for the corroboration of some fact, or to trace back the progressive geography of Asiatic countries, we never found cause to call in question the fidelity and veracity of this early traveller; on whom, perhaps not quite appropriately, Malte-Brun has not hesitated to bestow the appellation of 'the creator of modern oriental geography—the Humboldt of the thirteenth century'—We say, not quite appropriately, because Carpin and Rubruquis preceded him into Tartary; and he has no claim either to science or philosophy, with both of which the modern traveller is so eminently gifted. He was however a man of observation, of sound judgment, and discretion; and, like the 'Father of History,' whom he most resembles, always careful to separate the knowledge acquired by his own experience from that which was communicated to him by others. Mr. Marsden, we think, has succeeded in removing every unfavourable impression; and we augur confidently that, from this time, the reputation of this noble Venetian will be considered as fully established, even by those on whom the translator has bestowed the unmerited compliment of composing so elaborate a work for their conviction.

It is not a little remarkable that, while Mr. Marsden was preparing his work in England, no less than three Italian publications on the life and travels of Marco Polo were in preparation in Italy—one by the Cavaliere Baldelli at Florence, another at Rome, and a third, the only one that has yet appeared, by the Abbate Placido Zurla, who had already published a short account of our traveller in a work brought out in numbers at Milan, under the name of *Vite e Ritratti d'Illustri Italiani*, in which was given a pretended portrait of Marco Polo, but which is proved by Mr. Marsden to be altogether fictitious.

Judging

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Judging from the scanty additional materials interspersed in Zurla's work, we are not led to form any very high expectation of the other two which are to follow; few if any new lights, we fear, are likely to be produced from the hidden stores of Italy. The plan of Zurla is radically defective; he has not only analyzed but absolutely anatomized his author—cut and hacked him into fragments, and mixed them up with so many extraneous scraps of his own, that even if Marco Polo himself were to rise from the dead he could not possibly recognise his own work—in short, it is no longer the travels of Marco Polo, but a collection of dissertations on the geography, natural history, customs, &c. of Eastern Tartary and China, preceded by a biographical notice of the author and his family.

Mr. Marsden has adopted a very different, and, in our opinion, a much more judicious plan in the conduct of his work: by preserving the author's narrative entire, he has exhibited Marco Polo in his true shape and proportion, unchanged in all respects, except that of his English dress. We were indeed persuaded, before we opened the volume, that no one was so well qualified to do justice to the merits of the illustrious traveller, as the learned and accurate historian of Sumatra. His residence on that island, which is largely spoken of by Marco Polo under the name of Java Minor, first gave him, he says, occasion to examine the narrative relating to it; 'and it has since,' he adds, 'been my unceasing wish that the elucidation of its obscurities should engage the attention of some person competent to the task of preparing a new edition from the best existing materials, and of illustrating it with notes calculated to bring the matter of the text into comparison with the information contained in subsequent accounts of travels and other well authenticated writings.' This task, fortunately for the literary world, he has himself undertaken, and accomplished with that success which was to be expected from so able a writer. Gifted as he is with an extensive knowledge of the customs, character and languages of most of the nations of the east; acquainted, from long residence, with most of their productions; possessing a library well stored with oriental literature; and having ready access to the best collections that Great Britain affords;—with such advantages, superadded to a well regulated mind, and a sound and discriminating judgment, we had a right to anticipate a work of no ordinary merit, and we have not been disappointed. The Translation is as close as the idiom of the Italian and English languages would admit, without being obscure; and the 'Notes' will be found to contain a vast mass of information, partly derived from personal knowledge, and partly from the best authors who have written on the various subjects which are brought under view.

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In the choice of a text for his translation, Mr. Marsden was led to give the preference to the Italian version of Ramusio, who, indeed, of all compilers, may be considered as the most accurate. In the English language we had few editions of the work, and none that could be read with satisfaction. The first, by John Frampton, was printed by Ralph Newberry in 1579. Of this very rare book, entitled 'The most noble and famous Travels of Marcus Paulus, no less pleasant than profitable, &c.' Mr. Marsden observes, 'the style is remarkably rude, and the orthography of foreign names incorrect; but with regard to the matter of the text, it is by no means defective.' A second English version may be found in the 'Pilgrimes' of Samuel Purchas, in which, as usual, this industrious collector has taken great liberties with the text, and committed great mistakes. Yet this version, as Mr. Marsden observes, has served as the basis of that given by Dr. Campbell, in his edition of the collection of voyages and travels, first published by Harris in 1704; for the use of which work, he tells us, the language was modernized and polished, without any reference to the Italian or the Latin for correction; so that all the faults, excepting those of style, were suffered to remain, whilst some mistakes imputable to the modernizer have been superadded: such, for instance, as that in which it is said of a certain causeway in China, that 'on both sides are great *fences*,' instead of '*great fennes*' (fens), as it stands in Purchas; the word being '*palude*' in the Italian. Under these circumstances it will be readily conceded to Mr. Marsden that 'a new translation of Marco Polo's travels was wanting to the literature of our own country.'

The 'Notes' however are the most important part of the volume; and the plan of placing them at the end of each section, from which they are respectively referred to by figures in a consecutive series, beginning with No. 1, and continued to No. 1495, is perhaps the most convenient for the reader that could have been adopted. Many are of considerable length, and each of them illustrates some point in the text. Of the 781 pages of which the volume consists, the notes occupy, we should suppose, not less than two-thirds.

With such a variety of matter before us, it would be idle to attempt any thing like an abstract, however abbreviated; and unfair to select any particular note as a specimen of the whole. We shall therefore confine ourselves, principally, to a brief sketch of the life and travels of this illustrious Venetian. A great part of the matter is furnished by the traveller himself; the rest is chiefly taken from Ramusio. We had hoped that the Abbate Zurla, his countryman, might have been able to supply some additional information from the several manuscript collections of ancient records which

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which are known to exist in the libraries of Italy, but this is not the case; and we fear, as we have already observed, that all the materials of any importance which relate to the Polo family are already before the public. The only advantage which this writer seems to have over Mr. Marsden is that of having apparently seen the manuscript chronicle of Frà Jacopo de Aqui, belonging to the Ambrosian library in Milan, which contains some account of the life of Marco Polo, but of which Mr. Marsden had no other knowledge than what is conveyed in a note of Amoretti, in his account of the voyage from the Atlantic to the Pacific by Cap. L. F. Maldonado, which note in fact contains all, or nearly all, that is mentioned by Zurla, personally relating to our traveller.

Andrea Polo de S. Felice, a patrician or nobleman of Venice, had three sons, Marco, Maffeo, and Nicolo, the last of whom was the father of our author. Being merchants of that wealthy and proud city, they embarked together on a trading voyage to Constantinople, where, as Mr. Marsden has shewn, they must have arrived in 1254 or 1255. Having disposed of their Italian merchandize, and learned that the western Tartars, after devastating many provinces of Asia and of Europe, had settled in the vicinity of the Wolga, built cities, and assumed the forms of a regular government, they made purchases of ornamental jewels, crossed the Euxine to a port in the Crimea, and, travelling from thence by land and water, reached at length the camp of Barkah, the brother or the son of Batu, grandson of the renowned Gengiskhan, whose places of residence were Sarai and Bolghar, well known to the geographers of the middle ages. This prince is highly praised by oriental writers for his urbanity and liberal disposition, and the traditional fame of his virtues is said still to exist in that quarter. The confidence which the Italians wisely shewed, by placing their valuable commodities in his hands, was repaid with princely munificence. They remained with him a whole year, when hostilities breaking out between their protector and his cousin Hulagu, the chief of another horde of Tartars, Barkah sustained a defeat, which compelled the European travellers to seek their safety in a circuitous route round the head of the Caspian, and through the deserts of Transoxiana, till they arrived at the great city of Bokhara.

It happened, during their residence here, that a Tartar nobleman, sent by Hulagu to his brother Kublai, made that city his halting-place. From motives of curiosity, he desired an interview with the Italians, with whose conversation he was so much pleased, that he invited them to the Emperor's court, with an assurance of their meeting a favourable reception, and an ample recompense for the trouble of their journey. The difficulties of their return homewards, on the one hand, and the spirit of enterprize, on the other,

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with the fair prospect of wealth, prompted a ready compliance; and recommending themselves to the Divine protection, they set out towards the farthest corners of the east; and after a journey of twelve months reached the imperial residence of Kublai. They were received most graciously by the Grand Khan, who was very inquisitive into the state of affairs in the western world, and so well satisfied with their answers, that he determined to send them back in safety to Italy, accompanied by one of his own officers, as his ambassador to the see of Rome, professedly with the view of prevailing on the Pope to supply him with preachers of the gospel, who might communicate religious instruction to the unenlightened people of his dominions; though Mr. Marsden supposes that political considerations might have been the predominant object. Their Tartar companion soon fell sick, and was left behind. But the imperial tablet was a safe passport; and at the expiration of three years they reached Giazza, or Ayas, in Lesser Armenia, and arrived at Acre in 1269.

Here they learned that Pope Clement IV. had died in the preceding year, and the legate on the spot advised them to take no further steps in the business of their embassy until the election of a new pope. They therefore made the best of their way to Venice, where Nicolo Polo found that his wife, whom he had left with child, was dead, after producing a son to whom she had given the name of Marco, out of respect for the memory of her husband's eldest brother, and who was now in his fifteenth or sixteenth year. 'Such,' says Mr. Marsden, 'were the circumstances under which the author of the "Travels" first makes his appearance.'

Two years having passed away without any election, in consequence of the factions that prevailed in the sacred college, the Venetian travellers resolved to return secretly to the legate in Palestine, and young Marco accompanied them. By his Eminence they were furnished with letters to the Tartar emperor; but just as they were on the eve of departure, advice was received at Acre of the choice of the cardinals having fallen upon the legate himself, M. Tebaldo di Piacenza, who assumed the name of Gregory X. Our travellers were now supplied with letters-papal in a more ample and dignified form, and dispatched with the Apostolic benediction, together with two friars of the order of Preachers, who were to be the bearers of the new pope's presents. On reaching Armenia, which they found in the hands of a foreign enemy, the two friars were so terrified by the apparent danger, that they declined proceeding farther, and resigning to the Polos the care of the presents from the Pope, returned to Acre.

Mr. Marsden traces without difficulty the route of our travellers into the country of Badakshan, where they remained twelve months,

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on account perhaps of Marco's illness, which, he tells us, was cured by removing his residence from the valley to the summit of an adjoining hill. They crossed the great ranges of mountains named in our maps Belut-tag and Muz-tag, and acquired a knowledge of Kashmir and other countries on the borders of India. They ascended the elevated and wild regions of Pamer and Belór, on their way to the city of Kashghar, belonging to the Grand Khan, and the usual resort of the caravans. From this place they proceeded to Khoten, and traversed the dreary desert of Lop or Kobi, in a tedious journey of thirty days, passed Tangut and Sifan, and came to Kan-cheu on the western extremity of the Chinese province of *Shen-si*. Remaining here for some time, to give notice, as usual, to the Grand Khan of their arrival, he commanded that they should be immediately forwarded to his presence, at his expense, and with the attentions usually shewn to foreign ambassadors.

Their reception was highly gratifying; the emperor commended their zeal, accepted the presents of the pope, and received with all due reverence a vessel of the holy oil from the sepulchre of our Lord, that had been brought from Jerusalem at his own desire, and which he concluded, from the value set upon it by Christians, possessed extraordinary properties. Observing young Marco, and learning that he was the son of Nicolo, he honoured him with his particular notice, took him under his protection, and gave him an appointment in his household. 'It is impossible,' Mr. Marsden observes, 'for those who have read the account of Lord Macartney's embassy not to be struck with the resemblance between this scene and that which passed at Gehol in 1793, when Sir George Staunton presented his son, the present Sir George Thomas Staunton, to the venerable *Kien-Long*.'

Young Marco soon became distinguished for his talents, and respected by the court. He adopted the manners of the country, and acquired a competent knowledge of the four languages most in use. He was employed by his sovereign in services of great importance in various parts of China, and even at the distance of six months' journey; he made notes of what he observed, for the information of the Grand Khan; and it is to these notes, undoubtedly, that we are indebted for the substance of that account of his travels which, after his return, he was induced to give to the world. Distinguished as he unquestionably was by marks of the royal favour, one instance of it only is recorded by him, and that incidentally and with great modesty. A newly appointed *Fu-yuen*, or governor, of Yang-cheu-foo, in the province of Kiang-nan, being unable to proceed to his charge, our young Venetian was sent to act as his deputy, and held the office during the usual

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period of three years. That his father and uncle were also partakers of the monarch's regard is evident from his subsequent unwillingness to be deprived of their services: for when seventeen years had elapsed, and the natural desire of revisiting their native land began to operate upon their minds, all their endeavours to prevail on the emperor to consent to their return were ineffectual, and even drew from him some expressions of reproach. 'If the motive of their projected journey,' he concluded with saying, 'was the pursuit of gain, he was ready to gratify them to the utmost extent of their wishes; but with the subject of their request he could not comply.'

It was their good fortune, however, to be relieved from this state of impatience and disappointment in a manner wholly unexpected. An embassy arrived at the court of Kublai from a Mogul-Tartar prince named Arghun, (the grand-nephew of the emperor,) who ruled in Persia. Having lost his wife, he sent to the head of his family to solicit from him another wife of his own lineage. The request was readily granted, and a princess was selected from amongst the emperor's grandchildren, who had attained her seventeenth year. The ambassadors set out with the betrothed queen on their return to Persia; but finding their route obstructed by the disturbed state of the country, after some months they returned to the capital of China. Whilst they were in this embarrassed situation, Marco Polo arrived from a voyage which he had made to some of the East India islands; a communication took place between the Persians and the Venetians, and both parties being anxious to effect their return to their own country, it was arranged between them that the former should represent to the Grand Khan the expediency of availing themselves of the experience of the Christians in maritime affairs, to convey their precious charge by sea to the gulph of Persia. The emperor assented, and fourteen ships, each having four masts, were equipped and provisioned for two years. On their departure from his court, Kublai expressed his kind regard for the Polo family; and extorting from them a promise that, after having visited their friends, they would return to his service, he loaded them with presents of jewels and other valuable gifts. They took their route by Hainan, the coast of Cochinchina, Malacca, across the bay of Bengal, and by Ceylon, the celebrated peak on which is particularly noticed, as is also the pearl fishery. They sailed along the western coast of India, and finally, after eighteen months, reached Ormuz in the Persian gulph; having lost six hundred of the marines and two of the Persian noblemen on the passage. Whether this fleet ever found its way back is very doubtful; and its fate was probably less interesting at the court of Pekin, on account of the death of

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of the venerable Emperor Kublai, which took place in the beginning of the year 1294.

On the arrival of the expedition in Persia, information was received by our travellers that the Mogul king Arghun had died some time before; that the country was governed by a regent who was suspected to have views on the sovereignty; and that Ghazan, the son of Arghun, was on the frontier with a large army, waiting for a favourable opportunity of asserting his right to the throne: to this prince they were directed to deliver their royal charge. 'Of her reception and subsequent fortunes,' says Mr. Marsden, 'we know nothing; but as Ghazan distinguished himself so much by his virtues as to make the world forget the defects of his person, (he was very diminutive,) we may presume that she was treated with the respect and kindness that belong to the character of a brave man.'

Having thus accomplished the object of their mission, the Venetians repaired to the court of the regent, at Tauris, where they remained nine months reposing themselves from the fatigues of their long and perilous travels, and probably, as Mr. Marsden observes, realizing or investing more conveniently some part of that vast property which they had brought with them from China. Having procured the necessary passports, they proceeded on their journey homewards, passing Trebizond on the coast of the Euxine; 'from whence, by the way of Constantinople and of Negropont, or Eubœa, they finally, by the blessing of God, (as they piously acknowledged,) in the full possession of health and riches, arrived safely in their native city of Venice. This consummation of their memorable labours took place in 1295, (a date in which all the copies agree,) after an absence of twenty-four years.'

'Up to this period (continues Mr. Marsden) our narrative of the adventures of the Polo family has been framed from the materials, however scanty, which Marco himself had directly or indirectly furnished. For what is to follow, we must principally rely upon the traditionary stories prevalent amongst his fellow citizens, and collected by his industrious editor Ramusio, who wrote nearly two centuries and a half after his time. Upon their first arrival, he says, they experienced the reception that attended Ulysses when he returned to Ithaca. They were not recognised even by their nearest relations; and especially as rumours of their death had been current and were confidently believed. By the length of time they had been absent, the fatigues they had undergone in journies of such extent, and the anxieties of mind they had suffered, their appearance was quite changed, and they seemed to have acquired something of the Tartar both in countenance and speech, their native language being mixed with foreign idioms and barbarous terms. In their garments also, which were mean and of coarse texture, there was nothing that resembled those of Italians. The situation of their family dwelling house, a handsome and lofty palace, was in the street of S. Giovanni

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S. Giovanni Chrisostomo, and still existed in the days of Ramusio, when, for a reason that will hereafter appear, it went by the appellation of "*la corte del Millioni.*" Of this house possession had been taken by some persons of their kindred, and when our travellers demanded admittance, it was with much difficulty that they could obtain it by making the occupiers comprehend who they were, or persuading them that persons so changed and disfigured by their dress, could really be those members of the house of Polo who for so many years had been numbered with the dead. In order therefore to render themselves generally known to their connexions, and at the same time to impress the whole city of Venice with an adequate idea of their importance, they devised a singular expedient, the circumstances of which, Ramusio says, had been repeatedly told to him when a youth, by his friend M. Gasparo Malipiero, an elderly senator of unimpeachable veracity, whose house stood near that of the Polo family, and who had himself heard them from his father and his grandfather, as well as from other ancient persons of that neighbourhood.

'With these objects in view, they caused a magnificent entertainment to be prepared, in their own house, to which their numerous relatives were invited. When the hour of assembling at table was arrived, the three travellers came forth from an inner apartment, clothed in long robes of crimson satin reaching to the floor; such as it was customary to wear upon occasions of ceremony on those days. When water had been carried round for washing hands and the guests desired to take their places, they stripped themselves of these vestments, and putting on similar dresses of crimson damask, the former were taken to pieces and divided amongst the attendants. Again when the first course of victuals had been removed, they put on robes of crimson velvet, and seated themselves at table, when the preceding dresses were in like manner distributed; and at the conclusion of the feast, those of velvet were disposed of in the same way, and the hosts then appeared in plain suits resembling such as were worn by the rest of the company. All were astonished at what they saw, and curious to know what was to follow this scene. As soon, however, as the cloth was removed and the domestics had been ordered to withdraw, Marco Polo, as being the youngest, rose from table, went into an adjoining room, and presently returned with the three coarse, thread-bare garments in which they had first made their appearance at the house. With the assistance of knives they proceeded to rip the seams and to strip off the linings and patches with which these rags were doubled, and by this operation brought to view a large quantity of most costly jewels, such as rubies, sapphires, carbuncles, diamonds, and emeralds, which had been sewn into them, and with so much art and contrivance, as not to be at all liable to the suspicion of containing such treasures. At the time of their taking their departure from the court of the Grand Khan, all the riches that his bounty had bestowed upon them were by them converted into the most valuable precious stones, for the facility of conveyance; being well aware that in a journey of extraordinary length and difficulty, it would have been impossible to transport a sum of that magnitude, in gold.

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gold. The display of wealth, so incalculable in its amount, which then lay exposed on the table before them, appeared something miraculous, and filled the minds of all who were spectators of it with such wonder, that for a time they remained motionless; but upon recovering from their ecstacy, they felt entirely convinced that these were in truth the honourable and valiant gentlemen of the house of Polo, of which at first they had entertained doubts, and they accordingly exhibited every mark of profound respect for their hosts.'—pp. xvi—xviii.

Well vouched as this anecdote is, and, in our opinion at least, perfectly accordant with the spirit of the age, Mr. Marsden is incredulous of it, because (as he says) it betrays a mixture of vanity and folly quite inconsistent with the character of grave and prudent men, which in the preceding part of their lives they appear to have uniformly sustained; and he is therefore disposed to attribute the story to the fertile invention of their contemporaries, or to the succeeding generation, who seem to have regarded the travellers in no other light than as heroes of romance, and not unfrequently made them the subject of ridicule. Of this the reader must judge for himself;—but Ramusio proceeds to state, that no sooner was the report of what had taken place spread about the city of Venice, than numbers of all ranks, from the nobles down to the mechanics, hastened to the dwelling of the travellers, to testify their friendship and good will. Maffeo was honoured with a high office in the magistracy. To Marco, the young men resorted to enjoy the pleasure of his conversation; and as all he told them concerning the imperial revenues, the wealth and the population of China, was necessarily expressed in millions, he acquired amongst them the surname of *Messer Marco Millioni.* Ramusio adds that he has seen him mentioned by this name in the records of Venice, and that the house in which he lived (even down to the time he wrote) was commonly termed, '*la corte del Millioni.*' Sansovino, however, in his 'Venetia Descritta,' attributes the popular appellation to the immense riches possessed by the Polo family at the period of their return. The Ambrosian manuscript of Jacopo de Aqui does the same; and Apostolo Zeno, on the authority of M. Barboro, corroborates the prevailing opinion.*

Not many months after their arrival in Venice, according to Ramusio, but according to others two years after this event, intelligence was received that a Genoese fleet, commanded by Lampa Doria, had made its appearance off the island of Curzula, on the coast of Dalmatia; in consequence of which a Venetian fleet put to sea under the orders of Andrea Dandolo. Marco Polo, being considered as an experienced sea-officer, was appointed to the command of one of

* *Di Marco Polo e degli altri Viaggiatori Veneziani più illustri Dissertazioni de P. Ab. D. Placido Zurla.*—p. 67.

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the gallies. The Venetians were defeated with great loss; Dandolo was taken prisoner, and Marco Polo, who belonged to the advanced division, in bravely pushing forward to the attack, was wounded and compelled to surrender. He was conveyed to a prison in Genoa, where he was visited by the principal inhabitants, who did all they could to soften the rigour of his captivity. His rare adventures were here, as well as in his own country, the subject of general curiosity. It may readily be supposed that the frequent necessity he was under of repeating the same story would become irksome, and, 'fortunately,' says Mr. Marsden, 'for the promotion of geographical science to which it gave the first impulse, he was at length induced to follow the advice of those who recommended his committing it to writing.' With this view, he procured from Venice the original notes which he had made in the course of his travels, and which had been left in the hands of his father. Assisted by these documents and by his verbal communications, the narrative is said to have been drawn up in the prison by a person named Rustighello, or Rusticello, a Genoese, according to Ramusio, who was in the daily habit of passing many hours with him in his place of confinement; or, as others suppose, a native of Pisa and his fellow prisoner.

A strong difference of opinion has existed among the editors of this extraordinary narrative, as to the language in which it was originally composed; but Mr. Marsden thinks that the preponderance of authority and argument is in favour of its having been a provincial, probably the Venetian, dialect of Italian; and the reasons which he brings forward in support of this opinion are certainly not lightly to be passed over. Ramusio, however, from whom almost all the particulars of the life of our traveller are collected, and who, from his general accuracy, is himself a host, asserts that it was first written in Latin, by Rusticello, in which language, even so late as his own time, the people of Genoa were accustomed to record their ordinary transactions. He adds, that a translation of it was afterwards made into the common Italian, or '*lingua volgare*,' with transcripts of which all Italy was soon filled; and that from this it was re-translated into Latin, in the year 1320, by Francisco Pipino of Bologna, who, as he supposes, was unable to procure a copy of the original. But where, it may be asked, if all Italy was filled with copies, could be the difficulty of procuring one in Bologna? Ramusio accounts for Marco Polo not dictating his narrative in the vulgar tongue by observing that, in the course of twenty-four years absence, the Polos had forgotten their native speech, and presented 'un non so che di Tartaro nel volto e nel parlare, avendosi questi dimenticata la lingua Veneziana.' But the same argument would apply with equal force to the Latin language, the disuse of which for

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for the same period (for they could not have had any occasion for it in China) was full as likely to estrange it from their memory, as their native language.* The question indeed is not of paramount importance; but Mr. Marsden's arguments for an Italian original appear to us to overturn all the assertions in favour of a Latin prototype.—(*Introd.* p. xxxii.)

The imprisonment of Marco was the occasion of much affliction to his father and uncle, as it had been their wish that he should form a suitable matrimonial alliance, on their return to Venice. All attempts to procure his liberation by offers of money failed, and they had no means of conjecturing even the duration of his captivity. Under these circumstances, finding themselves cut off from the prospect of heirs to their vast wealth, it was agreed that Nicolo, although an old man, should take to himself a second wife.

Marco, however, after a captivity of four years, was released from prison; and found, on his return to Venice, that his father had added three sons to the family, whose names were Stefano, Maffio, and Giovanni. Being a man of good sense and discretion, he did not take umbrage at this change of circumstances, but resolved also on marriage. He had two daughters, Moretta and Fantina, 'which,' says Mr. Marsden, 'from their signification may be thought to have been rather familiar terms of endearment, than baptismal names.' On the death of his father, Marco erected a monument of hewn stone to his memory, which, Ramusio says, was still to be seen, in his days, under the portico in front of the church of St. Lorenzo, on the right hand side in entering; as to himself, his countrymen have been most unaccountably silent. His will is said to be dated in the year 1323, from which, without pretending to much accuracy, Mr. Marsden conjectures our celebrated traveller to have reached somewhere about the age of seventy years.

It would be extraordinary indeed if, considering all the circumstances under which the travels of Marco Polo were written, many faults, both of commission and omission, were not to be found in them. The greater part have been selected by Mr. Marsden for elucidation in his notes, and for vindicating the character of his author, in both of which he has been eminently successful. Of the former class of imputed faults, the most conspicuous are,—1. The relation of miracles pretended to have been performed on various

* In forming a conclusion on this point, the Italian manuscript 'preserved in the collection of the noble family of *Sorenzo*' is hardly to be considered as of any assistance. It seems indeed satisfactorily proved by Zurla to be of much less importance than Mr. Marsden is willing to admit; but the former had the advantage of seeing and examining it, whereas the latter trusted to the report of it by Apostolo Zeno. Zurla tells us that it is written in a clear and beautiful character, bearing the most perfect resemblance to that in which the 'notes' on Frà Mauro's Map of the World are written, the date of which is unquestionably about the middle of the fifteenth century.

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occasions; on which it may be observed generally, that every body believed, in those days, in divine interference: our traveller, however, vouches for no miracles on his own knowledge, but only repeats what he had been told by the inhabitants of the places where the traditions were current. 2. An apparent belief in the efficacy of magical arts; but this was the common weakness of the times, and none were exempt from its influence. 3. The descriptions of animals out of the ordinary course of nature 4. The statements of the extent and population of the cities in China; 5. of the dimensions of the palaces; 6. of the magnificence and number of bridges; 7. of the military forces; and 8. of the amount of the imperial revenues. When to these statements, given in *millions*, was added the extraordinary story of the *black stones* used for fuel, it is not to be wondered at that, for centuries after his death, he should be branded as a writer of romance.

The prominent faults of omission are accusations of modern times; and they are such as Mr. Marsden is disposed to consider as less excusable, if really imputable to himself, and not to the loss of a part of the work, or to the omissions of transcribers. We do not however conceive that any vindication of the author's character is at all necessary on this head, even if the probability was not apparent, that they may have been owing to both these causes. Where is the traveller who has been careful to note down every thing that fell under his observation? Manners and customs, and new and singular objects of nature and art, however strange for a time, become familiar from long residence, and unless noted down while the impression of their novelty was strong on the mind, may well be supposed to escape the subsequent attention of the narrator. We can scarcely suppose that Homer was unacquainted with the Pyramids of Egypt any more than with the city of Thebes and its hundred gates, yet no mention is made of the former, while he familiarly speaks of the latter. Herodotus describes the Pyramids from ocular inspection, but never once alludes to the great Sphinx. If, however, we may rely on the chronicle of De Aqui, his contemporary, Marco Polo has himself fully accounted for any omissions that may appear in his narrative. So little credit, says this writer, did he obtain, that when he lay on his death-bed, he was gravely exhorted by one of his friends, as a matter of conscience, to retract what he had published, or at least to disavow those falsehoods with which the world believed his book to be filled. Marco indignantly rejected this advice, declaring at the same time, that, far from having used any exaggeration, *he had not told one half of the extraordinary things* of which he had been an eye-witness. Let it be recollected too that his book was dictated in a jail at Genoa from loose notes sent to him from Venice, and we shall not be

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be surprized at a few omissions of objects or customs however remarkable. The most important of them belong to China, in which country the greater part of his time was passed. His enemies particularly notice,—his silence with respect to the Great Wall—to the cultivation and general use of tea—to the preposterous fashion of bandaging the feet of female children in order to render them small and useless through life—and to the employment of wheel carriages impelled by wind. We may at once discard the last of these, as we believe they are confined to a particular district of the province of Petchelee, and have rarely been seen by any stranger. The other three were certainly familiar to him: he must have seen and even crossed the Great Wall, though at a place perhaps where it is only a mound of earth; but the most perfect and finished part of it is not more than sixty miles from Pekin, and it is there so very similar in construction to that of the walls of the capital and of most of the cities of China, as to cease possessing that attraction which, at first sight, it undoubtedly boasts. Some authors have speculated on its being built subsequently to the time of Marco Polo; and a missionary of the name of Paolino da San Bartholomeo (in a work published at Rome) has boldly fixed on the fourteenth century as the date of its erection:—he might, with equal probability, have asserted that Julius Cæsar invaded Britain in the fourteenth century.

The article of tea has supplied an almost universal beverage to the Chinese from time immemorial, and appears, by the early annals of the empire, to have then, as now, contributed to the revenue; it is mentioned by the two Mahommedans who visited China in the ninth century: the cramping of the ladies' feet too has been a custom from a time 'to which the memory of man runneth not to the contrary.' These things must therefore have been well known to Marco Polo, though he has omitted them in his narrative.

But it has been the fate of this early traveller not only to be charged with faults of commission and omission, but to have other matters ascribed to him of which he makes no mention, and of which indeed he could have no knowledge. Thus nothing is more common than to find it repeated from book to book, that gunpowder and the mariner's compass were first brought from China by Marco Polo, though there can be very little doubt that both were known in Europe some time before his return. Indeed there is good evidence that the use of the magnetic needle was familiar here long before he set out on his travels; for Alonzo el Sabio, king of Castile, who, about the year 1260, promulgated the famous code of laws known by the title of 'Las siete Partidas,' has (in the preamble of ley 28, titulo 9, partida 2,) the following remarkable passage: 'E bien asi como los marineros se guian en la noche escura por

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por el *aguja*, que les es medianera entre la piedra è la estrella, è les muestra por dō vayan, tambien en los malos tiempos, como en los buenos—otro si, los que han de anconsejar al Rey deben siempre guiar por la justicia.'—'And as mariners guide themselves in the dark night by the needle, which is the medium (medianera) between the magnet and the star, in like manner ought those who have to counsel the king always to guide themselves by justice.'

Now it is obvious that the monarch would not have availed himself of the happy comparison of the office of a faithful counsellor to the magnetic needle, if that instrument had not been generally in use, at the period when he wrote; but how long before that period it had been known, and applied to the purposes of navigation, it may be difficult, perhaps impossible, to ascertain. There were in those times no philosophical journals, no literary gazettes, no reviews to communicate such intelligence to the world; and we are indebted for the little information which has come down to us, to incidental notices by authors not writing expressly on the subject. Thus Guyot de Provins, who is supposed to have lived about the year 1180, evidently alludes to the magnetic needle in the following verses:—

'Mais celle estoile ne se muet,
Un art font, que mentir ne puet,
Par la vertu de la mariniere,
Une pierre laide et bruniere,
Ou li fers volontiers se joint,
Ont si esgardent le droite point,
Puis qu'une aguille ont touchié,
Et en un festu l'ont couchié
En l'eue le mettent, sans plus,
Et le festus la tiennent desus:
Puis se tourne la pointe toute,
Contre le estoile,' &c.

Jacobus Vitriacus, bishop of Ptolemais, who died at Rome in 1244, and who composed his Historia Orientalis between 1220 and 1230, after his return from the Holy land, says,—'Valdè necessarius est *acus* navigantibus in mari.' He had himself made more than one voyage by sea. And Vicentio of Beauvais (Vicentius Bellovacius) observes, in his Speculum Doctrinale, 'Cum enim vias suas ad portum dirigere nesciunt, cacumen *acus* ad adamantem lapidem fricatum, per transversum in festuca parva infigunt, et vasi pleno aquæ immittunt.' Bellovacius died in 1266; how long before his death the above was written we know not. In another passage he seems to hint that the Arabians were the inventors; but this is very improbable: had they possessed the compass when they traded so largely to China in the ninth and succeeding centuries, they

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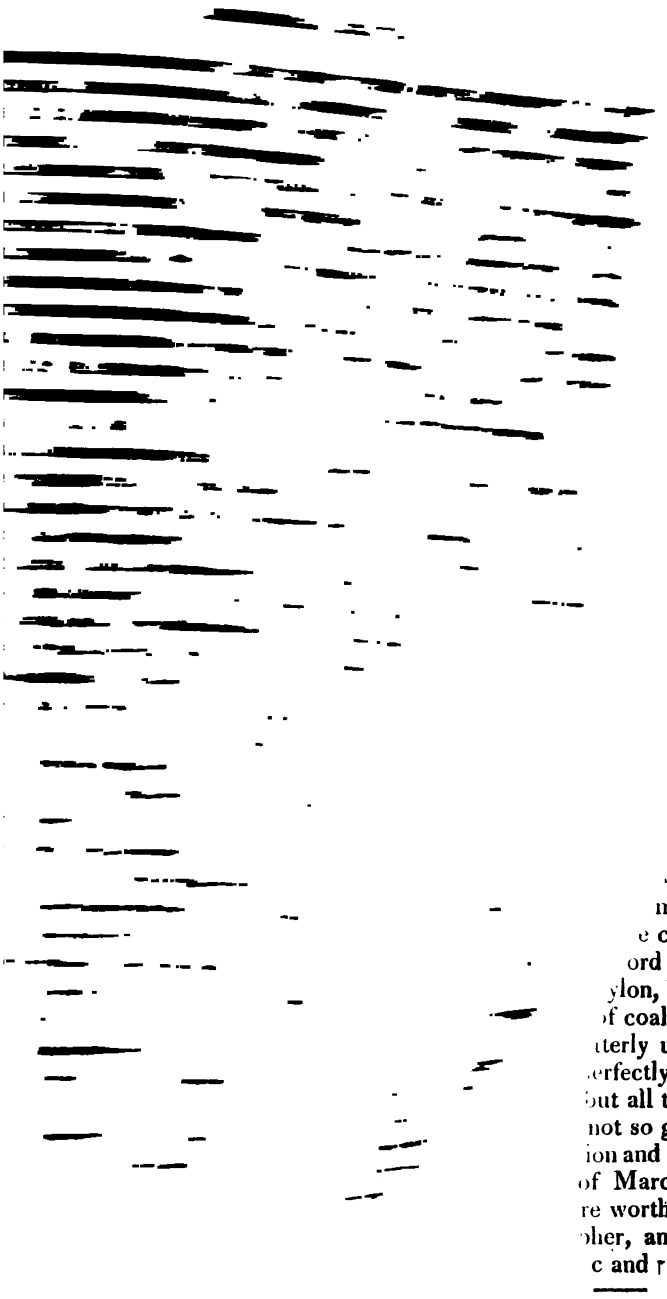

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too to have been used by the Tartars, not by the Chinese, and were probably nothing more than the enormous rockets known in India at the period of the Mahommedan invasion. It is clear that Roger Bacon, who died in 1294, was acquainted with the composition, and even with some of the effects of gunpowder, for it is recorded in those of his works which have come down to us. It would, however, be difficult to connect his discovery with the application of it to the purpose of war, by a people apparently unacquainted with the labours of the English friar. The Moors, or Arabs, in Spain, appear to have used gunpowder and cannon as early as 1312. In the Cronica de España by Abu Abdalla, it is said that, 'el Rey de Granada, Abul-Walid, llevō consigo al sitio de Baza una gruessa máquina, que, cargada con *mixtos de azufre, y dandole fuego, despedia con estuendo* globos contra el Alcazar de aquella ciudad.' And in 1331 when the king of Granada laid siege to Alicant, he battered its walls with iron bullets, *discharged by fire* from machines: this novel mode of warfare, adds the annalist, inspired great terror,—'y puso en aquel tiempo grande terror una nueva invencion de combate, que, entre las otras máquinas que el Rey de Granada tenia para combatir los muros, llevava pellotas de hierro *que se lanzaban con fuego*.'*

It is stated in the *Cronica de Don Alonzo el Onceno*, cap. 273, that when Alonzo XI. king of Castile, besieged Algeziras in 1342-3, the Moorish garrison, in defending the place—'lanzaban muchos *truenos* contra la hueste en que lanzaban pellas de fierro muy grandes.' That the *truenos* (literally *thunders*) were a species of cannon, and fired with powder, is clear from the following passage in the same Chronicle,—'Los Moros que estaban en su hueste cerca de Gibraltar, des que oyeron el ruido de los truenos, e vieron las afumadas que facian en Algecira, cuidaron que los Cristianos combatian la ciudad.' Mariana mentions the circumstance of the inhabitants defending themselves by '*tiros* con polvora que lanzaban piedras;' and adds that this was the first instance he had found of any mention of the use of such arms.'—vol. vi. p. 54. The celebrated battle of Crecy was fought by Edward III. in 1346; and Hume, on the authority of Villani, says that the English had cannon, but not the French; it is, however, worthy of remark that, although Villani was a contemporary, yet he composed his history in Italy, and therefore could only speak from hearsay; whereas Froissart, also a contemporary, residing in France, and almost an eye-witness, makes no mention of cannon, although he describes the battle very particularly; and Thomas of Walsingham, who wrote more than three centuries before Hume,† and who not only gives a very detailed ac-

* Zurita, Ann. de Aragon, t. ii. lib. 7. cap. 15. f. 99. v.

† Ypodigma Neustriæ.

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count of the battle, but even specifies by name the arms and weapons used by the English—*gladios, lanceas, secures, et sagittas*—makes not the slightest mention of the *bombarde,* nor of the *pallotole di ferro che saettavano.** The French were beaten by the English as completely at Crecy as they were at Waterloo; and their national vanity might have spread the report of the English owing their victory to the advantage of cannon, with as little foundation in fact, as they ascribed their defeat at Waterloo to the entrenchments and fortifications of Mont St. Jean.

In vindicating our traveller from the charge of not mentioning what did not exist in China when he was there, we have been tempted to lay before the public some facts, which, though probably known to those who are much read in the early literature of Spain, may yet be new to such of our readers as are not familiar with that noble language, or have not access to the sources from which we have drawn our information.† For this we look to their usual indulgence, though we feel at the same time that an apology is necessary for the digression to which it has led us.

To return to our traveller. With all the apparent improbabilities, defects, and inconsistencies of the narrative there is still enough in it to convince the most sceptical of its general accuracy; while the numerous descriptions and incidents afford, as Mr. Marsden justly observes, unobtrusive proofs of genuineness; among others may be enumerated, the state in which the bodies of persons destroyed by the hot wind of the desert are found—the manufacture of inebriating liquor from the infusion of dates—the tradition prevailing in Budakshan, of the descent of its princes from Alexander of Macedon—the gigantic figures of idols in a recumbent posture—the description of the *bos grunniens,* or *yak* of Tartary—the figures of dragons in Kataian or Chinese ornament—the periodical residence of the emperors in Tartary during the summer months—the commencement of the Kataian year in February—the ceremony of prostration before the emperor or his tablet by word of command—the ascent to the top of Adam's Peak, in Ceylon, being effected by the assistance of iron chains—the burning of coal, beforementioned, and a great variety of other matters utterly unknown at the time, but which have since been found to be perfectly correct. These indeed are now familiar to most readers: but all the other subjects of which the author treats, and which are not so generally known, are elucidated and explained by the erudition and research of Mr. Marsden; who has added, by his edition of Marco Polo, another treasure to the stock of oriental literature worthy of his distinguished reputation as a linguist and a geographer, and highly meriting a place on the shelf of every library, public and private.

* Villani, tom. ii. lib. 12. p. 280.
† Campany, *Quest. Crit.*

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ART. X.—1. *The Case stated between the Public Libraries and the Booksellers.*

2. *Address to the Parliament of Great Britain, on the Claims of Authors to their own Copyright.* By a Member of the University of Cambridge (Richard Duppa, Esq. LL.B.)

3. *Reasons for a further Amendment of the Act 54 Geo. III. c. 156. being an Act to amend the Copyright Act of Queen Anne.* By Sir Egerton Brydges, Bart. M. P. 1817.

4. *A summary Statement of the great Grievances imposed on Authors and Publishers, and the Injury done to Literature, by the late Copyright Act.* By Sir Egerton Brydges, Bart. M. P.

5. *A Vindication of the pending Bill for the Amendment of the Copyright Act, from the Misrepresentations and unjust Comments of the Syndics of the University Library at Cambridge.* By Sir Egerton Brydges, Bart. M. P.

6. *A Vindication of the Right of the Universities of the United Kingdom to a Copy of every new Publication.* By Edward Christian, of Gray's Inn, Esq. Barrister at Law, Professor of the Laws of England in the University of Cambridge, and Chief Justice of the Isle of Ely. 1818.

7. *Inquiries and Observations respecting the University Library.* By Basil Montagu, Esq. A.M.

8. *Inquiries concerning the proposed Alteration of the Law of Copyright, as it affects Authors and the Universities.* By Basil Montagu, Esq.

THERE existed no law for the delivery of books to certain public libraries till the second year after the Restoration, when such an enactment grew out of a law passed for restraining the press. By that law, no person was permitted to print any book till it had been previously licensed. Law-books were to be inspected by the Chancellor, or Chief Justice, or Chief Baron; books on history or state-affairs, by the Secretary of State; books on heraldry, by the Earl Marshal; and the Archbishop of Canterbury, or the Bishop of London, was to examine all works in divinity, physic, philosophy, science, or art! The act proceeded to reduce and limit the number of printing-presses: no man, from that time, might become a master-printer till those who then existed should have been reduced to twenty; and the master letter-founders were to be four. Both master-printers and letter-founders were to be nominated and allowed by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London; and no man might keep two presses unless he had been master of the Stationers' Company. Messengers were authorized, by warrants from the king, the secretary of state, or the master and wardens of the Stationers' Company, to enter at what time they should think

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think fit, and search all houses where they should know, or upon some probable cause suspect, any books to be printed, bound, or stitched, and to examine whether the same were licensed or not. By the same statute, every printer was required to send three copies of every book new printed, or reprinted with additions, to the Stationers' Company, and these copies were to be sent from thence to the king's library and to the public libraries of Oxford and Cambridge. The object of requiring this delivery was manifestly to enforce the intentions of the act, by bringing every book under the cognizance of persons who would see that the provisions of the law were observed. This statute continued in force for a few years, and when the inflammatory spirit of fanaticism was supposed in some degree to have spent itself, it was suffered to expire; the press again became free, and the delivery of the three copies ceased to be law. One of the first acts of James II. was to revive an act so entirely conformable to his temper and designs; and it was continued for six years after the Revolution. Then it was allowed to die: the *Imprimatur* disappeared from English books, and the delivery of the three copies again was at an end, that delivery having been imposed, not as an encouragement to literature, but 'as one of the auxiliary inquisitorial restrictions on the press.'

In the year 1709, being the 8th of Queen Anne, an act was made 'for the encouragement of learning, by vesting the copies of printed books in the authors or purchasers of such copies, during the times therein mentioned.' The preamble to this law stated that printers, booksellers, and other persons had of late frequently taken the liberty of printing and publishing books, and other writings, without the consent of the authors or proprietors, 'to their very great detriment, and too often to the ruin of them and their families;' and the act itself was designed 'for preventing such practices for the future, and for the encouragement of learned men to compose and write useful books.' By this act it was declared, that the author or his assigns should possess an exclusive copyright for the term of fourteen years from the day of publication and no longer, and that, after the expiration of that term, the sole right should return to the author if he were living, for another fourteen years. A penalty of one penny for every sheet was then imposed upon all pirated copies of books, besides the forfeiture of the books to the proprietors of the copy for waste paper: but it was declared that no person should be subject to the penalties thus imposed, unless the title to the copy of the book should have been entered before publication in the Register book of the Stationers' Company, in such manner as had been usual. The Stationers' Company was first chartered by Philip and Mary, because, the charter says, 'seditious and heretical books, both in rhymes and tracts, were daily printed, renewing and

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spreading great and detestable heresies against the Catholic doctrines of the Holy Mother Church.' To put a stop to this evil, the charter embodied ninety-seven persons, whom it named, and enacted that no one should practise the art of printing in England unless he belonged to the Company, or had a license. The master and wardens were authorized to search, seize, and destroy all prohibited books, and imprison any one who should exercise the art of printing contrary to this ordinance. It soon became the practice of the Company to keep a public register in their common-hall for the entry and description of books and copies.

By the bill as it was originally brought in, the delivery of the three copies was again required; as it passed through the House of Commons one was added for Sion College, and another for the Faculty of Advocates at Edinburgh. And in the House of Lords four were added for the Scotch Universities, making in all nine copies. It is worthy of notice, that the bill, as it was introduced, had no limitation of the copyright, but proceeded upon the fair common law right and natural equity of authors and proprietors to a perpetual copyright, which they had always before enjoyed. The limitary words were introduced during its progress through parliament, and there have been Judges who thought that the limitation was intended to apply only to the penalties which the act imposed upon those persons who should think proper to publish books which were the property of others. The same act contained this curious clause, that if any person conceived the price which was fixed upon a new book to be high and unreasonable, he might complain of it to the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, the Lord Chancellor, certain of the judges in England and Scotland, the Vice Chancellors of either University, or the Rector of the College of Edinburgh, any one of which persons was empowered to summon before him the printer or bookseller, question him concerning the causes of the alleged high price, reduce it to what they might think just and reasonable, and in such case condemn the said printer or bookseller 'in all costs and charges that the person or persons so complaining had been put unto, by reason of such complaint.' The enforcement of this wise clause has lately been recommended in the newspapers by some blockhead, who may be excused for not knowing that it was repealed in George the Second's reign, but is not to be pardoned for the meddling and tyrannical disposition which would revive a power, as vexatious in itself as it is incompatible with the common principles of free trade.

The framers of this bill discovered a strange ignorance of the principles of trade, and they were not better acquainted with the true interests of literature. The bill, however, for a full century was understood and acted upon according to its intentions, as having

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ing been framed solely for the purpose of protecting authors and their assigns from piracy. And during more than half that time it was established by repeated decisions in the Court of Chancery that the Common Law right of authors to the copyright of their own works was not taken away by the statute of Anne; but in 1774 the House of Lords made a new decree, and voted the Common Law right to be merged in that statute. Upon this decision the English and Scotch Universities and the three public schools of Winchester, Eton, and Westminster petitioned parliament to secure to them a perpetual copyright in all books which theretofore had been deemed their property, or which might thereafter become so; and they obtained the prayer of their petition. 'Thus,' says Mr. Duppa, 'the Universities preserved their perpetual copyright; the King also retains his copyright for ever by common law; but the authors lost theirs by an act which was meant to strengthen the power of the Stationers' Company, and to give an additional protection and security to their property.' Why no similar petition was presented by the authors, who were infinitely more aggrieved, may easily be understood; they felt and suffered as individuals, but were of all men least likely either to act as a body, or to obtain attention to their claims.

With regard to the delivery of the nine copies, it was understood for about an hundred years after the passing of the act, that copies were required of those books only which should be registered at Stationers' Hall. Authors and booksellers therefore who thought the protection which the Act of Anne afforded them worth the expense of nine copies, registered their books, if they apprehended any invasion of their copyright. And when the bill which restored to the Universities and public schools the perpetuity of their copyrights was passed, it appears undeniable that the House of Commons and the friends of the Universities acquiesced in this opinion; for it was ordered that the Committee should make provision for enforcing the clause in the Act of Anne which provides for the delivery of the copies of 'each book printed and *registered* under the direction of the said Act.' A decision of the court of King's Bench in 1798 established that the author had a right of action for damages, independent of the penalty; but before this decision the practice of registering important books had become very unusual. Lord Colchester's bill for extending the laws of copyright to Ireland required two additional copies for the Dublin libraries, but confirmed the received interpretation of the act by expressing that they were to be of such books as should be entered in the Register. The act for the suppression of seditious societies which directed that the printer's name should be affixed to every work, required also that he should reserve a copy of every work which he printed.

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Such were the laws upon this subject and such the practice till the year 1805. The public libraries and the Universities acquiesced in the settled practice; they received such publications as were entered at Stationers' Hall, and instead of demanding others as their right, and thereby levying a tax upon literature, were left to act as its patrons by purchasing, if they pleased, such as were deemed worthy of their choice. But behold,

> ——— here is Domine Picklock,
> My man o' law, solicits all my causes;
> Follows my business; makes and compounds my quarrels
> Between my tenants and me; sows all my strifes
> And reaps them too; troubles the country for me,
> And vexes any neighbour that I please.

In the year 1805, Mr. Basil Montagu who, at that time, resided at Cambridge, either wished to enforce to the utmost the supposed claims of his University, or found it less agreeable to supply himself with law-books at his own expense than at that of the authors and booksellers, and construing the law with a view to one or other of these purposes, he addressed a set of queries to the Universities for the purpose of inciting them to assert a claim to copies of every work that should be published whether it were registered or not. Shortly afterwards Mr. Professor Christian experienced the great inconvenience of not being able to obtain from the University library Mr. East's Reports, Mr. Vesey's Decisions, and other books of like importance to himself in his professional and individual studies. And he likewise published a treatise with the same object as Mr. Basil Montagu, and from the same motive, as he candidly avows.

Mr. Professor Christian admits that some persons are inclined to think it 'a paltry and mendicant attempt to take from a poor author nine or eleven copies of a valuable work;' but he maintains that it is a great national object perfectly consistent not only with the present law, but with sound policy and good government, and also with the best principles of moral justice. He says, that it is 'an equitable tax upon the republic of learning for the benefit of learning itself,' and that it would be paid 'with alacrity by every honourable author as a debt of justice and gratitude for the benefit which he must or might have received from the Universities as the common fountains of science.' He says, that 'even the most mercenary authors expect to be repaid not by the purchasers of their works, but by the credit they hope to derive from their exertions and industry, and by the general advancement of their fortune in life;' that 'they are anxious and ambitious that their works should be honoured with a conspicuous place in the public libraries of the kingdom,' and that 'they are indifferent with respect to purchasers if

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if they have but readers.' To the authors therefore he represents the tax as altogether useful, honourable, and agreeable; and to the booksellers he maintains that it is a matter of no concern, because, 'whether nine or ninety copies are given away, it is all one to them; they can calculate their loss and gain, advantage and disadvantage, to the greatest nicety; they can either give the author less, or make the public pay more.' As the best means of putting this important subject in a train of further investigation, he proposed that the University of Cambridge should institute an action upon the statute of Anne. But if the judgment of the court should confirm his opinion, still he thought an application to Parliament would be indispensable, because the presumed right was lost if the action was not brought within three months after the publication of a book, and because it was quite clear that the two Irish libraries could not recover their copies unless the book were entered in the Register. There were also, he said, many persons who, though they thought it a great national object that all the Universities should be furnished with a copy of every new publication, yet could not find it in their hearts to deprive an author of what they conceived to be his property. Every object, it appeared to him, would be attained if the legislature could be prevailed upon to extend the copyright of authors, and secure beyond dispute the claims of the public libraries. For with regard to authors, he thought that Lord Mansfield, Blackstone, and the other authorities who had declared in favour of their perpetual copyright, had great reason on their side; and he stated, with considerable force, the hardship and absurdity of the law as it then existed, which made the second term of fourteen years contingent upon the writer's life; 'so if an author, when he is advanced in age, offers a valuable work for sale, as the production of the labour of a long life, he will have the mortification to be told, that the price of his work must necessarily be much lower than if he had completed it twenty or thirty years sooner, at an earlier period of life. Thus when the work is more valuable to the rest of the world, it becomes less profitable to the author and his family.'

Nec prosunt domino quæ prosunt omnibus artes.

The university of Cambridge acted upon the Professor's advice, and brought an action for the non-delivery of a Vindication of Mr. Fox's Historical work. The booksellers, believing the demand to be unfounded, defended the action. A special case was made out upon it and argued before the court of King's Bench. It was contended that the act of Anne, according to its true spirit and object, as well as according to the literal meaning of the words, enjoined the delivery only of such books as should be registered; and it was argued that the subsequent acts of 15 and 41 George III. were,

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were, in fact, legislative expositions of the meaning of the statute of Anne, to the same effect: the court, however, determined that the statute was to be construed by itself, and that this compels the delivery of copies of all books whether registered or not.

The matter was then brought before parliament—a Committee was appointed; evidence was heard, and parliament, in the year 1814, upon the report of the Committee, decided that eleven copies for the public libraries, which claimed a right upon the existing statutes, should be delivered of such works as should 'be respectively demanded on behalf of such libraries respectively,' within one month after the demand should be made, which demand was to be made within twelve months from the time of publication. Mr. Professor Christian's suggestion concerning an extension of copyright was also adopted; and authors and their assigns were declared to have that right for twenty-eight years certain, and for the residue of the author's life, this provision having a retrospective effect in favour of living authors.

Under such a tax as that of the eleven copies it was not likely that the authors or booksellers should rest without making some attempt to deliver themselves from the burthen. They requested a further consideration of the case, appealing to the wisdom, to the justice, to the liberality, to the humanity of the legislature. Facts of the most conclusive force appeared upon the evidence which they adduced. It has been shown in evidence that the demand for works in certain branches of knowledge is so small that the tax of eleven copies upon the publication must operate as a prohibition against them. Messrs. Longman and Co. have declared that, because of this impost, they have declined to publish a work upon the non-descript plants of South America, by Baron Humboldt: nor is this the only instance in which science is suffering, and men of science are in danger of being deprived both of the remuneration and honour which they ought to derive from their labours. If the law continues to be enforced, the completion of Dr. Sibthorp's magnificent Flora Græca must probably be relinquished by the editor, although the profits of an estate of 200*l.* a-year were bequeathed by that eminent botanist towards defraying the expense. The law has prevented the continuation of Mr. Daniel's Oriental Scenery, of his works on Africa and Ceylon, and of his series of Scenes and Figures illustrative of the customs of India. For the same reason Mr. Cooke has laid aside two great works, though some of the plates were actually engraved, thinking it a less evil to incur this, though a heavy loss, than to bear the heavier penalty of delivering eleven copies. An edition of Barclay's Ship of Fools would have been printed had it not been for this prohibitory tax. A work upon the Architectural Antiquities of Normandy is abandoned

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doned for the same cause. The law has deterred Mr. Ruding from making any additions to his elaborate history of the Coinage of this Kingdom, preparatory to a second edition, for, by so doing, he would subject himself to this tax, by which he has already sustained the loss of 154*l.* Mr. Lysons must abandon a valuable work on Roman Antiquities, or publish it without letter-press, and therefore in an incomplete state. An offer was made by the French Institute, on behalf of the French government, to publish Mr. Dodwell's Views and Monuments in Greece, in four folio volumes, each containing an hundred plates, with accompanying letter-press. The proposition was, with honourable feeling, declined by the author, because he wished to publish the work in his own country. The selling price of eleven copies of this work would be 330 guineas, the trade-price 275*l.* and rather than be subject to such a tax the booksellers say they will publish it without letter-press. Such facts speak for themselves. The grander works of art will never be printed in this country while the delivery lasts.

The imposition operates with almost equal weight upon reprints of our early historians, books of science and rarity, and all works for which there is but a very limited demand. The reprint of Hakluyt's Collection, a work of the highest importance, consisted only of 250 copies; and seven years elapsed before even so small a number was sold. Had this tax been foreseen when the work was in contemplation the edition would probably not have been undertaken. Two thousand one hundred and five works were claimed by the public libraries between June 1815, and March 1817: and the loss sustained by authors and booksellers upon only eighty-one articles out of that number amounts to 3813*l.* 11*s.* The tax upon Mr. Faber's Pagan Idolatry has been 74*l.* 5*s.* Upon Dr. Nott's edition of Surrey and Wyatt, 77*l.* Upon Hutton's Philosophical Dictionary, 69*l.* 6*s.* Upon Mr. Haslewood's reprint of the Mirror for Magistrates, 138*l.* 12*s.* Upon the Censura Literaria, 138*l.* 12*s.* Upon Whitaker's History of Leeds 161*l.* 14*s.* The tax upon Lodge's Portraits of Illustrious Personages is 650*l.* Upon the reprint of Dugdale's Monasticon and his History of St. Paul, 1008*l.* Upon the Regent's Classics it will be nearly 1500*l.* 'Authors and publishers are charged by this act,' says Sir Egerton Bridges, 'with a payment of about 5865*l.* a year as a gift to the public bodies, over and above all national taxes which they pay in common with the rest of the public.' Mr. Murray's loss, under the operation of this act, is stated at about 1275*l.* deducting the difference between the trade and selling price; and Messrs. Longman state theirs at nearly 3000*l.*, the actual cost of the books in paper and print, independently of works in which they have considerable shares, managed by other publishers. And here we cannot

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cannot but notice the facetious remark of Mr. Professor Christian, that such calculations exceed the amplification and fiction of an Arabian tale; and that if the delivery of the eleven copies in four years have cost Messrs. Longman's house 3000*l.*, the profits of the house during that time must, on any principle of calculation, have been 450,000*l.* We shall not dispute Mr. Professor Christian's law, but his notions of arithmetic stand in need of some correction. 'If we condescend to vulgar arithmetic,' he says, 'we shall find that when the press is set up with Arabic, Persian, Grecian or Roman characters, the impression upon eleven copies more will not cost one penny a sheet, we might perhaps reduce it to three farthings, but we will not quarrel for a farthing, but one penny a sheet will fully pay the paper and the labour of printing.' Mr. Christian has the hardihood to assert this; and we will give him the credit which he has not thought proper to give Messrs. Longman and Co., the credit of presuming that he believes his own assertion. But is there any other person who can?—The loss of the eleven copies is precisely the sum for which those copies would have sold: where the whole edition sells, it is the loss of the full price; where the book does not sell to the public and is disposed of at the trade-sales, the loss is then the price for which the books are purchased at such sales, and this on an average is usually the medium between the full price and the waste paper price: in every case, a direct, tangible, calculable loss.

But it is argued that the bookseller may and will increase the price of a book in consideration of the tax. The reply to this is that books are already too dear; so dear, that their sale in the foreign market is diminished by this cause to a very great degree, almost indeed destroyed. And this is one reason why our literature is so little known upon the continent. Such works as happen to have a reputation there are printed there, and sold for less than half the selling price of the same works in England. The Basle edition of Gibbon's Miscellaneous Works sells for twenty-five francs; in England the price of the same book is 3*l.* 5*s.* Warton's Pope is sold for twenty-five francs in Switzerland; for five guineas in England. The Americans continually complain of the dearness of our books, and it operates in their country to lessen the sale of those which they do not print for themselves. With the tax upon advertisements, with the duty upon paper, from twenty to twenty-five per cent., books are necessarily dear, and they can bear no additional tax. It must be also remembered, that every English book printed abroad is as loss to the revenue of so much duty on paper. Hence, whatever tends to induce publishers to print English works on the continent, is an injury to the country at large.

Mr.

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Mr. Professor Christian talks like a rhetorician upon the rights and privileges of the public libraries and the Universities.

'This inestimable grant to the Universities and public libraries,' he says, 'we owe to the wisdom of our ancestors, who thought it the best calculated to promote the interests of religion, morality, law, agriculture, manufactures, commerce, and of elegant literature; in short, of all that can improve, profit, or adorn mankind. If ever a day should come, which heaven avert! when we shall be robbed of this important privilege, the prosperity of the bookseller will be greatly impaired, the whole civilized world will sustain an irreparable loss, and science will for ever droop and mourn.'

All this might be very fine—if it were only true, and to the purpose: but the introduction of religion, morality, law, agriculture, manufactures, commerce, elegant literature, the wisdom of our ancestors, and the whole civilized world, reminds us of Sir Philip Sidney's story of the man who told him that the wind was at north-west and by south, because he would be sure to name winds enough. Mr. Christian should confine himself to *law* in this argument. 'Religion' has as little to do with it as agriculture; and as for 'morality' and 'robbery', the less that is said of them the better.

Mr. Professor Christian's restatement of the exploded story that Henry VI. introduced printing into England at his own charge and expense, and his inference that therefore the crown had a more than ordinary pretension to the sole privilege of printing, and his arguments that Henry VIII. granted to Cambridge, and Charles I. to Oxford, the privilege of printing all books, and that the right to these copies was a commutation given them for the extinction of this privilege by the statute of Queen Anne, are contradictory to fact, and have been shewn to be so by Mr. Duppa and Sir Egerton Brydges, we forbear therefore from noticing them again. But when the Law Professor affirms that the Report of the Committee of 1813, which gave the Universities all they demanded, 'was the result of a body of evidence delivered by many of the booksellers *not upon their oaths*, and when there was no one present on behalf of the Universities, either to cross-examine, to give evidence, or suggest a single observation on their part,' it is incumbent upon us to repeat the words of Sir Egerton Brydges, that this is 'as ungenerous as it is untrue'—ungenerous, inasmuch as it attempts to impeach the honour of a respectable body of men; and untrue, because 'more than three-fourths of that Committee were the zealous friends, advocates and representatives of the public libraries, and exerted all their skill and talents in the most minute and painful cross-examination of the witnesses, and in the most anxious watchfulness for their interests.'

But

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But the most amusing part of the Law Professor's conduct is that he takes credit to himself for promoting the interests of literature, and especially for having originally suggested an extension of copyright in favour of authors and their assigns. He is indeed a notable friend to authors, and has treated them as *lovingly* as Izaac Walton's Piscator instructs his pupil to handle the frog. 'Put your hook into his mouth, which you may easily do from the middle of April till August, and then the frog's mouth grows up, and he continues so for at least six months without eating, but is sustained, none but He whose name is Wonderful knows how.—I say put your hook through his mouth, and out at his gills, and then with a fine needle and silk sew the upper part of his leg with only one stitch to the arming-wire of your hook; and in so doing *use him as though you loved him.*' But, unlike the frog, the author cannot subsist for six months without eating; and there is also another point of dissimilitude, that as his mouth does not grow up, he is sometimes able to express his sense of the loving usage which he receives. The Cambridge Syndics also have declared, that after what has been done to enlarge the property of authors and booksellers, they cannot but consider the pending application to Parliament as an act of ingratitude. Ingratitude! 'Let it be observed,' says Sir Egerton, 'that this extension was what they had no concern, interest, nor pretence of title to withhold; it being a matter, not between the copyright-holders and *them*, but between the copyright-owners and the public. The extension of copyright was an incidental benefit to a few authors (and but a very few) connected in point of time, and so far occasioned by an unjust and oppressive impost which affects them all. If the Syndics desire to know what is the feeling of the great body of the men of letters in this kingdom towards the Universities in relation to this subject, it has been stated in Mr. Richard Taylor's evidence: "Having been in the habits of very frequent intercourse," he says, "with literary men and men of science, I have always heard them express great dissatisfaction at the obligation to give this number of copies; and I believe that the disgust occasioned by what they consider an act of rapacity on the part of the Universities discourages them from carrying into effect many literary projects which would be highly beneficial, as far as I can judge, to literature: but by which, even if they had the assistance which would be derived from these libraries all purchasing copies, they would be likely to gain little or nothing."'

The Cambridge Syndics also speak of the attempt at amending the Bill of 1814, as an act of bad faith on the part of the authors and booksellers, implying that the bill was passed with their cordial assent and concurrence. How stands the fact? The booksellers proposed

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proposed twenty modifications for the consideration of the former Committee, and of those twenty only three were granted. The bill was *not* passed with their assent and concurrence; it was forced upon them, contrary to their representations and petitions, and in spite of all the resistance which it was in their power to make. They exerted their utmost efforts to prevent the oppressive intention from being carried into a law, and when those efforts were in vain, and the law had passed, they did as was their duty to do, they obeyed—and made new efforts, which have not, we trust, been in vain, to convince the legislature of the injustice and impolicy of their enactment. While the bill was pending, 'they were told,' says Sir Egerton, 'that the public bodies would exercise their claims mildly and liberally; that they would take lists, and only call for such books as they absolutely wanted; that their main object was to establish their right, but trust them, and it should be seen how they would use the power. See, indeed, how they use it!' and Sir Egerton states the portentous fact, that the libraries have indiscriminately demanded every book which has been published, with an honourable exception of the Advocate's Library and Trinity College, Dublin, both which have declined receiving either music or novels. The other libraries have exercised their right to the very rigour of the law, and beyond it: (as we shall presently prove:)—they have exacted every thing; ribaldry and nonsense, sedition and blasphemy, filth and froth, the scum of the press, the lees and the offal—they have taken it all!

'I am bound to ask,' says Sir Egerton, 'though some of the public bodies may affect to repel the question indignantly, what do they do with this indiscriminate mixture of expensive and useful works, and contemptible trash? Where do they deposit them? Do they keep them in order? And do they bind them? *If they do*, would not the funds expended in paying the binder, the house-room, and the librarians for thus dealing with the mass of rubbish, be more generously and more usefully expended in paying some small portion of the price of the valuable works? *If they do not*, what becomes of the ably alleged colour of their claim—that of public use?'

'This evil,' he continues, 'requires to be a little further elucidated. The Copyright Act, as now put into force, is the most perfect instrument of collecting and disseminating all the mischiefs flowing out of an abuse of the Liberty of the Press, which human ingenuity has ever yet contrived. Thus is brought together, in each of eleven public libraries, dispersed in the three great portions of the Empire, all that is silly and ignorant, all that is seditious, all that is lascivious and obscene, all that is irreligious and atheistical, to attract the curiosity and mislead the judgment and passions of those, for whose cultivation of solid learning and useful knowledge these gratuitous supplies are pretended to be enforced. Nothing short of such a law could have brought many of these contemptible, disgusting, and contagious publications out of the obscurity,

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rity, in which they would otherwise soon have perished. Here they remain registered in Catalogues, preserved on shelves, and protected for posterity, with all the care and trustiness of Public Property.

'How are they to be separated from the valuable matter with which they are intermixed? To whom is such a discretion to be confided? If once they are allowed to make waste of what they do not want, where is it to end? Abuse will creep upon abuse: from waste it will come to gift or sale!

'But if every thing be kept, the room, the trouble, and the expense, will soon become overwhelming. Already the libraries begin to complain heavily of the inconvenience. In thirty years the united Catalogues of the books thus claimed by the eleven libraries will amount to ten folio volumes, of 600 pages each, eighty-two articles in a page. The whole number of articles will not be less than *half a million!*'—*Summary Statement*, pp. 16, 17.

Let us exhibit, also, one or two instances of the manner in which the public libraries have enforced their claim. Among the most costly republications of this age is that of Dugdale's Monasticon. One of the conditions upon which it was published was, that only fifty copies upon large paper should be printed, and 300 upon small, 'as a guarantee to the subscribers that this book, which they subscribed to bring forward at a high price, might not be depreciated in value by a too great multiplication of copies, and consequent reduction in the value of those copies thus subscribed for.' This *whole* number of copies was subscribed for fifteen months prior to the enactment of the law, and one part of the work had actually been published; yet, under these circumstances, the large paper copy of the work was claimed by the British Museum; though the case was represented to the Trustees, and though it can hardly be doubted that the Museum possessed the original edition of the work,—the claim was repeated and enforced by a letter from the Solicitors of the Museum, hoping that the requisition would be complied with, without recourse to legal proceedings. The proprietors* were compelled to purchase a subscriber's copy; they had, however, the satisfaction of being assured, that the Museum did not

* The same publishers further shew the oppressive operation of this act, by proving, that in four works alone, upon the publication of which they are at present engaged, a loss is entailed upon them amounting to no less than £2,198 : 14s.

viz. 11 copies of Sir Wm. Dugdale's Monasticon and History of St. Paul's	1008	0	0
11 copies of Portraits of Illustrious Personages of Great Britain, with Biographical Memoirs, by E. Lodge, Esq.	630	0	0
11 copies of the History of the County Palatine and City of Chester, by George Ormerod, Esq.	283	10	0
11 copies of the Rev. P. Bliss's extended edition of Anthony Wood's Athenæ Oxonienses	277	4	6
	£2,198	14	6

wish

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wish to drive them to purchase it at an exorbitant price, *if it could be avoided.* The price of this copy, when the work is completed, will be not less than a hundred and thirty guineas. Mr. Todd presented a copy of his edition of Johnson's Dictionary to Sion College; the college, however, claimed and exacted another under the act. Mr. Murray's case is thus stated before the Committee:—As soon as the act passed, he directed one of his clerks to enter every book that he published, and send the eleven copies when demanded. He acceded to the request of the British Museum, that all periodical works might be delivered to them immediately on their publication, instead of delaying them till the time allowed by the act, which would have rendered those works less interesting when their novelty was gone by. One day, however, he was informed that two gentlemen wished to speak to him. Being engaged, he requested that they would acquaint him with their business; they said that they did not know him, nor he them, but that they wished to speak to him on particular business. Accordingly he went down to them, and was immediately served with a writ. His clerk had been prevented by illness from entering four books; in the sudden access of that illness he had forgotten to commission another person to perform this part of his business, (all this has been stated upon oath;) and this was the summary method which was resorted to for demanding the books, the delivery of which had been thus delayed! Mr. Baber, of the Museum, justifies this proceeding before the Committee, by saying that Mr. Murray received the general notice of the passing the act very ungraciously; he did not, therefore, think it necessary to give him any further notice upon a fresh occasion, 'the act did not require it, and by his former incivility, he had forfeited it.'

The general notice which Mr. Murray (before a Committee of the House of Commons) is accused of not having received with good grace, was a circular threat of prosecution if the act were not complied with, issued by the Museum as soon as the act passed, and before there had been time to enter a single book. It would not imply any remarkable irascibility in a publisher, if, when he happened, soon after the receival of such a *billet-doux,* to meet the Keeper of the Printed Books in the Museum, he should have complained that that highly respectable body had not acted very graciously toward the booksellers in issuing such a circular, before any contumacy on their part had been experienced.

This, indeed, was a case of individual ill-humour; but the manner in which all the public libraries have proceeded, by giving a general order for all publications, seems contrary to the spirit of the act. That act substituted for the general delivery which the statute of Anne required, an obligation to deliver only such books as should be de-

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manded specifically in writing, within twelve months after the publication, and directed that a copy of the list of books entered at Stationers' Hall should be transmitted to the librarians every three months, with the evident intention that a selection, and a selection only, should be demanded. It may be desirable that there should be one library which should receive every thing; one general receptacle, in which even the rubbish of the press should be deposited, for the chance that something may be gained by raking in it hereafter. The British Museum should be the place, as being a national and metropolitan library. But with regard to the University libraries, it should be remembered that their original and proper object is the collection of books which may assist the graver pursuits of the scholar, and which, because of their cost or scarcity, might otherwise be inaccessible to him. It cannot be necessary that they should supply the student with Dr. Mavor's Catechism for the Use of Children under seven years of age, with the newest editions of Dr. Solomon's Guide to Health, nor with treatises upon the theory and practice of gaming, upon the breeding and training of greyhounds, and upon the flavouring of wines and spirituous liquors. It is possible, however, that they may have no other means of ascertaining what is good, than by requiring a general delivery from the booksellers, and by a subsequent selection on the spot. Still the hardship of the general delivery remains.

The matter is now once more before the legislature, and the report of the Committee of the House of Commons made in the last Session of Parliament, is favourable to the aggrieved parties. The Committee state that in no other country, as far as they have been able to procure information, is any demand of this kind carried to a similar extent; that in America, Prussia, Saxony and Bavaria, one copy only is required to be deposited; in France and Austria, two, and in the Netherlands, three, but that in several of these countries the delivery is not necessary, unless copyright is intended to be claimed. They deliver it as their opinion that one copy should be delivered in future to the British Museum, and that, in lieu of the others, a fixed allowance should be granted to such of the other public libraries as may be thought expedient. Upon an average of those years, it appears, that the price of one copy of every book entered at Stationers' Hall would be about 500*l.* If it should not be thought expedient by the House, they say, to comply with this recommendation, they think it desirable that the number of libraries entitled to claim should be restricted to those of Oxford, Cambridge, Edinburgh and Dublin Universities, and the British Museum. They advise, also, that books of prints wherein the letter-press shall not exceed a certain very small proportion to each plate, shall be exempted from delivery, except to the Museum, with an exception

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exception of all books of mathematics; that all books in respect of which claims to copyright shall be expressly and effectually abandoned, be also exempted; and that the obligation imposed on printers to retain one copy of each work printed by them shall cease, and the copy of the Museum be made evidence in lieu of it.

Before we conclude this subject let us be permitted to offer a few brief remarks upon the existing laws of Copyright. Mr. Professor Christian quotes and eulogizes a part of Lord Camden's argument against the common-law right to literary property, which, though it has often been quoted, we shall repeat here. 'Glory,' said his lordship, 'is the reward of science; and those who deserve it, scorn all meaner views. I speak not of the scribblers for bread, who tease the press with their wretched productions; fourteen years are too long a privilege for their perishable trash. It was not for gain that Bacon, Newton, Milton, Locke, instructed and delighted the world. When the booksellers offered Milton five pounds for his Paradise Lost, he did not reject it and commit his poem to the flames, nor did he accept the miserable pittance as the reward of his labours; he knew that the real price of his work was immortality, and that posterity would pay it.' Is it possible that this declamation should impose upon any man?* The question is

* In opposition to this rhetorical flourish, we cannot do better than submit to our readers the following extract from the argument of Lord Mansfield upon this subject; who, as he says, had had frequent opportunities of considering it at large, had travelled in it for many years, and had been counsel in most of the cases that were argued in his time, and who brought to it, not merely the acumen of a lawyer, but the feelings of a scholar and a gentleman.

'It is, certainly,' says this great lawyer, 'not agreeable to natural justice, that a *stranger* should reap the *beneficial pecuniary produce of another man's work*.—*Jure naturæ æquum est, neminem cum alterius detrimento et injuriâ fieri locupletiorem.*

'It is wise in any state to encourage letters, and the painful researches of learned men. The easiest and most equal way of doing it, is, by securing to them the property of their own works. Nobody contributes who is not willing: and though a good book may be run down, and a bad one cried up for a time, yet sooner or later, the reward will be in proportion to the merit of the work.

'He who engages in a laborious work, (such for instance as Johnson's Dictionary,) which may employ his whole life, will do it with more spirit, if besides his own glory, he thinks it may be a provision for his family.

'I never heard any inconvenience objected to literary property, but that of *enhancing the price* of books. An owner may find it worth while to give more correct and more beautiful editions; which is an advantage to literature: but his *interest* will prevent the price from being unreasonable. A *small* profit upon a *speedy* and *numerous* sale is much larger gain than a *great* profit upon each book in a *slow* sale of a *less* number.

'Upon every principle of reason, natural justice, morality and common law; upon the evidence of the long received opinion of this property, appearing in ancient proceedings, and in law cases; upon the clear sense of the legislature, and the opinions of the greatest lawyers of their time, in the court of Chancery, since that statute, the right of an author to the copy of his works appears to be well founded. And I hope the learned and industrious will be permitted from henceforth not only to reap the fame, but the profits of their ingenious labours, without interruption to the honour and advantage of themselves and their families.'

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simply this: upon what principle, with what justice, or under what pretext of public good, are men of letters deprived of a perpetual property in the produce of their own labours, when all other persons enjoy it as their indefeasible right—a right beyond the power of any earthly authority to take away? Is it because their labour is so light,—the endowments which it requires so common,—the attainments so cheaply and easily acquired, and the present remuneration so adequate, so ample, and so certain?

The last descendants of Milton died in poverty. The descendants of Shakspeare are living in poverty and in the lowest rank of life. Is this just to the individuals? Is it grateful to the memory of those who are the pride and boast of their country? Is it honourable or becoming to us as a nation, holding (the better part of us assuredly, and the majority affecting to hold) the names of Shakspeare and Milton in veneration? To have placed the descendants of these men in respectability and comfort—in that sphere of life where, with a full provision for our natural wants, free scope is given for the growth of our intellectual and immortal part, simple justice was all that was required,—only that they should have possessed the perpetual copyright of their ancestors' works,—only that they should not have been deprived of their proper and natural inheritance.

It has been stated in evidence, that copyright, in three cases out of four, is of no value a few years after publication: at the end of fourteen years scarcely in one case out of fifty, or even out of a hundred. Books of great immediate popularity have their run and come to a dead stop. The hardship is upon those which win their way slowly and difficultly—but keep the field at last. And it will not appear wonderful that this should generally have been the case with books of the highest merit, if we consider what obstacles to the success of a work may be opposed by the circumstances and obscurity of the author, when he presents himself as a candidate for fame, by the humour or the fashion of the times, the taste of the public, (more likely to be erroneous than right at all times,) and the incompetence or personal malevolence of some unprincipled critic who may take upon himself to guide the public opinion; and who, if he feels in his own heart that the fame of the man whom he hates is invulnerable, endeavours the more desperately to wound him in his fortunes. And if the copyright (as by the existing law) is to depart from the author's family at his death, or at the end of twenty-eight years from the first publication of his work, if he dies before the expiration of that term, his representatives, in such a case, are deprived of the property just when it is beginning to prove a valuable inheritance.

The decision which time pronounces upon the reputation of authors, and upon the permanent rank which they are to hold, is unerring

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unerring and final. Restore to them that perpetuity in the copyright of their works, of which the law has deprived them, and the reward of literary labour will ultimately be in just proportion to its deserts. If no inconvenience to literature arises from the perpetuity which has been restored to the Universities, (and it is not pretended that any has arisen,) neither is there any to be apprehended from restoring the same common and natural right to individuals who stand more in need of it.

However slight the hope may be of obtaining any speedy redress for this injustice, there is some satisfaction in thus solemnly protesting against it; and believing as we do, that if society continues to advance, no injustice will long be permitted to exist after it is clearly understood, we cannot but believe that a time must come when the wrongs of literature will be acknowledged, and the literary men of other generations be delivered from the hardship to which their predecessors have been subjected by no act or error of their own.

ART. XI.—*A Voyage of Discovery, made under the order of the Admiralty, in His Majesty's Ships Isabella and Alexander, for the purpose of Exploring Baffin's Bay, and inquiring into the probability of a North-west Passage.* By John Ross, K. S. Captain R. N. 4to. pp. 498. Thirty-two coloured Plates, Maps, Charts, &c. London. 1819.

THE lively interest we have taken in discussing the question of a northern communication between the waters of the Pacific and the Atlantic, and the sanguine expectations which we had formed, on no slight grounds, as we thought, of the speedy solution of this problem, (the most interesting as well as the most important which yet remains in geographical discovery,) will sufficiently account for the disappointment we experience, in common with the rest of the world, at the total failure of the two Expeditions which had so much excited the attention of Europe, and which bade so fair to set at rest the long agitated question of the existence or non-existence of a North-west Passage, and the practicability of an approach to the North Pole.

The failure of the Polar Expedition was owing to one of those accidents, to which all sea voyages are liable, more especially when to the ordinary sea-risk is superadded that of a navigation among fields and masses of ice. Of that of the other we hardly know in what terms to speak, or how to account for it. We have the story before us, such as it is, told by the officer most interested in making it good, because his reputation is materially concerned in the decision which is likely to be passed upon it by the intelligent part of

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the public; for our own parts we cannot conscientiously pronounce it any otherwise than unsatisfactory. If however we are disappointed, we are by no means discouraged; on the contrary, our conviction of the existence of a communication between Baffin's Bay and the Polar Sea, and between that and the Pacific, so far from being in the smallest degree shaken by any thing that Captain Ross has done, is considerably strengthened by what he has omitted to do. In support of this opinion we shall not, on the present occasion, have recourse to either argument or hypothesis; but by confining ourselves strictly to the actual facts and circumstances of the voyage, as detailed in the narrative before us, be able (so, at least, we trust) to shew, to the satisfaction of every unprejudiced mind, that the discovery of a passage out of Baffin's Bay was never attempted by Captain Ross but *once*, and then abandoned at the very moment which afforded the brightest prospect of success; abandoned too in a manner so wholly unaccountable, that we know of no parallel in the history of voyages of discovery, unless it be in that of Captain Middleton, when he returned from Repulse Bay and the *frozen strait*, with a report contradicted by his own officers, and condemned by public opinion. But he was not condemned unheard; neither shall Captain Ross be censured in our pages but on the fullest and fairest investigation of his case as stated by himself: to this he cannot object; having come before the public, he must be content to undergo the usual ordeal. We beg to assure him however that, in analysing his proceedings, we are actuated solely by a sense of duty, and a strong feeling of the importance of the service he was expected to perform, unmixed with a single particle of personal hostility; for we are most willing to think him, what the late Sir George Hope (who recommended him for the enterprize) considered him to be, an active and zealous officer in the ordinary duties of his profession: at the same time however he must excuse us for believing that, in accepting the command of a Voyage of Discovery, he had not given due consideration to the nature of his qualifications. It is a service for which all officers, however brave and intelligent they may be, are not equally qualified; it requires a peculiar tact, an inquisitive and persevering pursuit after details of fact not always interesting, a contempt of danger, and an enthusiasm not to be damped by ordinary difficulties.—But let us proceed to the voyage.

On the 18th of April, 1818, the Isabella and Alexander, having completed their equipments, dropped down the Thames, and arrived, on the 30th, at Lerwick in Shetland. Here the observatory and several of the instruments were landed and set up, and a series of observations was made on the seconds' pendulum, on the inclination

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nation of the magnetic needle, and on the intensity of the magnetic force ;—what is meant by 'measuring the elevation' of the transit instrument, (p. 19.) we do not know, and few of Captain Ross's readers, we suspect, will be able to discover. On the 3d May they again put to sea; and on the 26th May, after passing Cape Farewell at a considerable distance to the southward of it, they fell in with the first iceberg, which was computed to be about 40 feet above the surface of the sea, and 1000 feet long.

'Imagination presented it in many grotesque figures: at one time it looked something like a white lion and horse rampant, which the quick fancy of sailors, in their harmless fondness for omens, naturally enough shaped into the lion and unicorn of the king's arms, and they were delighted accordingly with the good luck it seemed to augur. And truly our first introduction to one of these huge masses, with which we were afterwards likely to grow so familiar, was a sort of epoch in our voyage, that might well excuse a sailor's divination, particularly when the aspect with which it was invested tended to inspire confidence, and keep up the energies of the men; a feeling so requisite for an enterprise like ours, where even their curiosity might be chilled for want of excitement.

'It is hardly possible to imagine any thing more exquisite than the variety of tints which these icebergs display; by night as well as by day they glitter with a vividness of colour beyond the power of art to represent. While the white portions have the brilliancy of silver, their colours are as various and splendid as those of the rainbow, their ever changing disposition producing effects as singular as they were novel and interesting.'—p. 30.

We do not well see how this can be; icebergs display no colour by night, and those exhibited by day are confined to blue and green.

On approaching the Savage Islands, on the western coast of Greenland, a number of those icebergs, of various shapes and sizes, were observed to the westward fast by the ground, the height of one of which was estimated at 325 feet: a torrent of water was pouring down its side. On another of those masses, to which the ships made fast, in lat. 68° 22′, a stratum of gravel was observed; and stones of various kinds, mostly quartz and pieces of granite, were found upon it. Here they were visited by some of the native Esquimaux, from whom they learned that this iceberg had remained aground since the preceding year; and that the ice was close from thence all the way to Disco island. Near this place they procured several species of sea-fowl, and shot a seal of the enormous weight of 850 pounds, which yielded thirty gallons of oil.

We shall not attempt to follow Captain Ross through the detail of the difficulties which impeded the progress of the ships along the coast of Greenland, nor recapitulate the exertions that

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were used in forcing them through packs and floes of ice by the various operations of tacking, warping, and towing; difficulties which not a few of the whalers have every year more or less to encounter, and not always unattended with danger; an instance of which occurred in the present season, when one of them was caught between two floes of ice in motion and crushed; the crew narrowly escaping with their lives on the ice. Suffice it to say, that every possible exertion seems to have been made to get to the northward without loss of time, and every precaution adopted to avoid being caught and closed up in the ice, as well as to preserve the ships from injury. In this way they reached Kron Prins island, in lat. 63° 54′, on the 14th June: the inhabitants were found to consist of the Danish governor and his family, six other Danes, and about a hundred Esquimaux, all employed in the catching of whales and seals during the summer season. The governor, who was a young man, a native of Norway, came off to the Isabella; and informed them that the late winter had been uncommonly severe, the sea being frozen over so early as the beginning of December, a circumstance which did not usually take place till the middle of February; he further observed, that during the eleven years he had been resident in Greenland, the severity of the winters had evidently increased.

In proceeding to the northward, along the edge of the main ice, through a narrow and crooked channel, a ridge of ice-bergs was observed in the midst of the firm field of ice 'of every variety and shape that can be imagined;' of these the best idea will be collected from the several prints with which Captain Ross has decorated his book, though it requires no extraordinary sagacity to discover that many of them are strangely exaggerated as to their grouping, figure, and dimensions. In the representation of the silver *plated* iceberg, (p. 47.) there is a mixture of absurdity and inconsistency: the scene is meant to represent moon-light, though on the 17th of June, when the view is said to be taken, in lat. 71° the sun never sets. The ships, too, were at anchor the whole of that day, yet they are seen sailing under the overhanging top of an iceberg which cannot be less than 800 feet above the surface; and, to add to their perilous situation, a great fissure appears to run through its base. Such a tower of ice, in such a position, could not stand a moment. We notice these things, trifling as they may appear, as they shew an habitual inaccuracy and a looseness of description, which, we are concerned to say, run through the whole narrative.

At Wygat, or Hare island, the observatory and the instruments were again landed in order to make observations until the ice should open and afford a passage to the northward. One result of these

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these observations was important; it discovered an error of no less than five degrees of longitude, and half a degree of latitude, in the charts issued by the Admiralty, which are, no doubt, constructed on those which were considered to be the best authorities. The fact is, that the positions along this coast are laid down principally from the rude observations of whalers, whose occupations during their short stay are of a nature very different from that of making astronomical observations, were they even furnished with the means. The latitude of Wygat was found to be 70° 26′ 17″ N. longitude 54° 51′ 49″ W. and the variation of the compass 72° 9′ 28″ W.

On the 23d they had reached Four Island point, about ten miles to the northward of Wygat, where they found several whalers stopped by the ice. A sort of Danish factory was established at this spot, but the huts of the Esquimaux were in ruins and apparently deserted. In the burying place they met with the surgeon of one of the whalers collecting human skulls for the benefit of comparative anatomy. Finding that little further progress could be made to the northward at this time, Captain Ross permitted John Saccheous, the Esquimaux interpreter, to go on shore to communicate with the natives, seven of whom he brought off to the ships in their *kajacks*, or canoes.

We cannot omit the opportunity presented to us by the first mention of this person's name, of entering for a moment into his personal history, and paying a tribute of respect to the character of a very worthy, and (all circumstances considered) a very extraordinary man. Our first acquaintance with him dates from 1816, in the autumn of which year he was found concealed on board a Leith whaler, on her return home. He was treated by the owners, Messrs. Wood & Co. with great kindness and liberality, and in the course of the winter succeeded in learning a little English. On the return of the ship in 1817, the master was directed by these gentlemen to afford him an opportunity of rejoining his friends, and on no account to bring him back unless at his own particular desire. On reaching Greenland he found that his sister, his only remaining relation, had died in his absence, and he therefore determined to abandon his country for ever. He accordingly returned to Leith, where he was met with by Mr. Nasmyth, the artist, who finding that he had not only a taste for drawing, but considerable readiness of execution, very kindly offered to give him instructions. It occurred to Sir James Hall that such a person might be useful to the expedition then fitting out for Baffin's Bay, and in consequence of a letter from Captain Hall to the Secretary of the Admiralty, he was invited to proceed on that expedition,

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dition, to which he agreed, making no other condition, than that he was not to be left in his own country.

On his return, the Lords of the Admiralty were so well satisfied with his conduct and services, and so sensible of the importance of employing him as an interpreter to the next expedition, that they desired he might be well taken care of, and liberally instructed in reading, writing and drawing. He was sent to Edinburgh at his own request, to see his good friends Captain Hall and Mr. Nasmyth, the latter of whom, together with his family, took the warmest interest in his improvement: the more this amiable man was known the more his acquaintance was sought; on his part, he found great delight in society.

In the midst of his happiness, however, he was seized with an inflammatory complaint, from which he in a great measure recovered; but a relapse occurring, he was carried off in a few days. He had the best medical advice, and was attended by his friends during his illness with the most anxious care.

The utmost good humour was strongly expressed in the countenance of this inoffensive man, and he possessed a pleasing simplicity of manners. Sensible of his own ignorance, he was always desirous of learning something, and grateful to those who would take the trouble to teach him. He was exceedingly struck with the docility of the elephant at Exeter 'Change, and being asked what he thought of it, he replied with a look of deep humility—'Elephant more sense me.' 'His disposition was gentle and obliging; he was thankful for the least kindness shewn to him: and, upon several occasions, exhibited a goodness of heart, and a consideration for the wishes and feelings of others, which would have done honour to any country. His fondness for and kindness to children was very striking. In a snowy day, last winter, he met two children at some distance from Leith, and observing them to be suffering from the cold, he took off his jacket, and having carefully wrapped them in it, brought them safely home; he would take no reward, and seemed to be quite unconscious that he had been doing any thing remarkable.' He was perfectly sensible of his approaching end, thanked his friends around him for all their kindness and attention, but said it was of no avail, for his sister had appeared to him and called him away. The writer* of the narrative from which this is taken says 'he was unaffectedly pious; and having been early instructed in the Christian faith, continued to derive support and consolation from this source to the last hour of his life. He held in his hand an Icelandic cate-

* Supposed to be Captain Basil Hall, of the Navy.—It is a little piece of biography which does honour to his heart and understanding. It is printed in *Blackwood's Magazine*.

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chism till his strength and sight failed him, when the book dropped from his grasp, and he shortly afterwards expired. He was followed to the grave by a numerous company, among whom were not only his old friends and patrons from Leith, but many gentlemen of high respectability in this city.'

Humble as the individual was, his loss will be severely felt by the expedition now about to proceed; indeed he was one of those few whose places cannot be supplied. We return to our narrative.

Captain Ross being desirous of procuring a sledge and dogs in exchange for a rifle musket, Saccheous and the natives whom (as we have said) he had brought on board went back to their village, and speedily returned with the articles in a larger boat, called an *umiak*, which was rowed by five women in a standing posture, all dressed in deer-skins. Two of them were daughters of a Danish resident by an Esquimaux woman. They were highly pleased with the treatment they received, and, having partaken of some refreshment, danced Scotch reels on the deck with the sailors to the animating strains of a Shetland fiddler. Saccheous was all mirth and joy, and performed the part of master of the ceremonies with that good-humoured assiduity and readiness for which on all occasions he was particularly distinguished.

'A daughter of the Danish resident, about eighteen years of age, and by far the best looking of the group, was the object of Jack's particular attentions; which, being observed by one of our officers, he gave him a lady's shawl, ornamented with spangles, as an offering for her acceptance. He presented it in a most respectful, and not ungraceful manner, to the damsel, who bashfully took a pewter ring from her finger and presented it to him in return; rewarding him, at the same time, with an eloquent smile, which could leave no possible doubt on our Esquimaux's mind that he had made an impression on her heart.'—p. 56.

The ice at length began to separate and a breeze to spring up, but neither Jack nor his countrymen, whom he had escorted on shore, made their appearance. A boat was therefore dispatched to the shore to bring him off, when the poor fellow was found in one of the huts with his collar-bone broken, having overloaded his gun, under an idea, as he expressed it, of 'plenty powder, plenty kill,' and the violence of the recoil had caused the accident.

On the 5th July the ships succeeded in passing the third great barrier, consisting of field ice mixed with large icebergs in vast numbers, which were fast a-ground, in depths varying from sixty-three to one hundred fathoms. Here the variation of the compass, taken on an iceberg, was found to be 80° 1′ W.: on board, when the ship's head was W. by N. ½ N. it was 98° W., making a deviation from the correct line of the magnetic direction of 18°, when

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when the ship's head was on that point of the compass—but on this subject we shall have to speak hereafter. Two days after this, Captain Sabine took the magnetic dip on shore in lat. 74° 2′ N. long. 58° 45′ W., which was found to be 84° 9′ 15″.

A little farther northward, the two ships fell in with several whalers which had got the start of them; from one of those, the Everthorpe, a message was received requesting surgical assistance for the master, whose thigh had been severely lacerated by a bear, which had attacked and dragged him out of the boat. This savage animal was pierced with three lances before it would relinquish its gripe; when at length disengaging itself from the weapons, it swam to the ice, and made off. The poor man, though sadly torn, was happily not considered to be in a dangerous state.

On the 31st July, in lat. 75° 33′, whales were seen in great abundance, and the boats being sent in pursuit, succeeded in killing one above forty-six feet in length, which yielded them about thirteen tons of blubber. On the same day, they parted from the last fishing ship, the Bon Accord of Aberdeen, with three cheers.

On the 6th and 7th of August, the two ships were in great danger from being caught by a gale of wind among the ice, when they fell foul of each other: 'the ice-anchors and cables broke one after another, and the sterns of the two ships came so violently into contact, as to crush to pieces a boat that could not be removed in time.'

'Neither the masters, the mates, nor those men who had been all their lives in the Greenland service, had ever experienced such imminent peril: and they declared that a common whaler must have been crushed to atoms. Our safety must, indeed, be attributed to the perfect and admirable manner in which the vessels had been strengthened when fitting for service.

'But our troubles were not yet at an end; for, as the gale increased, the ice began to move with greater velocity, while the continued thick fall of snow kept from our sight the further danger that awaited us, till it became imminent; a large field of ice was soon discovered at a small distance, bearing fast down upon us from the west, and it thus became necessary to saw docks for refuge, in which service all hands were immediately employed; it was, however, found too thick for our nine-feet saws, and no progress could be made. This circumstance proved fortunate, for it was soon after perceived, that the field, to which we were moored for this purpose, was drifting rapidly on a reef of icebergs which lay aground: the topsails were therefore close-reefed, in order that we might run, as a last resource, between two bergs, or into any creek that might be found among them; when suddenly the field acquired a circular motion, so that every exertion was now necessary for the purpose of warping along the edge, that being the sole chance we had

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had of escaping the danger of being crushed on an iceberg. In a few minutes we observed that part of the field, into which we had attempted to cut our docks, come in contact with the berg, with such rapidity and violence, as to rise more than fifty feet up its precipitous side, where it suddenly broke, the elevated part falling back on the rest with a terrible crash, and overwhelming with its ruins the very spot we had previously chosen for our safety. Soon afterwards the ice appeared to us sufficiently open for us to pass the reef of bergs, and we once more found ourselves in a place of security.'

The gale having abated, and the weather cleared up, the land was seen in lat. 75° 54'. On the 8th of August, a landing was made on a small island, about six miles off, utterly desolate; but piles of stone, such as are frequent in the burying places of the Esquimaux, were observed, and the burned end of the stem of a heath bush, which, Saccheous said, was an instrument with which his countrymen trimmed their lamps. The ships made very little progress along the margin of the ice, which separated them from the shore and adhered to it. On the 9th, at a distance upon this ice, they were greatly surprized by the appearance of people, who seemed to be hallooing to the ships. At first they were supposed to be some shipwrecked sailors, whose vessel had perished in the late gale; the ships therefore stood nearer the ice, and hoisted their colours. It was discovered however that they were natives of the country, drawn by dogs on sledges, which moved with wonderful rapidity. When they had approached near enough to the ships, Saccheous hailed them in his own language, and they answered in return, but neither party seemed to make themselves intelligible. For some time the strangers remained silent, but on the ships' tacking, they set up a simultaneous shout, accompanied with many strange gesticulations, and wheeled off with amazing velocity towards the land.

Having erected a pole, and placed on the ice a stool with some presents on it, and an Esquimaux dog, the ships stood to the northward towards the head of the pool, with an intention to return after examining the state of the ice. After an absence of ten hours, the dog was found asleep on the spot where he had been left, and the presents were untouched. But on the following day eight sledges were observed moving furiously towards the ships. Saccheous now volunteered his services to go on the ice with presents, and endeavour to bring the people to a parley. They halted at the distance of about half a mile from the ships, by the edge of a canal or chasm in the ice, by the intervention of which the conference was carried on, without fear or danger of an attack from either party. Saccheous soon discovered that they spoke a dialect of his own language, and invited them to approach nearer, but they replied, 'No, no, go you away,'—and one of them,

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them, drawing a knife out of his boot, exclaimed 'Go away, or I will kill you.' Saccheous told them that he had a father and mother like them, and wished to be their friend; and as a proof of it, he threw across the canal some beads and a chequed shirt, to the latter of which they pointed, asking him of what skin it was made. It was some time before they ventured to touch it, entertaining no doubt the same superstitious fears as the Esquimaux in general, (noticed by the old navigators,) that to touch any strange thing would cause their death. They then pointed to the ships, and inquired with great eagerness, 'What great creatures those were; whether they came from the sun or moon, whether they gave light by night or by day?' Saccheous told them they were houses made of wood: this, they replied, could not be, for they were alive, and they had seen them flap their wings. Saccheous again assured them of the truth of all he had told them, and that he was a man like themselves; and, pointing to the south, said he came in those houses from a distant country in that direction. To this they immediately replied, 'That cannot be: there is nothing but ice there.' On his asking who they were, they told him in return they were human beings; that they lived to the north, (pointing in that direction,) that there was plenty of water there, and that they had come to the present spot where there was ice, to catch seals and sea unicorns. Saccheous finding that they mutually understood each other, and wishing to become better acquainted, now returned to the ship for a plank to enable him to cross over to them; but on his approach they entreated he would not touch them, as in that case they should certainly die. One of them however, more courageous than the rest, ventured at last to touch his hand; then pulling his own nose, he set up a loud shout, in which he was joined by Saccheous and the other three. This pulling of noses, it seems, is a token of friendly salutation.*

The whole eight now came forward, and were met by the two commanders of the vessels, and the other officers; but they were evidently in a state of great alarm until the ceremony of pulling noses had been gone through by both parties, shouting at the same time *heigh—yaw!* an exclamation of surprize and pleasure, the more remarkable as being precisely that which is universally used by the Chinese and Tartars, to express the same emotions. The old trick, we are told, of shewing them their faces in a looking-glass created the utmost astonishment; this we cannot

* The officers of the Expedition, we understand, declare that they never saw nor heard of this 'pulling of noses' till it was mentioned by Captain Ross on their return, at Shetland. We are altogether at a loss to account for this. It seems scarcely possible that Captain Ross could be mistaken in a ceremony of so singular a kind, and which he represents not only as frequently, but solemnly repeated.

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well conceive; since ice, in which they could not fail to have observed reflected images, is so familiar to them—in fact, they inquired if it was not ice, and seemed surprized that it did not wet their fingers.

On approaching the ship, they halted, and were evidently much terrified; and one of the party, after surveying the Isabella and examining every part of her with his eyes, thus addressed her in a loud tone—'Who are you? Where do you come from? Is it from the sun or moon?' pausing between every question, and pulling the nose with the greatest solemnity, a ceremony which was repeated in succession by all the rest.

'Saccheous now laboured to assure them, that the ship was only a wooden house, and pointed out the boat, which had been hauled on the ice to repair; explaining to them that it was a smaller one of the same kind. This immediately arrested their attention, they advanced to the boat, examined her, as well as the carpenters' tools and the oars, very minutely; each object, in its turn, exciting the most ludicrous ejaculations of surprize; we then ordered the boat to be launched into the sea, with a man in it, and hauled up again, at the sight of which they set no bounds to their clamour. The ice anchor, a heavy piece of iron, shaped like the letter S, and the cable, excited much interest; the former they tried in vain to remove, and they eagerly inquired of what skins the latter was made.

'By this time the officers of both ships had surrounded them, while the bow of the Isabella, which was close to the ice, was crowded with the crew; and, certainly, a more ludicrous, yet interesting, scene was never beheld, than that which took place whilst they were viewing the ship; nor is it possible to convey to the imagination any thing like a just representation of the wild amazement, joy, and fear, which successively pervaded the countenances, and governed the gestures, of these creatures, who gave full vent to their feelings; and, I am sure, it was a gratifying scene, which never can be forgotten by those who witnessed and enjoyed it.

'Their shouts, halloos, and laughter, were heartily joined in, and imitated by all hands, as well as the ceremony of nose pulling, which could not fail to increase our mirth on the occasion. That which most of all excited their admiration, was the circumstance of a sailor going aloft, and they kept their eyes on him till he reached the summit of the mast; the sails, which hung loose, they naturally supposed were skins. Their attention being again called to the boat, where the carpenter's hammer and nails still remained, they were shown the use of these articles; and no sooner were they aware of their purposes, than they shewed a desire to possess them, and were accordingly presented with some nails. They now accompanied us to that part of the bow from which a rope-ladder was suspended, and the mode of mounting it was shewn them, but it was a considerable time ere we could prevail on them to ascend it. At length the senior, who always led the way, went up, and was followed by the rest. The new wonders that now surrounded

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rounded them on every side caused fresh astonishment, which, after a moment's suspense, always terminated in loud and hearty laughter.' p. 89.

That a person who had never beheld a piece of wood larger than the twig of a birch rod, of the thickness of a goose quill, should be unacquainted with the weight of a ship's top-mast, and lay hold of it with the view of carrying it away, we can readily conceive; but that these people should be equally ignorant of the nature of iron, and attempt to run off with an anchor and a smith's anvil, surprizes us:—and the rather, as the blades of their knives were made of this metal, and, of course, they could not be ignorant of its weight. It is almost needless to add how much they were astonished at every thing they saw, for the first time in their lives, in and about the ships, and at the people on board, so different from themselves. They were offered refreshments, but they had no relish for biscuit, salt meat, or spirits: and preferred to them all the dried flesh of the sea unicorn, which they carried about with them. Having received some trifling presents, they returned to the shore, hallooing and apparently delighted with the treatment they had met.

The ships in the mean time took up a new anchorage in the neighbourhood; and two or three days afterwards were visited by three other natives, a father and two sons, who had been informed by their countrymen of the wonderful things which they had seen. The most important information obtained from this party was, that the iron with which their knives were edged, 'was found in a mountain; that it was in great masses, of which one in particular, harder than the rest, was a part of the mountain; that the others were in large pieces above ground; that they cut it off with hard stone, and then beat it flat into pieces of the size of a sixpence, but of an oval shape.' Captain Ross made them several presents, and promised further to reward them if they would bring him specimens of this iron—'having reason,' he says, 'to believe from their account, that the rocks from which they had procured it were masses of meteoric iron'—not surely because it was 'a part of the mountain,' which we rather think would be decisive at once against its meteoric origin. The fact however is, that the blades of their knives have been found, on analysis, to contain about the usual proportion of nickel which is met with in meteoric iron; but we have understood that the interpretation of Saccheous did not extend to the existence of whole rocks of it, but was confined to *two* pieces only, about two feet in their greatest length, one of which was broader than the other, and defied the exertions of the natives to cut off any part of it with the sharpest

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sharpest and hardest stones they could make use of; the other was angular, and much softer, and from this they were able to chip off pieces with a sharp stone. The endeavours of Captain Ross to procure specimens of this iron in its native state were unavailing; and however desirable it might be to obtain these, and some more explicit information respecting the real state of this insulated tribe of Esquimaux, yet, considering how much time had already been lost in struggling through the ice, he would, in our opinion, have been highly culpable, had he neglected the first opportunity that presented itself for getting farther to the northward.

We are now in possession of the fact that aërolites, if the term be allowable, have been discovered in almost every region and climate of the globe—on the burning deserts of Arabia, and on the icy mountains in the farthest nook of Baffin's Bay; and the very circumstance of their being met with equally under the torrid and frigid zones would seem to militate against their meteoric origin, unless we are to suppose them formed in all states, and in the opposite extremes, of the atmosphere. We have mentioned Arabia, because we think that the 'thunderbolt, black in appearance, like a hard rock, brilliant and sparkling,' of which the blacksmith forged the sword of Antar,* was a true aërolite. It was long before the ancients were allowed any credit for their celestial showers of stones, and all were ready to laugh, with the facetious author of Hudibras, at the fable of the Thracian rock, which fell into the river Ægos.

> 'For Anaxagoras long agone
> Saw hills, as well as you, i'th' moon;
> And held the sun was but a piece
> Of red hot iron as big as Greece.
> Believ'd the heavens were made of stone
> Because the sun had voided one.'

It is now discovered that the ancients were correct in the fact, and we are even ready to meet them half way in their hypothesis.

The falling in with these Esquimaux has furnished Captain Ross with no unimportant episode, occupying about one-fourth part of his narrative. Not content with detailing the particulars of the two or three short interviews on board the ships, he has presented us with a whole chapter dedicated to the 'Arctic Highlanders;' an appellation with which he has thought fit to dignify this insulated tribe; as if a little nook in Baffin's Bay ought to monopolize a name which would be equally applicable to the natives of every mountainous region within the Arctic

* *Antar, a Bedoween Romance, translated from the Arabic, by T. Hamilton, Esq.* p. 152.

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circle in Europe, Asia, and America. But Captain Ross is a great adept in nomenclature: he has transferred one half of Scotland to the shores of this Bay—reserving, however, a due share for the Prince Regent and the other members of the royal family, for his Majesty's Ministers, the Lords of the Admiralty, &c. The title of the chapter, considered under all circumstances, is rather amusing: '*The Arctic Highlands—Nature of the Country—Its Produce—Inhabitants—Language—Mode of Living—Manners and Customs—Religion,*'—no scanty bill of fare; but, like that of the landlord in the play, all of the good things are stuffed into the bill while nothing is found in the larder. A chapter of this kind must be exceedingly edifying from the pen of a writer who never set foot on any part of these 'Arctic Highlands,' who understands not a syllable of the 'language' spoken in them, and who could only converse with the inhabitants through the medium of one who had much difficulty in comprehending their discourse, and more in making himself intelligible in the English language; who saw the 'country and its produce' only from the ship; and whose acquaintance with the 'mode of living, manners, and customs, and religion,' of the people was the produce of a few hours study in the cabin of the Isabella. We shall deem it, under those circumstances, quite sufficient to cull a few facts.*

These poor people, it would seem, are so completely shut out, by mountains covered with perpetual snow, from their southern neighbours, as to have no knowledge of any other human beings besides themselves; judging, from surrounding appearances, that all the rest of the world to the southward was a mass of ice and snow. How far they extend to the northward is not known, though Captain Ross, in his usual decisive manner, fixes the limit at 77° 40′. One circumstance appears very remarkable, that their winter's habitations are in the northern extreme, where, in summer, the weather is so warm, that the ice disappears from the water and the snow from the land; and as both these are necessary to enable them to procure their chief articles of food and raiment, they are compelled to descend to the southward in search of them. Another remarkable circumstance is, that, though their sustenance is principally derived from the sea, they have no sort of embarkation in which they can go afloat, nor have they any knowledge of the names *kaijac* and *umiak*, by which the boat and canoe are generally designated among all the tribes of Esquimaux. 'This,' says Captain Ross, 'is easily accounted for, by their total want of wood:'—not so easily, we conceive; for, if it be admitted,

* An interesting account of this poor tribe of Esquimaux, drawn up by Captain Sabine may be seen in Mr. Brande's Journal of Literature, &c. for April.

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and we have never heard it denied, that this singular people, now spread over the islands of Hudson's Bay, Labrador, and Greenland, came originally from Asia, along the shores of America bordering on the hyperborean sea, we shall find that the original kaijac in use among them was not made of *wood*, but of *fishes' bone*, and covered with seal skins.* How these people lost an implement of such importance to those who never leave the seashore, and derive their food and raiment in a great measure from that element, appears to us a question not only of curious but of laborious research. 'The fact of their having no canoes,' says Captain Sabine, 'is a very extraordinary one; it is difficult to conceive that, if they had known their value, and had ever possessed the art of making them, that it should have been lost: there is no deficiency of materials: they have as many skins as they can wish for, and although no wood, yet they have bone, which will answer nearly as well for the frame-work; at least the ingenuity of savage life would soon make it answer with accommodation; nor is their situation less favourable for the employment of canoes than many other of the Esquimaux settlements.'† We know from Mackenzie and Hearne that, on the northern coast of America, canoes of the same ingenious and peculiar construction as those on the coast of Greenland, of Labrador, and the islands of Hudson's Bay are in use—'How curious then,' as the officer above mentioned observes, 'to have found an intermediate link without them!' May not these northern Esquimaux be the descendants of a party from the South, who, having lost their kaijacs and umiaks, were cut off from all hope of returning, and therefore settled in this retired corner? Having lost the objects themselves, (as a wooden canoe could not last for ever,) and having no wood to replace them, (the use of bone, it should be observed, had been discontinued by the Southern Greenland and Labrador Esquimaux,) it may be conceived that, in the course of time, a people destitute of any recorded language would lose the words by which they were expressed.

In addition to the seal and the sea-unicorn, these people take in traps various kinds of land animals, as deer and foxes, for food and raiment, and in times of scarcity they kill their dogs for food. They make no scruple to eat the raw flesh of any animal. One of the visitors, Captain Ross says, who 'had a bag full of little awks, took out one in our presence, and devoured it raw; but on being asked if this was a common practice, they informed us they only eat them in this state when they had no convenience

* We learn from Cook's Third Voyage, that about Norton Sound they are still so made.

† Journal of Science, &c.

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for cookery.' A species of moss (*polytricum juniperinum*), six or eight inches long, grows luxuriantly and in great abundance; this, when dried and soaked in blubber, gives not only a good light, but also a comfortable fire for their culinary purposes. They obtain fire, Captain Ross says, 'from iron and stone.' This laconic description is not very intelligible, and the question is a very curious one. The southern Greenlanders produce fire, like most savages, by the rapid whirling and friction of two pieces of wood; but these 'Arctic Highlanders' have nothing thicker than the 'stunted stem of heath,' (more probably dwarf willow,) half a dozen of which tied together make a small handle to the whips, used for driving their dogs. Saccheous, we learn, said that they produced fire by the friction of two fish bones. Their winter huts were understood to be built of stone, and a great part of them were below the surface of the ground. A lamp, being a hollow stone filled with blubber, into which the moss is immersed as a wick, burns in them during the whole of the winter. Their dress consists of skins made tight to the body, and sewed together with great neatness. Their bedding also consists of skins.

These northern Esquimaux, judging from their portraits, are more ugly than their southern neighbours, and very like to some of the natives of the Aleutian islands, the Kamstchatkadales, the Koriaks and the Tschutski. Captain Ross says, 'The habits of these people appear to be filthy in the extreme; their faces, hands and bodies are covered with oil and dirt, and they look as if they had never washed themselves since they were born.' Poor and comfortless as they might be thought, however, 'none of them were willing to leave their country; they seemed most happy and contented, their clothing was in very good condition, and very suitable to the climate, and by their account they had plenty of provisions,'—but what will appear much more strange, we are assured that 'they seemed to have no diseases among them, nor could it be learned that they died of any complaints peculiar to this or any other country,'—of course there was nothing to do for the doctors, and if they could only contrive to parry off old age, they might live—we know not how long.

The average stature of those who were seen was rather more than five feet; their faces were broad, round as the full moon, chubby and somewhat flattened, with the Tartar high cheek bones and small eyes; their hair was black, straight and coarse. Their dress was in all respects similar to that worn by the southern Greenlanders, and it was understood that the dress of the females (of whom none were seen) differed very little from that of the men. The materials were the skins of seals, dogs, foxes, and the cubs of bears; and the furry side was worn outwards.—But we must leave

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leave this secluded tribe, referring our readers to the volumes of Crantz and Egede, whose descriptions of the southern Greenlanders are equally applicable to Captain Ross's 'Arctic Highlanders.'

The ships came so near the land in doubling the northern point of Prince Regent's Bay, as Captain Ross has named it, that parties from both ships went on shore in search of natives, and to collect specimens of natural history. They observed, with considerable surprize, large tracts of snow on the sides of the hills and in the vallies deeply tinged with some red colouring matter. A considerable quantity of this snow was collected, and appeared, when in the buckets, like so much raspberry ice-cream. When dissolved, the liquor looked not unlike muddy port wine; when allowed to settle, the sediment appeared through a microscope to be composed of deep-red globules. It was brought to England in a liquid state, and also dried. On examination at home, a considerable difference of opinion took place between the chemists and the physiologists, as to the nature of the substance which coloured the snow on so great an extent of surface, the former considering it to be of animal, the latter of vegetable origin. Mr. Brande was the first to analyze it, and, having detected uric acid, he pronounced it at once to be the excrement of birds. It appeared, though Mr. Brande was not aware of the circumstance, that the neighbouring rocks and cliffs were resorted to as the common breeding places of the little awk *(alca alle)*, whose numbers were so great as literally sometimes to darken the air. Many circumstances respecting this bird lent a plausibility to the conjecture: it had long been known, and was noticed by Sir Everard Home, that it was furnished with a kind of sack under the root of its tongue, for the purpose, it was supposed, of economizing its food; this was fully corroborated by Mr. Fisher, the assistant surgeon, who found in the sacks of all those which he examined a great number of those minute red shrimps with which the Arctic seas abound. Captain Ross says, 'it was at once determined that it could not be the dung of birds;' but this, it would appear, is incorrect, as well as his remark that 'the snow was penetrated even down to the rock in many places to a depth of ten or twelve feet, by the colouring matter;' for the modest and sensible narrative of the voyage just published, (which, though without a name, we have reason to believe is the journal of Mr. Fisher,) says, 'It is worthy of remark, that this colouring matter, be it what it may, does not penetrate *more than an inch or two* beneath the surface of the snow; and, had it not been that a similar substance appears to have been observed on the snow on the Alps and Pyrenees, where there could not be any of the rotges (awks) which are so numerous

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here, I should have been inclined to think that the red or colouring matter alluded to is *the excrement of these birds*. What renders this conjecture probable is, that we found great numbers of them seated in the rocks, precisely over where the red snow lay.'*

It had also been ascertained many years ago, from some experiments by Mr. Hatchet, that the red colouring matter which prevails in the ova of the whole family of lobsters, shrimps, &c. was of so fixed and permanent a nature as to resist every chemical application, and to be heightened by most of them; of this indestructible property the act of boiling affords a familiar example. It was not unreasonable therefore to conclude, that the colouring matter of the snow was animal, more especially as it was found, on examination through the microscope, to be composed of small globules, like those of the blood, from the 1,000dth to the 3,000dth part of an inch in diameter; that it had a fetid animal smell; and that the colour was not altered, or rather was heightened, by the application of acids and alkalis. The general opinion, however, among the officers of the Expedition was in favour of its vegetable origin; one of the gentlemen who collected it says that it had very much the taste of beet-root; another thought it tasted of the mushroom.

Doctor Wollaston, after examining it very minutely, both by the microscope and chemical tests, has given an opinion that it is a vegetable product, though many difficulties occurred in coming to this decision. His first conception was that the colouring matter might be the spawn of a minute species of shrimp, known to abound in those seas, and which might be devoured by the myriads of water-fowl and voided with their dung; but no exuviæ of those animals were discovered among it. The globules, by destructive distillation, yielded a fetid oil, accompanied with ammonia, which might also have led to the supposition that they were of animal origin; but it is known that the seeds of various plants and the leaves of *fuci* give out this product. The great difference in the dimensions of the globules, as well as their diminutive size, seemed to militate against their being the seed of any particular plant; besides, what species of plant, in a region covered with snow, and in a latitude of 76°, could tinge eight or ten miles of surface to the depth of two inches? The cellular substance, however, to which the globules adhered, burnt away to a white ash, and was decidedly vegetable. When the globules were highly magnified, they appeared internally subdivided into about eight or ten cells.† On the whole, the description seemed

* *Voyage of Discovery made in* 1818 *to the Arctic Regions.*

† They were afterwards found not to be cellular: the appearance was the effect of an optical deception.

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to accord so accurately with the capsules which contain the dusty seed of the puff-ball (*lycoperdon*) as to afford, in combination with other circumstances, an apparent explanation of the cause of this curious phenomenon.

At the foot of those projecting points of hills, on which the tinged snow generally appeared, was a level belt of land, covered in several spots with thick coarse grass, eight or nine inches in length: and Mr. Fisher says that 'such portions of it as were not covered with grass presented a beautiful surface of soft-tufted moss, which the natives use as wicks to their lamps.' This moss, as we have already noticed, is a species of *polytricum*, which is well known to throw out from its capsules a fine elastic coloured powder, that has been mistaken by some writers for its seed; and in fact it has been asserted that the plant has been raised by sowing it. It seems, however, that in this high latitude the family of mosses do not arrive at that perfect state of vegetation necessary, in general, for the propagation of the species; but that they multiply and continue the race by pullulation or throwing out shoots from the roots or stems. Should this be considered as a valid objection against the pollen of the moss being the cause of the colouring matter, the observations of Dr. Wollaston may still lead to a less objectionable solution of the difficulty. As it would seem that every animal has some minuter animal quartered upon it, so every plant may be supposed to have its parasite, generally one of that numerous family of fungi, which are the wolves and tygers of the vegetable world. A minute examination of the luxuriant moss in question would perhaps discover a fungus attached to its fibres, just as the *lycoperdon* or *uredo*, (we are not quite sure which) fixing on wheat, occasions the disease well known by the name of *smut*: no one, we presume, will doubt that, if it were possible for a field of wheat, tainted with this disease, to grow out of a surface of snow, that surface would be as strongly tinged with the black dust of the smut as the snow on the coast of Greenland was tinged with red. The roots of the moss in question, we understand, were of deep scarlet, and their juices might perhaps give a colour to the parasite plant. To this moss then may, directly or indirectly, be attributed the 'crimson cliffs' so outrageously (not to say ridiculously) exaggerated in the print given by Captain Ross. If it be objected that fungi have not been known to attack the mosses, they at least fix upon grass, and the coarse grass appears to have been nearly as abundant as the polytricum. Mr. Browne, whose opinions are always entitled to respect as the first philosophical botanist in this kingdom, probably in Europe, conjectures that it may be derived from

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some of the algæ, confervæ, or tremellæ;* but we doubt whether any of these vegetate on snow; besides, we understand that Mr. Bauer of Kew, whose accuracy of observation through magnifying glasses is well known, has observed the same form and the same pedicle that he noticed on the uredo, which we think conclusive in favour of a fungus.

This is by no means the first mention made of *red snow*. Pliny says, and Aristotle had said it before him, that snow becomes red with age, occasioned however, as these naturalists tell us, by a red worm which is bred in it. Signor Sarotti speaks of a blood-coloured snow which appeared on the mountains near Genoa, and which yielded a liquor of the same colour. Saussure frequently observed red snow on various parts of the Alps, the colouring matter of which, from the smell given out in burning, he concluded to be the farina of some particular plant, more especially as he never met with this snow but in summer. This however is inconclusive, as it might have lain over the winter. Ramond found a similarly coloured snow on the Pyrenees, which he concluded to be tinged by the decomposition of a particular kind of mica. Marten also, in his voyage to Spitzbergen, mentions his having seen red snow near the Seven Icebergs, a place well known to the whale-fishers. Here, says he, the rocks, appearing like an old decayed wall, 'smell very sweet, as the green fields do in our country in the spring when it rains;' and, having observed that they are veined like marble with red, white, and yellow, he adds, 'at the alteration of the weather the stones sweat, and by that means the snow is stained or coloured; and also if it raineth much, the water runs down by the rocks, and from whence the snow is tinged red.' The officers of the polar expedition also observed red snow on the mountains, near Smeerenberg, but the rocks being of a reddish colour they conceived it to be occasioned by some ochreous matter, and took no further notice of it. In the last number of the 'Journal of Literature, Science, and the Arts,'† several instances are recorded of showers of red snow having fallen in different parts of the world, but all of them were found, on examination, to give out mineral products; and it may perhaps be concluded that the colouring of the snow on the shores of Baffin's Bay is the only instance of its arising from an organized substance.

On the 18th of August the ships passed Cape Dudley Digges, whose latitude was found to agree pretty nearly with that assigned to it by Baffin; and the same day they also passed the Wolsten-

* 'Algarum genus?? Confervis simplicissimis et Tremellæ cruentæ (Eng. Bot. 1800.) quodammodo affine?? Minute globules, the colouring matter of the red snow, of which extensive patches were seen in lat. 76° 25′ N., long. 65° W.'

† For April.

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holme Sound of that navigator, 'and found it completely blocked up with ice.' *We* find it, however, in the view taken by Mr. Skene, and published by Captain Ross, a wide and deep opening, 'completely free from ice;' and from the disposition and conformation of the land, which is also entirely free from ice or snow as far as the view extends, we should say that it wears very much the appearance of a strait. Captain Ross says, 'it *seemed* to be eighteen or twenty leagues in depth, and the land on each side *appeared* to be habitable;' and this is all the knowledge, gained by the expedition, of Wolstenholme Sound, which is less than Baffin procured two hundred years ago. Of the correctness of the shape and dimensions of a winding bay, from a slight view taken in these foggy latitudes at a very considerable distance from its entrance, and which *seemed* to be sixty miles in depth, it would be a waste of time to talk. It *may* have been blocked up with ice; but Mr. Skene, who must have *looked* at it when he drew it, apparently saw nothing but naked hills and clear water. The depth was 250 fathoms opposite to this bay, strait, or sound; and the weather afforded every opportunity of examining it, without risk and without much delay; it was not however examined.

Of 'Whale Sound' no further notice is taken than that they 'could not approach it in a direct line on account of ice;' in fact they never approached it nearer than *twenty leagues*, though the ice was probably not very compact, as near Carey's islands, which were discovered the same evening, 'the sea was clearer of floes and loose ice,' Captain Ross says, 'than we had ever seen it,' but 'there were visible a vast number of large icebergs, most of them aground in 250 fathoms; and they had the appearance of being long washed by the waves.' These could not have offered any impediment.*

About midnight of the 19th, Sir Thomas Smith's Sound of Baffin 'was distinctly seen,' and the two capes forming its entrance were named after the two ships Isabella and Alexander. 'I considered (says Captain Ross) the *bottom* of this sound to be about eighteen leagues distant, but its entrance was completely blocked up by ice.' Now as the field-ice that blocks up coasts and harbours is generally from one to three feet above the surface, how this could be seen at the distance of eighteen leagues, (for it appears by the chart, that they were never nearer,) blocking up the *entrance* of the sound, is utterly unintelligible on any principle of optics and natural philosophy that we are acquainted with. As this opening is stated by Baffin to be the

* 'To the northward and eastward of Carey's islands was a blank space, where not any land was discernible; and this we supposed to be the entrance of Baffin's Whale Sound.'—*Voyage of Discovery*, &c.

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largest of all the sounds he discovered, and as Captain Ross, by his own shewing, was sixty English miles from the *entrance* of it, he must forgive us for doubting the fact of his having seen any part, much less the *bottom* of Sir Thomas Smith's Sound. The depth here was 192 fathoms, and we perceive no reason whatever why this interesting part of Baffin's Bay should have been slurred over so very hastily.*

We could have forgiven Captain Ross for passing by Wolstenholme and Whale Sounds, on the eastern side of Baffin's Bay, on account of the time which had unavoidably been spent in working up through the ice along the coast of Greenland; but it would have been most satisfactory to ascertain (and it might surely have been done in the course of two days) whether this extensive opening of Smith's Sound at the northern extremity of Baffin's Bay did or did not communicate with the great Polar Sea. As to the other 'great deep bay' to the westward of Sir T. Smith's Sound, the *bottom* of which is placed on the chart at a much greater distance than even that of the said sound, we have no better materials to enable us to come to any conclusion as to its termination, than in the former case.† Captain Ross was evidently in haste to get out of it, thinking it perhaps prudent to follow the example of Master Robert Bylot, who, in another part of those seas, 'concluded,' says Baffin, 'that we were in a great bay, and so tacked and turned the shippes head homewards, without any farther search;' at least, from this spot the heads of the two ships were 'turned homewards,' leaving the bay and the sounds just as they saw them at a distance and as they were left by Baffin.

It is singular enough that, instead of plain facts, which we apprehend it was Captain Ross's duty to collect, he contents himself with assigning reasons for the non-existence of a passage in the northernmost corner of Baffin's Bay—just as La Peyrouse *reasoned* Saghalien into an island, which Captain Broughton afterwards ascertained to be a part of the continent of Tartary. He says, it is true, that he 'saw the land completely round, at *different times*, as did also the officers of the Alexander, who were at

* Mr. Fisher says he was much interested in ascertaining whether Greenland and the west land joined, and for this purpose kept the deck all day; but though the weather was remarkably clear and fine till midnight, he could not see any such junction. He appeals to the Alexander's log for confirmation of what he himself observed. 'It is probable that the chasm, or open space, to the northward, where not any land could be traced *by me*, might be that which Baffin calls Sir Thomas Smith's Sound; and if, agreeably to his relation, this is the "deepest and largest sound in all this bay," it is not likely that we should have seen the bottom of it at such a distance, as we estimate that we are *twenty leagues* from the northern extreme of the west land visible.'—*Voyage of Discovery*, &c.

† Here again Mr. Fisher appeals to the Alexander's log, to shew that the land was not seen to the northward.

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the mast-head of that ship, at the same *(different)* time.' The officers of the Alexander, however, broadly deny the fact—they did not see the land all round, nor any thing like it—but, conceding that every officer in both ships *did* see the land all round, will any of them, will Captain Ross, undertake to say, whether land so seen at the distance of eighty, ninety, or one hundred miles, could be determined to be continuous or connected? How many straits or passages might exist, without being perceptible at one fourth, nay, at one tenth part of the distance? But Captain Ross has a reason in reserve why it should be so.—'The tide rose and fell only four feet, and the stream of it was scarcely perceptible;' and therefore it is '*perfectly certain* that the land is here continuous, and that there is no opening at the northernmost part of Baffin's Bay.' Captain Ross seems not to be aware how strongly this argument may be turned against his hasty conclusion, from well-established facts: he must have heard, though he certainly did not reflect on it, that the *highest tides* known in the world are at the heads of two bays in which there are *no openings*—the Bay of Fundy, and the Bay of Tonquin. He seems indeed to feel conscious that all had not been done here that his employers would expect; and in order to cast a slur on such unreasonable expectations, he thus early goes out of his way to observe that 'the ardour existing at home for the discovery of a north-west passage, and the confidence with which the supposed situation of such an opening has been transferred to one spot, as fast as it was found not to exist in another, render it necessary for him to disprove its existence in this place.' But how did it escape Captain Ross that this might be done more effectually by actual researches while on the spot, than by a speculative paragraph after his return! With regard to the 'home ardour,' most heartily do we wish that a portion of it had been transferred to the commander of the Isabella, and that it had spurred him on to find out at least where a passage did *not* exist, so that the ground might have been narrowed where it probably *did*. As to 'disproving,' it would have been more satisfactory if he had provided himself with something better than mere assertions. The following passage, which we suppose to be a sort of half concession, or mezzo-termino, is, we presume, aimed at us.

'Even if it be imagined, by those who are unwilling to concede their opinions while there is yet a single yarn of their hypothesis holding, that some narrow strait may exist through those mountains, it is evident that it must be for ever unnavigable, and that there is not even a chance of ascertaining its existence, since all approach to the bottom of these bays is prevented by the ice, which fills them to so great a depth, and appears never to have moved from its station.'

We

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We certainly did imagine that those *sounds*, which Baffin only 'approached, but did not enter,' and of which he so briefly and vaguely speaks, apologizing for having sought the coast no better, might be channels formed by islands, and occasionally choked up with ice;* and the flimsy 'yarn' of Captain Ross's 'hypothesis,' for he has no facts to offer, makes no alteration in our opinion on that head. We still believe, as we always did, that Greenland is separated from the western lands. The officers of the Alexander, we know, and those of the Isabella, we believe, from the distant sight they were permitted to take, entertain the same opinion. With this opinion we have recently met with a curious coincidence, founded, as it would appear, on actual knowledge; it is contained in one of the Burleigh Papers in the Lansdowne Collection of the British Museum, (and is the more curious as being in the noble secretary's own hand-writing,) the subject of which is the north-west passage, and begins thus—'Considering Groynelande is *well known* to be an islande, and that it is not conjoined to America in any part,' &c.† This is not the language of speculation, but of experience.

But leaving, as we are reluctantly compelled to do, these openings in the land undetermined, let us follow Captain Ross in his return down the western side of Baffin's Bay, apparently well satisfied in his own mind of having left all those passages at the northern extremity blocked up with ice, or mountains, or both. On the 21st the ships stood over to explore an opening in sight, 'which answered to the description of Alderman Jones's Sound, given by Baffin, who discovered it;' but, as the ice and fog unluckily prevented a near approach, this is all we learn from Captain Ross concerning 'Alderman Jones's Sound.'‡

The night of the 24th August is put down as remarkable 'for its having been the first on which the sun had been observed to set since the 7th June; thus terminating a day which consisted of one thousand eight hundred and seventy-two hours, and giving us a warning of the approach of a long and dreary winter.' They left England however amply provided for passing that winter within the Arctic circle.

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* No. XXXVI p. 440.

† Barrow's Voyages into the Arctic Regions, p. 370.

‡ Captain Sabine, in his mention of the seven inlets from Baffin's Bay, of which, he says, some have been expected to communicate with the Northern Ocean, thus notices the four we have just passed. 'Of these the first is Wolstenholme Sound, the entrance of which we passed at a few miles distance, sufficiently near to identify it by "the island which makes two entrances." Of Whale Sound we could just discern the opening in the coast, being thirty or forty miles distant: of Smith's Sound, the largest in all the bay, and which extends beyond 78°, we can say nothing, as our extreme north was in 76° 53'. We were near the entrance of Jones's Sound, but not so near as Baffin, who sent his boat on shore.'—*Journal of Sciences, Literature, and Arts.—April.*

Captain

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Captain Ross also notices, as a thing worthy of remark, that the icebergs here were only three-fourths under water, while those to the south were five-sixths; this remark, we presume to say, is unworthy of notice, and can tend only to convey erroneous notions on the floating of icebergs. The merest dabbler in natural philosophy might be expected to know that every iceberg, there and elsewhere, will differ altogether in the proportion of the parts above and below the surface, according to the different shapes of each individual mass. Lieutenant Parry, who had more correct notions on the subject, formed pieces of ice into cubes, which, when floated in salt water, invariably remained at one part above, and six parts below the surface. This proportion agrees precisely with that assigned by Baffin in his two voyages, though he sadly miscalculates the height of one of his icebergs, by assuming its form as a cube, and concluding it to have been 1680 feet from the top to the bottom, though it was not, probably, one third of that height.

The land was now observed to take a southerly direction, and the ships proceeded along it as near as they could conveniently approach for the floating masses of ice. On the 28th August, the sea became more clear of ice, and no bottom was found with 300 fathoms of line; in the afternoon of that day they 'succeeded in getting completely clear of ice, and once more found themselves in the open sea.' The sea towards the northern parts of Baffin's bay being clear of ice would appear not to be an accidental circumstance. Baffin found it so; and Davis, in his third voyage, having reached lat. 75° on the Greenland shore, standing over to the westward, says, 'neither was there any yse towards the north, but a great sea, free, large, very salt and blue, and of an unsearchable depth.' A remarkable circumstance was observed with regard to the land. The mountains between the lat. 74° and 75°, estimated at the height of 4000 feet, were only partially covered with snow; 'and even at the very tops of them, which were visible above the clouds, black rocks were plainly seen. Their sides, as appeared from the sea, were almost clear of snow, and the country appeared as habitable as that part of the opposite coast, which we found to be actually inhabited.'

The next day (29th) they sounded in 240 fathoms, and found the temperature of the water to have increased from 32° to 36°, 'which I concluded,' says Captain Ross, 'to be the natural consequences of the absence of ice, together with our advance to the south.' A wide opening was now observed in the land, which they entered the 30th. 'On each side was a chain of high mountains; and in the space between west and south-west, there appeared a yellow sky, but no land was seen, nor was there

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there any ice on the water, except a few icebergs; the opening, therefore, took the appearance of a channel, the entrance of which was judged to be forty-five miles; the land on the north side lying in an E. N. E. and W. S. W. direction, and the south side nearly east and west.' All sail was made to get to the westward; and 'as the evening closed, the wind died away, the weather became mild and warm, the water much smoother, and the atmosphere clear and serene.' The temperature of the water at four o'clock had increased to 36½°. Under these favourable circumstances, which could not fail to raise the hopes of every person employed in the enterprize, we were exceedingly ill prepared for the paragraph which immediately follows.

'During this day much interest was excited on board by the appearance of this Strait; the general opinion, however, was that it was only an inlet. Captain Sabine, who produced Baffin's account, was of opinion that we were off Lancaster Sound, and that there were no hopes of a passage until we should arrive at Cumberland Strait; to use his own words, there was "no indication of a passage," "no appearance of a current," "no driftwood," and "no swell from the north-west." On the contrary the land was partially seen extending across, the yellow sky was perceptible; and, as we advanced, the temperature of the water began to decrease. The mast-head and crow's-nest was [were] crowded with those who were most anxious, but nothing was finally decided at the setting of the sun.'—p. 171.

The 'general opinion that it was only an inlet'! On what circumstance could such a premature opinion have been founded? Baffin pretends not to know any thing about it; he distinctly says, that he did not enter it; and no human being that we know of, but himself and his little crew, had ever seen it before or since. Very far, however, we are bold enough to say, was it from being the 'general opinion,' in either ship, that it was only an 'inlet.' In a brief, but sensible and comprehensive view of this voyage, published in one of the monthly journals, we find the following passage, which we quote with the more confidence as Captain Sabine has pronounced it 'a well written, and, which is more important, a faithful account of the proceedings of the expedition.'

'From the northern to the southern headlands (of the inlet) *it* appeared to be at least fifty miles in width. As we knew that Baffin had not entered this sound, but stood away from it to the south-eastward, its appearance inspired hope and joy into every countenance, and every officer and man, on the instant, as it were, made up his mind that *this must be the North-West Passage:* the width of the opening, the extraordinary depth of water, the increased temperature, and the surrounding sea and the strait so perfectly free from ice, that not a particle was seen floating, were circumstances so encouraging, and so different from any thing

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thing we had yet seen, that every heart panted to explore this passage, which was to conduct us all to glory and to fortune,—to find so grand an opening under such circumstances as I have mentioned, and in the very spot too of all others most likely to lead us at once to the northern coast of America, was so unexpected, and at the same time so exhilarating, that I firmly believe every creature on board anticipated the pleasure of writing an overland dispatch to his friends, either from the eastern or the western shores of the Pacific.'

So much for the 'general opinion' of its being 'only an inlet'! But Captain Sabine, it seems, volunteered his individual opinion that 'there were no hopes of a passage until they should arrive at Cumberland Strait.' And when was this opinion given?—When they were *off* Lancaster Sound! So idle and unguarded an expression (for it can hardly be called an opinion) was not worth listening to, much less recording; and we are somewhat surprized that on a question of this kind it should be quoted as a sort of sanction for nautical proceedings. But what could Captain Sabine possibly know either of Lancaster Sound or of the land to the southward of it? From this Sound to Mount Raleigh, is just eight degrees of latitude, or 560 English miles, over which no European was ever known to have cast an eye! Let us however hear the reasons said to have been assigned by Captain Sabine against a passage through Lancaster Sound; they are singular enough, when considered as proceeding from a gentleman recommended by the Royal Society for his skill in general science and philosophy. It seems he repeatedly assured Captain Ross that there was 'no indication of a passage,' because there was 'no appearance of a current, no drift-wood, no swell from the northwest;' on these points we should have thought a Captain of the Navy was as competent a judge as a Captain of Artillery; but that either of them should consider these contingencies as the necessary and invariable accompaniments of a strait or passage, appears to us very extraordinary. It is true, had all these accidental circumstances stared them in the face, on opening the inlet, the communication with another ocean would scarcely have remained problematical; but that the absence of any or all of them should have been considered as decisive against its existence, is a species of reasoning that we should not have expected from either Captain Ross or Captain Sabine. We know that a current always flows *into* the Mediterranean, and another generally *out of* the Baltic, and that hundreds of straits exist without any current running through them at all. What general inference then could be safely drawn from the existence of a current either way? But it would have been satisfactory at least to know the means that were taken to try the current, for we find none, and have reason

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reason to believe that none were tried: it is not unknown to navigators how exceedingly difficult it is to detect currents that move below the surface, especially at such depths as were found in Lancaster Sound. As to 'drift-wood,' Captain Sabine surely did not expect to find a floating forest in the lat. of 74½°. Besides, how could he know what might have occurred farther on, or by the shores of this broad strait? The hasty manner in which it was abandoned was not very favourable for research or observations of any kind. With regard to the 'north-west swell,' we perceive a very considerable difference of opinion, and find it asserted that such a swell did actually meet the ships.

These, however, as we said before, are mere contingencies with which, in our opinion, Captain Ross had nothing to do; his business was to ascertain facts, and not to be guided by Captain Sabine's speculations. 'Currents,' and 'swells,' and 'drift-wood,' were accidents which, had they occurred, a wise man would know how to turn to his advantage; but the absence of which would not justify him in coming away satisfied that there was no passage: such a step would betray a weakness, or a want of 'ardour,' ill suited for successful discovery. It was not in this manner that Vancouver proceeded, when in search of a passage from the north-west coast of America: this excellent officer examined every inlet, nor came out of it till a boat could no longer swim. Instead of seeking excuses, it would have been better for Captain Ross to have honestly confessed, in the words of old Davis, that, 'having found a broad passage directly west into the land, we entered into the same thirty or forty leagues,' (*miles* in the present case) 'finding it neither to wyden nor straighten, then considering that the yeere was spent, for this was in the fyne of August, and not knowing the length of this straight and danger thereof, we tooke it our best course to retourne with notice of our good successe for this small time of search;' this at least would have been intelligible.

Captain Ross, however, seems to have been aware that something more than Captain Sabine's 'indications' would be necessary for his justification,—and he continued standing up the inlet all night. At 8 o'clock he sounded, and found the enormous depth of 674 fathoms. Mr. Beverley, (assistant surgeon,) who is stated to have been the 'most sanguine,' went up to the crow's nest, and reported that he had seen the land across the bay, except for a very short space. Although all hopes, we are now told, were given up, 'even by the most sanguine,' that is by Mr. Beverley, they stood on till dinner time. Captain Ross shall tell what then happened.

'At

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'At half past two, (when I went off deck to dinner) there were some hopes of its clearing, and I left orders to be called on the appearance of land or ice a-head. At three, the officer of the watch, who was relieved to his dinner by Mr. Lewis, reported, on his coming into the cabin, that there was some appearance of its clearing at the bottom of the bay: I immediately, therefore, went on deck, and soon after it completely cleared for about ten minutes, and I distinctly saw the land, round the bottom of the bay, forming a connected chain of mountains with those which extended along the north and south sides. This land appeared to be at the distance of eight leagues; and Mr. Lewis, the master, and James Haig, leading man, being sent for, they took its bearings, which were inserted in the log; the water on the surface was at the temperature of 34°. At this moment I also saw a continuity of ice, at the distance of seven miles, extending from one side of the bay to the other, between the nearest cape to the north, which I named after Sir George Warrender, and that to the south, which was named after Viscount Castlereagh. The mountains, which occupied the centre, in a north and south direction, were named Croker's Mountains, after the Secretary to the Admiralty. The south-west corner, which formed a spacious bay, completely occupied by ice, was named Barrow's Bay, and is bounded on the south by Cape Castlereagh, and on the north by Cape Rosamond, which is a head-land, that projects eastward from the high land in the centre. The north corner, which was the last I had made out, was a deep inlet; and as it answered exactly to the latitude given by Baffin of Lancaster Sound, I have no doubt that it was the same, and consider it a most remarkable instance of the accuracy of that able navigator.* At a quarter past three, the weather again became thick and unsettled; and being now perfectly satisfied that there was no passage in this direction, nor any harbour into which I could enter, for the purpose of making magnetical observations, I tacked to join the Alexander, which was at the distance of eight miles.'—p. 174.

We are seriously grieved to meet with such inconsistencies, and impossibilities, as are contained in the passage here quoted,—and to observe the means employed to give them a claim to authenticity;—we allude to what are termed 'an accurate view of Baffin's Bay,' and 'a special chart of the land.'—The first observation that strikes us is, that there was not an officer on deck but Mr. Lewis, the whale-fisher, when the Isabella was put about,—not an officer, not a man, saw any thing of the land or ice that blocked up this vast strait, but 'Mr. Lewis, the master, and James Haig, leading man.' All the other officers were at dinner; a word would have brought them up in half a second: that word, however, was not spoken; the whole operations of taking the 'special chart of the land,' the 'accurate view of the bay,' and heaving the

* If Captain Ross has read Baffin's voyage at all, it must be very loosely, or he would have known that Baffin never entered the *inlet*, and of course saw none of his 'north corners.'

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ship about, were silently and secretly carried into effect in 'ten minutes,' and, as it would seem, without the slightest suspicion or knowledge of the officers of the Isabella, who continued to enjoy themselves at dinner, drinking most probably 'success to the passage of Sir James Lancaster's Sound!' It would have been but courteous in Captain Ross, at all events, to call up Captain Sabine, that he too might have seen the land and barrier of ice, and thus have enjoyed the triumph of having his anticipations realized. Let us, however, examine the statement a little more closely.

The land which Captain Ross so 'distinctly saw round the bottom of the bay' appeared to be at the distance of 'eight leagues,' that is to say twenty four geographical, or twenty-eight English miles. On his 'special chart,' the *nearest* point is close upon two degrees of longitude, i. e. *thirty* geographical or *thirty-five* English miles; and the two *extreme corners*, one of which he is pleased to call 'Baffin's Lancaster's Sound,' and the other 'Barrow's Bay,' are distant, at the least, *fifty* English miles! Now we should be glad to ask any nautical man, whether, on seeing land from the quarter-deck of a small vessel, at the distance of from twenty-eight to fifty miles, in any weather, but more especially in thick hazy weather, which just cleared up for 'ten minutes,' he would take upon him to say that such land was continuous? Has it not often happened, we would ask, that openings in the land, forming very wide straits, or inland seas, have been so completely concealed by the locking in of the two head-lands, that ships, though at a very few miles distance, have missed them? How often have the well-known straits of Gibraltar been passed unawares, and at the distance of a few miles, so that navigators found themselves running down the coast of Africa in looking for the entrance! As Captain Ross is familiarly acquainted with the Baltic, we would ask him if a total stranger, in sailing up the Kattigat, could, from appearances, conjecture the existence of either the Great Belt, the Little Belt, or the Sound, even at the distance of ten or twelve miles only from the last of these, though all of them connect it with the Baltic? Who, that was ignorant of the fact, would pretend to say, by looking across the channel from the pier-head of Dover, what inlets, straits, or harbours, might exist on the opposite coast, at the distance of only twenty-four or twenty-five miles? But to bring the matter home to ordinary readers, we may observe that there is not a *reach* in the Thames that to the eye does not appear to terminate the river; and in many of them, (in the *Hope* for instance) it is utterly impossible to form a conjecture, at the distance only of two or three miles, what part of the land is intersected by the stream. Would any stranger, on entering

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tering Plymouth Sound, have the most distant notion of its communicating with the two magnificent sheets of water, the Hamoaze and Catwater? or venture to say that Mount Edgecumbe, the Hoe, and Mount Batten, were not continuous land, though seen at the distance of not more than three miles? Nay, to descend to a still more familiar instance of the utter impossibility of ascertaining the continuity of land seen at a distance, let us suppose, as a parallel case, an entire stranger to be placed in the middle of Pall-Mall; could he, we would ask, by any possibility, discover that, at one end of the street there were two openings, and at the other end one, all of them wider than the street itself? How then can Captain Ross pretend to say what openings there might or might not be at the distance of *fifty miles!* But those extraordinay powers of vision, which, at that distance, could discover a little driblet of a river falling into Barrow's Bay, may pretend to any thing!

Not satisfied with blocking up Lancaster Sound with Croker's Mountains, and Cape Rosamond—mountains *in nubibus*, and Cape fly-away—Captain Ross calls in aid 'a continuity of ice, at the distance of seven miles, extending from one side of the bay to the other, between the nearest cape to the north, which he named after Sir George Warrender, and that to the south, which was named after Viscount Castlereagh.' In his 'special chart,' however, Cape Warrender is *not* by many miles the nearest cape to the Isabella; it is Cape Osborn; from which, and *not* from Cape Warrender, the wall of ice is made to extend. We notice this as no very important mistake, but it marks, in connection with other discrepancies, the loose manner in which matters are treated, the only value of which consists in their accuracy. For instance, on comparing the view of Sir James Lancaster's Sound, 'as seen from the Isabella at 3 P. M.,' (which, by the way, takes in, what could not possibly be taken in by the eye, one half of the whole circumference of the horizon,) with the 'special chart,' the points of land in the latter are so misplaced as to be wholly irreconcileable with the former; besides, Cape Castlereagh and Cape Warrender, one about forty, the other thirty miles distant, are represented in the view as close at hand. The conclusion we would draw from these disagreements is, that, neither the 'view' nor the 'special chart,' was made on the spot, but both awkwardly put together afterwards, to support that which they have actually overthrown.

There is another and a still more important disagreement between the 'special chart' and the text. This 'continuity of ice,' which, in the latter, is stated to have been *seven miles* from the ship, is, in the former, laid down at *fourteen miles*. Seven or

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fourteen, however, Captain Ross asserts that he *saw it*—extending 'from one side of the bay to the other;' that is to say, according to the 'special chart,' he saw it at the distance of twenty English miles from the ship to Cape Osborn, and *forty* miles from the ship to Cape Castlereagh. We have too great a respect for Captain Ross to doubt his word, though we may be permitted to doubt his strength of sight; we shall not therefore assert positively that he *did not* see it: but, where there is an absolute physical impossibility, we may venture to say, without offence, that he *could not* see it. This is a point easily settled. The usual thickness of a floe, or field of ice, is (as we have already observed) from one to three feet above the surface of the sea, but we will give him six feet. Now every midshipman knows from his 'Hamilton Moore,' that an object of six feet above the surface can be seen barely nine miles, the height of the eye being twenty feet; from the same elevation of the eye, an object, to be seen at the distance of *forty miles*, would require to be more than a *thousand feet* above the surface. We submit, therefore, that we are warranted in saying, that Captain Ross *could not* see this ice, unless he can prove that it extended in a wall of a thousand feet high.

Captain Ross, we understand, complains of imperfect vision; this should naturally have increased his anxiety to correct or confirm his own observations by the testimony of his officers, especially by that of his first lieutenant, or of Mr. Bushnan who draws his charts and views of the land—and to corroborate those doubtful circumstances which crushed the hopes that this 'magnificent inlet,' as Captain Sabine calls it, had inspired; and which its position, magnitude, and enormous depth, together with the high temperature of the water, and the total absence of ice as far as the ships had ascended, were so well calculated to cherish. But there is another reason why Captain Ross should have been desirous of the testimony of his officers to the existence of those mountains and that wall of ice which put an end to all their expectations. It appears from his own account, that the impression made on the eye, by viewing objects at a distance in those high latitudes, was exceedingly fallacious: this, surely, ought to have inspired a high degree of caution, and to have made Captain Ross particularly suspicious of appearances in the present instance.*

'The

* The following extract and sketch from Mr. Parry's private journal of the two luckless days in Sir James Lancaster's Sound have been sent to us by a friend of that officer.

'30th August. The inlet we saw last night answers the description of Sir James Lancaster's Sound very well, as far as a tolerably accurate latitude goes, but we have not yet seen the *bottom* of it; all on board are very anxious, and the crow's nest has been frequently

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'The objects on the horizon,' he says, 'were often most wonderfully raised by the powers of refraction, while others, at a short distance from them, were as much sunk; these objects were continually varying in shape; the ice had sometimes the appearance of an immense wall on the horizon, [*the thousand feet wall, for instance,*] with here and there a space resembling a breach in it; icebergs, and even small

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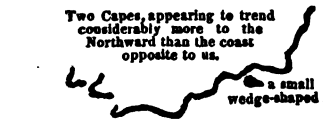
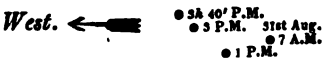
frequently visited this afternoon. The swell comes from the N. W. (compass—that is S. S. W. true,) and continues just as it does in the ocean. It is impossible to remark this circumstance, without feeling a *hope* that it *may* be caused by this inlet being a passage into a sea to the westward of it. Here Baffin's "hope of a passage began to be less every day more than another;" here, on the contrary, mine begins to be strong. The swell continues from about N. W. At eight, I set the land, from the crow's nest, very clearly as the sun was getting down. Temperature of air 34°, of the water 36°.

'31st August. At noon, temperature of air 37°, of water 36°. Is this continuance of increased temperature of the sea to be considered as a good omen for us, or is it merely to be attributed to the total absence of all ice? We are, of course, disposed to incline to the former of these opinions. We continued to run with all the sail we could press upon the ship, the Isabella having shortened sail for us to come up. I never wished so much that the Alexander was a better sailer; for this inlet looks more and more promising. At one P. M. the weather being more clear for a few minutes, we saw something like a piece of high land N. by W. (compass). At three, the Isabella tacked bearing from us N. E. (compass) distant three or four miles. At 3. 40. we tacked, having joined the Commodore. Temperature of air 35½°, of the water 36°.'



Appearance of Lancaster Sound from the Alexander.



LANCASTER SOUND OF BAFFIN.

The following extract is from Mr. Fisher's journal.

'Not any ice was to be seen in any direction; and at seven o'clock, the weather being remarkably fine and clear, land was not to be discerned between N. 21° W. and N. 44° E. At this time our distance from the northern land was estimated at seven or eight leagues, and from the southern six or seven leagues; but, alas! the sanguine hopes and high expectations excited by this promising appearance of things were but of short duration, for about three o'clock in the afternoon, the Isabella tacked, very much to our surprize indeed, as we could not see any thing like land at the bottom of the inlet, nor was the weather well calculated at the time for seeing any object at a great distance, it being somewhat hazy. When she tacked, the Isabella was about three or four miles (*not eight*) a head of us.'—*Voyage of Discovery, &c.*

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pieces of ice, had often the appearance of trees, and while, on one side, we had the resemblance of a forest near us, the pieces of ice, on the other side, were so greatly lengthened as to look like low islands.'

We think we can perceive, and are not greatly surprized at it, a sort of growing suspicion in the mind of Captain Ross that public expectation has been disappointed at the result of his voyage, and particularly at the unsatisfactory manner in which he quitted Sir James Lancaster's Sound. We shall give his justification in his own words, and then make such comments on it as the case seems to require.

'As I have given a particular chart of the bay or inlet which was explored between the 29th of August and the 1st of September, by the Expedition under my command, and as there will be found on the preceding pages copies of the meteorological logs of the two ships, which were supplied and *corrected* by the Hydrographer of the Admiralty, from the official documents which were lodged in his office, on the arrival of the ships, it must be unnecessary for me to recapitulate the facts which I have already stated, as by referring to these authenticated documents, they will be seen by inspection. But it may not be amiss to point out the parts in my official Instructions which are printed in the beginning of this work, wherein I am directed to pay particular attention to the currents, and to be guided by them; and also to the part which recommends me to look for the north-east point of America; or, in other words, the north-west passage, about the seventy-second degree of latitude. As it was fully proved that no current existed in this inlet, which we had just explored, or to the northward of it, it naturally followed that I should have supposed myself still to the northward of the current, which had been so confidently asserted to exist; and that, therefore, this inlet was not the place to persevere in forcing a passage, but that there was reason to expect it would be found further south. My orders "to stand well to the north," had already been fully obeyed, and no current had been found; and if "a current of some force" did exist, as from the "best authorities" we had reason to believe was the fact, it could be no where but to the southward of this latitude. As, in my Instructions, I am also directed "to leave the ice about the 15th or 20th of September, or at latest the 1st of October," I had only one month left for my operations, in which month the nights are long, and, according to a fair calculation, not more than two days clear weather out of seven could be expected. It may, therefore, with propriety be stated, that I had only eight days remaining to explore the remainder of Baffin's Bay, a distance of above four hundred miles. Of this space nearly two hundred miles had never been examined; a range, including the supposed place of the discontinuity of the continent, and that to which my attention had been particularly called, and where the imaginary current, which was to be my guide, was to be expected. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to add, that under these circumstances I was anxious to proceed to the spot where it must be evident I had the best chance of success. Yet my anxiety, on the other hand,

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to leave no part of the coast unexplored, even after all hopes of a passage were given up, determined me to persevere as I did, notwithstanding there was no current, a material decrease in the temperature of the sea, and no driftwood, or other indication of a passage, until I actually saw the barrier of high mountains, and the continuity of ice, which put the question at rest. That I did so persevere, became afterwards a source of great satisfaction, as I was fortunate enough to succeed also in exploring every part of the coast to the southward, to which my attention was to be directed, and where I was led to expect that the current was to be found. This was a much more essential part of my duty than the making of magnetical observations, which was the only inducement still remaining to linger in that dangerous bay, where much time might have been wasted in attempting to land, perhaps, without success, or, at any rate, without attaining any adequate results. My opinions were mentioned to several of the officers, after I had determined to proceed to the southward; and also to Captain Sabine, who repeated, on every occasion, that there was no *indication* of a passage.'—pp. 182—184.

Without having recourse to the arguments which might fairly be drawn in favour of its being a strait, from the totally different character of the southern from the northern land, the extraordinary depth of water where the ship was put about (650 fathoms), or the increased temperature, *uncorrected* by the hydrographer of the Admiralty, for we are ignorant of what is meant by his *correction* of the meteorological table, unless it be that of reducing the duration of three whole days to 48 hours (p. 180.);—waving, we say, these circumstances, the first observation that strikes us is, that, instead of looking for the north-west passage, Captain Ross appears to have all the while been hunting solely for 'currents.' On this point a strange infatuation seems to have taken possession of his mind; and, undesignedly we have not the smallest doubt, but in consequence of this extraordinary prepossession, or rather, perhaps, of that prevailing inaccuracy which we have before noticed, he has not only misconceived the obvious meaning, but *misquoted* the words, of his 'Instructions.' Fortunately he has printed them at full length, so that every reader may compare and judge for himself: never were Instructions more clearly and intelligibly worded;—and never, surely, were the hands of an officer less tied up by specific orders—witness the following paragraph:—

'As, in the present state of uncertainty with regard to the movements of the ice, and with the very imperfect knowledge we have of this (Davis's) Strait, and still more so of the sea beyond it, *no specific instructions can be given for your guidance*,—the time and manner of proceeding to fulfil the ulterior object of your destination, in places where impediments may occur, *must be left entirely to your discretion.*'—(*Instructions*, p. 6.)

Here then we see Captain Ross was completely unshackled,

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either as to the time or the manner of doing what he was sent to do. Now let us see how far he 'was to be guided' by the currents 'which had been so confidently asserted to exist' from the 'best authorities.'

'From the *best information*' (not *authorities*) 'we have been able to obtain, it would appear that a current of some force runs from the northward towards the upper part of Davis's Strait, during the summer season, and, perhaps, for some part of the winter also, bringing with it fields of ice in the spring, and icebergs in the summer.

'This current, if it be considerable, can scarcely be altogether supplied by streams from the land, or the melting of ice; there would, therefore, seem reason to suppose, that it may be derived from an open sea; in which case, Baffin's Bay cannot be bounded by land, as our charts generally represent it, but must communicate with the Arctic Ocean.

'In passing up the Strait, *if such a current should be discovered*, it will be of the greatest importance to you, in pointing out that part of the Strait which is likely to be the least encumbered with ice, as well as leading you direct to the opening by which it may be supposed to pass from the Arctic Sea into Davis's Strait.

'In tracing this current, you will soon discover whether it takes its origin in the north-east or north-west quarter: if in the former, you will, of course, abandon all pursuit of it farther; but if it should come from the north-west or west, it will prove the best guide you can follow, to lead you to the discovery of which you are in search.'—(*Instructions*, p. 3, 4.)

Is there here, we would ask, any 'confident assertion,' any *order* to be guided by the currents? Is not the whole subject matter of currents merely hypothetical, grounded on 'the *best information* the Lords of the Admiralty *had been able to obtain?*' Is it not offered as a suggestion merely for his guidance, *if* he should find such current to exist? He was not sent in search of a current, but told that *if* he found a current coming from the north-west, he could not do better than pursue it towards its origin—it was a contingent of which advantage might be taken: but there is not the most distant hint that a current was the necessary and indispensable appendage of a passage into the Arctic ocean, nor the shadow of a prohibition to the prosecution of his search of a *passage*, if he failed in that of a *current*. Impenetrably dull or intentionally perverse must any one be who could mistake the meaning of this part of the instructions.

Nor can we find any expression in the instructions which 'recommends Captain Ross to look for the north-east point of America; or in other words, the north-west passage, about the seventy-second degree of latitude.' On the contrary he is directed 'carefully to avoid coming near the coast' (of America); and, finding the sea

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sea free of ice in Baffin's Bay, he is told—'it may be advisable to stand well to the northward, before you edge away to the westward, in order to get a *good offing*, in rounding the north-east point of the continent of America, *whose latitude has not been ascertained*, but which, if a conjecture may be hazarded, *from what is known* of the northern coast of that continent, *may perhaps* be found in or about the seventy-second degree of latitude.'—(*Instructions*, p. 5.) So far from *looking* for this point, he was to stand well to the northward, in order to give it a good offing: had it been intended that he should ascertain its position, his instructions, we have no doubt, would have directed him to proceed up the Welcome, and endeavour to pass through Captain Middleton's *frozen straight*; whereas the object clearly was to avoid being entangled with the shoals, and islands, and ice on the northern shores of America, which, by the vague accounts of Hearne and Mackenzie, are very similar to the northern shores of Siberia. It would be a waste of words to point out the absurdity of supposing that, by this part of his instructions, it was meant to order Captain Ross 'to look for the north-west passage in the seventy-second degree of latitude.'

The next point of justification is the time (which, be it recollected, as well as the manner, was left to his own discretion) of leaving the ice—'As, in my instructions, I am also directed to leave the ice about the 15th or 20th September, or, at latest, the 1st October,' &c. Now let us see how this stands.

'If, however, all your endeavours should fail in getting so far to the westward as to enable you to double the north-eastern extremity of America, (round which these Instructions have hitherto supposed a passage to exist,) you are, in that case, to use all the means in your power, by keeping to the northward and eastward, to ascertain to what extent you can proceed along the western coast of Old Greenland: and whether there is any reason to suppose that it forms a part of the continent of America; and you are also to endeavour to improve the very imperfect geography of the eastern coast of America, and of the island or islands which are supposed to interyene between it and Disco Island in Davis's Strait; but you are, on no account, in this latter case, to remain on this service so long, unless accidentally caught in the ice, as to be obliged to winter on *any part of the eastern coast of America*, or the *western coast of Old Greenland*, or *the intermediate islands*; but to leave the ice about the middle or 20th of September, or the 1st of October at the latest, and make the best of your way to the River Thames.'—(*Instructions*, p. 8.)

If there be any truth in the position of the eastern coast of America, as laid down in the charts on the authority of Captain Middleton, in the neighbourhood of Repulse Bay, Captain Ross *had* actually passed the north-east point of America by more than a degree

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a degree of longitude; indeed, for aught he knew to the contrary, the southern coast of Lancaster Sound might be a part of the northern coast of America; the point therefore to which he had proceeded up Lancaster Sound was within the limit contemplated in that part of his Instructions which provides for his *wintering* upon the coast; but, without insisting on this, his order for leaving the ice had evidently no reference whatever to this part of the voyage. Failing to get upon the northern coast of America, instead of coming immediately home, he was then to ascertain whether Old Greenland was separated from the western land by Sir Thomas Smith's, or any other sound; to correct the geography of the eastern coast of America, and of such islands as are supposed to intervene between that coast and the neighbourhood of Disco. This latter part, we will do him the justice to say, he appears to have done, and to have ascertained that in the midst of Davis's Strait there are no islands, and consequently that the 'James's Island' of some charts has no existence: it was *in these three latter cases*, after having given up all further search for a passage, that he was not to remain so long as to be obliged to winter on 'the *eastern* coast of America, the *western* coast of Old Greenland, or the *intermediate islands*,' but to leave the ice, namely the ice of Davis's Strait, about the 20th September or the 1st of October—but he was in no case directed to *leave the water on the 31st August*.

It is obvious from the tenor of the Instructions, from the extraordinary preparations, and from the victualling stores, in addition to the established allowance, for two years, amounting to nearly 9,000 lbs. of preserved meat, of vegetable soups, essence of malt, and all manner of comforts;* of warm clothing, even to wolves' skins, for every man of the two ships, that *wintering* somewhere on the northern coast of America was fully contemplated: and we remember perfectly well, before the sailing of the expedition, how delighted all on board appeared to be at the idea of hunting bears and foxes and other animals in the long moonlight nights of nearly a fortnight each, and of observing the aurora borealis on the alternate fortnights, and of making and registering meteorological observations in a latitude where they had never yet been registered:—nay, so impressed was Captain Ross himself with the probability of wintering, that just a month before the period of his return, the ships' boats went out to kill a whale 'that the blubber (as he says) might serve them for winter light and fuel.' What feeling so suddenly changed his determination, and caused him to abandon the search at a moment when every one

* Table of Provisions, *Introd.* p. xxx.

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else conceived there was the fairest prospect of attaining the long wished object, we cannot even conjecture; unless the appearance of the star Capella warned him of the approach of winter, and suggested to the whaling-master that the season was at an end. There occur unfortunate moments in the history of a man's life, when he is himself unable to account for his actions; and the moment of putting about the Isabella would appear to be one of them: for had Captain Ross then felt what he professes to feel in the Introduction to his book, that 'his nautical education had taught him to act and not to question; to obey orders, as far as possible, not to discuss probabilities,' we are quite certain that he would not have stopped short where he did. Had he continued to advance, even supposing there was a continuity of land or ice, three *hours* more would have rendered his further proceeding impracticable; if, on the contrary, no such land or ice existed, three *days* more would have brought him very near to the meridian of the Coppermine river: in either case, the question would have been set at rest;—and Captain Ross, instead of Lieutenant Parry, would have had the merit of solving the problem, as far as Lancaster Sound is concerned: at present, he merely deceives himself in supposing that *he* 'has set the question at rest.'

The only remaining reason assigned by Captain Ross for abandoning Lancaster Sound was, that the weather appeared more unsettled, and therefore 'it became advisable to stand out of this dangerous inlet, in which we were embayed, being within it above *eighty miles.*' By the 'special chart,' he was about *half* that distance within it: Lieutenant Parry makes it thirty miles, and Captain Sabine the same. Captain Ross alone hints at danger.

We beg distinctly to be understood, that we do not say there *is*, but that Captain Ross does not know that there *is not* a passage through Sir James Lancaster's Sound; he knows no more, in fact, than he might have known by staying at home; and however invidious it may seem, we cannot but contrast the indifference and want of perseverance on the present occasion with that of former navigators sent on voyages of discovery. It was the perseverance and the fortitude of Columbus, under every difficulty and discouraging circumstance, that led to the discovery of a new world. It was the same spirit of perseverance and determined resolution that conducted Magelhanes through 300 miles of an unknown and intricate strait, apparently embayed and land-locked at every ten or twelve miles, and without affording any of those 'indications' of 'currents, swells, and driftwood,' sought after in Baffin's Bay. Had this great navigator been influenced by the murmuring of some, who complained of the danger they ran for want of provisions,

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sions, and the little probability of a passage—had he speculated on 'indications,' instead of exploring—the splendid discovery, second only to that of the Cape of Good Hope, had been reserved for another.—But he persisted, and told the murmurers, with great composure, that 'were it certain they should be reduced to the necessity of eating the hides that were on the ship's yards, his determination was to proceed, and make good his promises to the Emperor.' Captain Ross talks of danger in Lancaster's Sound, and of the bad sailing of the Alexander. A voyage of discovery implies danger; but a mere voyage, like his, round the shores of Baffin's Bay, in the three summer months, may be considered as a voyage of pleasure. There was very great danger when Cook persevered in penetrating through fields of ice, for eighteen or twenty degrees of latitude towards the southern pole, in ships not half so strong as the Isabella and Alexander. Vancouver, Flinders, and Broughton encountered innumerable dangers; but, great as they were, they did not prevent them from effectually performing the business they were sent upon. Reputation and risk are almost inseparable in the life of a naval officer; at least the former is rarely acquired without a large portion of the latter.

After what Captain Ross has stated with regard to the discouraging observation made by Captain Sabine on the improbability of a passage through Sir James Lancaster's Sound, it is but justice to that gentleman to give his own opinion in his own words, written and printed before he could possibly have seen Captain Ross's book. In speaking of the seven sounds mentioned by Baffin, he observes—'The last is Lancaster's Sound, which Baffin merely opened, but we sailed into it for about thirty miles. It is needless to enter into a detail here of the many *encouraging coincidences* which awaited us in this, the only one of Baffin's sounds into which we entered—the great depth of water, the sudden and considerable increase in its temperature, *direction of the swell,** the width of the shores apart, being much more than that of Behring's straits, and the different character of the northern and southern shores, especially in the latter being wooded.'† Captain Sabine adds in a note, 'It is worthy of notice, and has not been, I believe, remarked before, that the only one of Baffin's Sounds which has been since examined, namely, the "faire sound in latitude 70° 20′," where he anchored for two days on his way up the Greenland coast, proves to have been, in fact, the entrance

* It would appear from this and Lieutenant Parry's journal, that Captain Ross was mistaken in the direction of the swell, though *that* was one of his reasons for not proceeding.

† *Journal of Literature*, &c. for *April*.

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of the Waigat straits. *So easy is it for the most experienced person to be mistaken, except upon a very close examination.*'* The southern shore being *wooded* in this high latitude is a new and very extraordinary feature, but it is in part confirmed by a landing on that shore, as we shall presently see. We have quoted the above passage as being totally irreconcileable with Captain Ross's statement of Captain Sabine's former opinions.

Lieutenant Parry and his officers, who had been straining their eyes in vain from the crow's-nest to find out the cause of the Isabella putting about, knew nothing of the reason of this extraordinary movement till they were fairly out of the sound.—It would not indeed have been consistent either to hail the Alexander or communicate with her by signal, while every thing was carried on so snugly in the Isabella, that even the officers were ignorant of what had happened. Their surprize, it may be imagined, was not diminished when they were informed of it on the following day. On this day a party was ordered on shore to take possession of the southern point of the entrance of Lancaster's Sound, and to make observations; on which occasion Captain Sabine 'thought the weather too foggy for the dipping needle.' We confess we cannot see what objection the fog could oppose to the making of observations on the dip of the needle, which would have been particularly desirable on this spot. Besides, the fog, it would seem, cleared up, for we are told that the variation of the compass was found to be 110° west, by several sights for an azimuth taken on shore by Lieut. Hoppner. From this observation it is concluded that, at the extreme westerly point in Lancaster Sound, the variation was 114° W. Lieut. Parry, who commanded the shore party, thus describes this part of the coast:—

'In this bay was a steep beach of sand and very small pebbles. There is always something pleasing in the idea of landing in a country where no European foot has ever trodden before, and we enjoyed our ramble here to day exceedingly. The land at the back of the bay is a valley of considerable size, the country gently rising as it recedes from the shore, and flanked on each side by high hills covered with snow, of which none was to be seen in the valley. The land was here by no means destitute of soil, and a number of very beautiful plants were sent to the Commodore, such as would make no despicable figure in an English garden. We walked along the side of the deep bed of a river about fifty yards broad, and not less than twenty-four feet deep, having a good stream of water running down it to the sea, at half a mile from which it

* Captain Ross and all the gentlemen employed in the expedition seem to think that by the word 'Sound,' Baffin meant an inlet terminated by land. It never had such a meaning among geographers and navigators, being used by them, as the word implies, to denote a sea, strait, bay, &c. which could be *sounded*. *The Sound*, for instance, leading to the Baltic, is a result.

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divided into two branches. We pursued the left branch for a mile, and could trace it a long way farther. There was something extremely picturesque in this place, and nothing but a few trees were wanting to make it very beautiful. An interesting circumstance occurred, however, which makes it highly probable that trees were not very far distant; for we picked up in the bed of the stream a piece of the bark of a birch tree, I believe of the silver birch, it having none of that brown colour which the bark has of that species of which the Indians at Quebec and Halifax construct their canoes. It was very white on both sides, and appeared to have peeled and dropped off in the course of nature. I saw no appearance of iron, but abundance of limestone. The tracks of bears of enormous dimensions were very frequent; and the recent one of some cloven-footed animal, seven inches and a half long by five inches and a half broad. I saw no traces of human habitations, but we have met with no spot within the Arctic regions which I should prefer to this. Indeed, it was impossible to fancy oneself within the polar circle, while walking upon tolerable good soil, entirely free from snow, and not a piece of ice to be seen to the utmost limits of a clear horizon in every direction.'*

This birch bark found by Mr. Parry, and part of the stem of a fir tree five inches in diameter, would seem to prove that the branches of the river proceed from a part of the country on which *trees* are growing.

We find nothing whatever of interest in the voyage after their departure from this spot. It is quite obvious they were homeward bound as expeditiously as they could well proceed, sometimes in sight of the land and at other times not, but always at such a distance as to obtain very little information respecting the numerous islands and inlets on this side of the bay. 'From Lancaster Sound,' says Captain Sabine, 'to the entrance of Cumberland Strait, the coast was imperfectly known before, and was very imperfectly seen by us;' and yet Captain Sabine is said to have asserted, when opposite Lancaster Sound, that there was no passage through this coast, which he now admits to be 'imperfectly known.' It so happened that they came opposite to the mouth of Cumberland Strait, but not near it, on the 1st October: and 'as the 1st October,' says Captain Ross, 'was the latest period which, by my Instructions, I was allowed to continue on this service, I was not authorized to proceed up this strait to explore it, which, perhaps, at the advanced season of the year, might be too hazardous an attempt.' We say, on the contrary, that he was fully authorized; and have not the smallest doubt, judging from his Instructions, that such a proceeding would have met with the unqualified approbation of his employers; and saved them the mortification of

* Private Journal of Lieutenant Parry.

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hearing from him that, 'from the circumstance of a *current* being found at the entrance of this strait, there is no doubt a much better chance of a passage there than in any other place.' Having thus found the current of which he had so long been in search, the least he could do was to follow it up; and though it might be, and certainly was 'a subject of much regret that they had not been able to reach the strait's entrance sooner,' yet it was better late than not at all, and the *time* was wholly at command. But there appear to be different opinions as to the lateness of the season. At this very spot, Lieutenant Parry observes—'Nothing can be finer than the weather we have had for some days past; and I feel confident from all I have lately witnessed, that the attempts at discovery in the polar regions have always hitherto been relinquished, just at a time when there is the greatest chance of succeeding; for eight or nine hours of night are not a disadvantage by any means equal to the advantage of a sea clear of ice, which can only be expected towards this time of the year.' There can, we think, be no doubt that the three months of August, September, and October are the most favourable in this respect. The new ice rarely begins to form before the latter part of December and till then the old ice continues to waste away.

But the officers of the Alexander were of opinion that a south-easterly current had been experienced long before they approached the entrance of Cumberland Strait; and whatever Captain Ross may say or think to the contrary, there cannot remain the slightest doubt that the great body of the water in Baffin's Bay has a motion in that direction; else how could the great icebergs (to the amount of some thousands) which are principally formed in the northern part of the bay, be floated down till they are grounded in the narrows and shoals of Davis's Strait, whence, as soon as broken away till they again float, they are invariably swept along the coast of Labrador into the Atlantic where they are finally dissolved? As a further proof of what we are advancing, these icebergs have been observed over and over again by intelligent residents of Greenland, as well as by whale fishers, working their way to the southward directly in the teeth of both wind and tide, the action of these on a very small substance of the berg above water being unable to countervail that of the water on the vast body immersed in it. If the water of the polar sea circulates into the Atlantic, it is not by a superficial current, which the regular tides may overcome, but by the whole body of the water. A bottle thrown overboard from the Alexander off Cape Farewell on the 24th May, 1818, was picked up on the Island of Bartragh in the Bay of Killala, on the 17th March, 1819, having floated

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floated across the Atlantic at the rate of about four miles a-day. An iceberg in the same situation would have coasted Labrador, crossed the tail of the gulph stream and the bank of Newfoundland, being carried southerly by the under current, whereas the bottle floated easterly by the superficial movement of the water.

There can be little doubt that the great quantity of field ice and the multitude of those icebergs which, from gales of wind or some other cause, were dislodged from their abodes in Baffin's Bay and the Greenland seas in the winter and spring of 1817, and carried into the Atlantic, were the main cause of the extreme chilliness and dampness of the weather on the coast of America, and over the eastern coasts of Europe in the summer of that year, and that the almost total absence of ice in 1818 produced that warmth and dryness felt through the winter, not only by us and all the northern parts of Europe, but also along the whole coast of America. In the depth of last winter, the Baltic remained unfrozen; so late as the end of February the bays of Newfoundland were free from ice; and even to the middle of April there had been neither ice nor snow on Iceland, a circumstance which had not happened before in the memory of man. The fact may probably be accounted for by the long continuance of southerly winds, which, as found by both the late expeditions, had hemmed up the ice to the northward; and so likely is this, that the Greenland fishermen have a common observation that when the winter at home is mild, they are sure to meet with a close season in the Arctic seas. That the approach to the southward and the melting of such masses of ice should exert an influence on the temperature and movement of the atmosphere is no new idea; and the dissolution of an ice-mountain of the following dimensions, measured by Mr. Parry, must be allowed very materially to disturb the equilibrium of the atmosphere. It was more than two miles square and 367 feet high: its weight by measurement was 1,292,397,673 tons—and it was capable, if reduced to a plane of a foot in thickness, of covering a space equal to 1750 square miles.

Having thus fairly stated our objections to the conduct of the voyage, we shall just glance at the advantages which have resulted from it. In the first place, we are now quite sure that there is such a bay, or rather inland sea, as that of Baffin, though neither so wide nor of the same form as it is usually represented in charts. One chart, however, must be excepted, which is that of the navigator who quaintly calls himself, 'the North-west Foxe.' The coincidence of the latitudes and longitudes, but more especially of the latter, with those observed by Captain Ross, is so very striking (being within a degree of longitude on both sides, or fifteen

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teen miles) as to lead to the conclusion that Foxe must have been in possession of Baffin's chart, which Purchas found too troublesome and expensive to engrave. All the other charts that we have seen are very far wide of the truth.

In the second place, the swinging of the pendulum on Hare Island in lat. 70° 26′ has given results, we understand, highly satisfactory, as tending to corroborate the previous theory for determining the precise figure of the earth, built on experiments made in various latitudes, but never before in one so high as this.

In the third place, the variation and dip of the magnetic needle, and the intensity of the magnetic force taken at different places so very near to one of the magnetic poles, are, in themselves, exceedingly curious, and may lead to important conclusions. It had been foreseen that the probable approach of the ships to one of the magnetic poles would afford the oppottunity of making some interesting observations, and accordingly compasses of various construction, and other instruments, were provided for this purpose. We cannot find, however, that they have been used to the extent which would be desirable.

Another phenomenon, connected with these observations, seems, however, to have attracted the marked and continued attention of our navigators. It had been noticed, on Captain Cook's voyages, that the variation of the magnetic needle differed very sensibly on the same spot with the different directions of the ship's head, but not to such extent as to be considered of much importance to navigation. Captain Flinders, however, resumed the subject, and made a series of observations both on his voyage of discovery, and after his return to England, from the result of which he constructed a formula for correcting the error of the ship's course as steered by the compass. This formula, however, was found to be wholly inapplicable in high latitudes, where the deviation of the needle from the correct variation was much more considerable than where Captain Flinders had an opportunity of making his observations. He concluded, justly enough, that the error was occasioned by the iron in the ship; but conceived that the attractive power of it was concentrated in some particular part of the ship, whose influence was exerted on that pole of the needle which dipped towards the pole of the earth, and was drawn aside towards it. The fact, however, as might have been supposed, is, that the compasses of different ships are differently affected, according to the quantity and the disposition of the iron employed in the construction of the vessel, or of her ballast, guns, &c. and consequently, that each ship will have her particular deviation,

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which will differ very materially in different parts; and the points of one ship's head, which give no deviation, will, probably, in another, be those of the greatest deviation. These irregularities must, no doubt, be owing to the unequal distribution of the iron with regard to the two sides of the ship. This was remarkably the case on the present occasion, the compasses of the Isabella differing from those of the Alexander not merely several degrees, but in some situations several points; in fact, in the high latitudes where the dip and variation were greatest, so sluggishly did the needles act, that those which were loaded with heavy cards would scarcely move at all, but stood still at any point to which they were directed. In middle and low latitudes this deviation is of little or no importance, and in high latitudes we suspect it can only be truly ascertained by actual observations frequently repeated. Dr. Young, however, has constructed a formula and a table from the experiments of the Isabella, which may assist, at least, in coming to an approximation of the deviation. The following results of the mean of several observations taken on the ice, for determining the variation and dip of the magnetic needle, may be considered as approaching nearly to the truth.

Where taken.	Latitude.	Long.	Dip.	Variation.	
	° ′ ″	° ′ ″	° ′ ″	° ′ ″	
Hare Island.	70 26 17	54 53 55	82 9 39	71 42 45	
Three islands of Baffin. .	74 1 20	57 55 45	84 9 15	81 37 19	
West coast of Greenland.	74 57 45	59 49 30	— — —	87 19 34	
Do.	75 29 —	60 42 43	84 25 6	87 43 11	
Do.	75 49 —	62 43 45	— — —	90 43 22	
Do.	75 51 30	62 40 —	84 44 55	— — —	
Do.	75 50 —	64 48 57	— — —	91 2 12	
Head of Baffin's Bay. . .	75 54 21	65 56 —	— — —	92 1 —	
Do.	76 32 —	73 45 —	85 44 38	— — —	
Do.	76 33 5	77 9 52	— — —	107 3 57	
Do.	76 8 28	78 35 38	85 59 31	109 35 58	
West coast of Davis's Strait.	73 30 —	77 24 9	— — —	109 32 53	taken on shore.
Do.	70 36 —	67 27 45	84 39 35	86 14 44	

A series of observations on the temperature of the sea at the surface, and at certain depths, may serve to correct erroneous notions, which, it would appear, have prevailed on this subject. We have no doubt they are the most accurate that have yet been made, and in deeper water than a self-registering thermometer had ever been sent down before in any part of the world. The result is very different from that of former observations. It seems that, in Baffin's Bay, the temperature, generally speaking, decreases with the depth. At 1005 fathoms, in lat. 71° 24′, the temperature was 8½°, at

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at the surface 36°, and whenever the depth exceeded 100 fathoms, the thermometer generally descended to 30°, or below, when 34 or 35 at the surface. Near Cape Walsingham, it is stated that, from the depth of 660 fathoms the thermometer came up at 25½°; from 400, at 28°; from 200, at 29°; and from 100, at 30°: the temperature of the air being 37°. It would be difficult to explain why the sea remained in the state of water at 25½° of Fahrenheit. Did the pressure of the column of water prevent its freezing?—or was the water more strongly impregnated with salt? These and other observations made in the course of this voyage, both on land and sea, are completely at variance with the theory of isothermal lines of temperature which had been assumed, as it would now appear, from a too limited number of facts. But the most unaccountable circumstance is that of the Polar Expedition having, in the seas of Spitzbergen, on the same parallels of latitude, invariably obtained a contrary result, the temperature of the sea increasing with the depth; so that when the thermometer at the surface stood at 32° or 33°, at 300 fathoms it was 36° or 37°. We pretend not to explain this singular anomaly; indeed we do not conceive that we are yet in possession of a sufficient number of facts to enable us to reason on the subject.

A remarkable uniformity of temperature prevailed throughout the three months the ships were within the Arctic circle. During the whole of this time, the mercury in Fahrenheit's thermometer (in the shade) never ascended beyond 53°, nor fell below 26½°; and these extremes occurred but once, the general average being between 35° and 37°. The consequence of which, and of keeping the ship dry, was, that no deaths took place, and scarcely a day's illness in either vessel; and Mr. Parry, judging from these circumstances, says, 'I have not the smallest doubt that a ship provided, as we were, with abundance of provisions, warm clothing and fuel, might winter in the highest latitude that we have been in, without suffering materially, either from cold or disease.' When we reflect on the wintering of William Barentz and his companions in 76° of latitude in the coldest country on the face of the earth, destitute of all these advantages, we can scarcely doubt that Mr. Parry is right.

So long as the sun was perpetually above the horizon, there could not be any appearance of the aurora borealis. This phenomenon commenced, however, with the commencement of night, and was frequent on the return voyage. In a tremendous gale off Cape Farewell, these lights played with awful magnificence. The Isabella was furnished with an electrical apparatus, contrived by Sir Humphry Davy, but it does not appear to have been used. Mr. Parry paid particular attention to the compasses du-

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ring the appearance of the aurora, but could not perceive that it had the slightest influence on the magnetical needle, either in altering its direction or causing any tremulous motion; he observed however that the arc was generally, though not invariably, intersected by the magnetic meridian.

Where nature has been so sparing in the number and variety of her gifts, much could not be expected from the expedition, especially as no professed naturalist was employed on the occasion: the few opportunities which occurred for collecting specimens were not, however, neglected. On this subject, Captain Ross complains of the unwillingness of Captain Sabine to assist him, which he certainly ought to have done, though not engaged specifically for that purpose. It is a great misfortune for the interests of science, that commanders of ships of war and naturalists rarely agree; but it arises generally from the objects of their several pursuits interfering with each other. Captain Cook indeed agreed with every one; but Vancouver and Menzies quarrelled. Boudin was at variance with all the *savans* on board; but this was the less to be wondered at, as they were almost numerous enough to man the ship: and Captain Freycinet, who is now employed in the southern hemisphere in astronomical, magnetical, and meteorological observations, positively refused to take on board a single naturalist.*

We observe with pleasure that in consequence of the Prince Regent's Order in Council, grounded on the late amended Act of Parliament, the Board of Longitude has adopted a graduated scale of rewards for discovery, proportioned to the progress made to the westward, from Hudson's or Baffin's Bays towards the Pacific Ocean: as certain portions of these rewards are allotted to places not very remote from the usual haunts of whale fishers, such as have not been fortunate in the fishery may be induced to strive for them, through Cumberland or Lancaster's Straits, or some other of the numerous openings in the western land. It is possible indeed that the first point of the scale, the meridian of the Copper Mine River of Hearne, (which entitles to 5,000*l.*) may turn out to be much nearer to Davis's Strait than it appears to be on the charts. Mr. Hearne, by his own account, made but one single observation for the latitude, and that at a considerable distance from the mouth of the river, so that whether its latitude be 69° or

* To be even with the Captain, the Minister of Marine interdicted all females from proceeding on the voyage, knowing that Freycinet had intended to take his wife with him. On the third day after the ship's departure from Toulon, a youth made his appearance on the quarter-deck whom the commander had not before observed—it was his wife, who, in the disguise of a seaman, had got on board just as the ship was weighing anchor, and concealed herself among the crew.

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72° is left undecided. But this is not the most material part of his omissions: whether he had a compass with him or not, we cannot tell; but at all events, we conclude that he laid down his track without any regard to the variation; and for this reason,—that, having left a spot on the margin of Hudson's Bay, over which the magnetic meridian, or line of no variation, passed, a person so evidently inattentive to the latitude and longitude of a portion of the continent never before trodden by an European foot, can scarcely be supposed to have given any consideration to the variation of the magnetic needle, which was known to have none or very little at the spot from which he started. Now we know from Mackenzie's observations, that, at Fort Chepawyan, situated in about 58° of latitude, and on or near the meridian of Hearne's river, the variation of the needle in the year 1789 was 14° east, and at the mouth of Mackenzie's river in latitude 69° it was 36° east. As the mouth of Hearne's river, even as now laid down, cannot be half the distance from the magnetic pole that Mackenzie's river is, and as we may conclude, from the very extraordinary increase of variation in proceeding northward up Baffin's Bay, that a similar increase, in a contrary direction, would take place in proceeding northward from Fort Chepawyan, we may further conclude that the course of the Copper Mine river is not north, as laid down in Hearne's chart, but deflected to the eastward of that point; and will perhaps be found to open either into the Welcome or Davis's Strait, which would be the case if we allow only four or five points of easterly variation, though we cannot doubt, from its nearness to the magnetic pole, of there being much more. Hearne, in his narrative, talks vaguely of the sea being full of islands and shoals at the mouth of the river, as far as he could see with the assistance of a good pocket telescope; but in his introduction, which was written many years after the journey, he observes, 'I think it is more than probable that the Copper river empties itself into a sort of inland sea, or extensive bay, somewhat like that of Hudson's.' There is another circumstance corroborative of our supposed direction and termination of the Copper Mine river. We noticed in our review of Captain Burney's 'Memoir on the Geography of the North-eastern part of Asia,'* the observation of the late Mr. Dalrymple, that, on one of the native Indian maps, painted on skins, the sea is continued from Hudson's Bay to the Copper Mine river, and that in this circumstance all the Indian maps and reports concur. Mr. Barrow says that a chart of this kind is still in the Hudson's Bay Company's House; that the lets from the bay are marked on it with tolerable accuracy; and that the coast is carried northerly without interruption to the

* No. XXXVI.

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Copper Mine river, which has not a northerly but an easterly direction.* Taking these circumstances together, we have very little doubt that the mouth of the Copper Mine river and the waters of the upper part of Hudson's Bay or Davis's Strait will either be found united, or at no great distance from each other.

This and several other interesting points connected with the geography and natural history of the northern shores of North America will probably soon be cleared up. An expedition, we understand, is about to proceed, under the direction of Lieutenant Franklin, late commander of the Trent, from Fort York on the shores of Hudson's Bay, with the co-operation and assistance of the Hudson's Bay Company, to the mouth of the Copper Mine river, and from thence along the shore of the Hyperborean Sea to the eastward or the northward, as the case may be, in order to settle the long sought point which forms the north-eastern extremity of the continent of America. Whether the two ships under the command of Lieutenant Parry, or the land expedition under Lieutenant Franklin, will have the good fortune to be the first in determining this point, we cannot pretend to guess; but we have very little doubt that it will be determined by one of them; and that thus the cloud which hangs over the northern geography of the American continent will be dissipated, and this reproach to the physical knowledge of the nineteenth century finally removed.

*** Since the foregoing Article was printed off, Captain Sabine's 'Remarks' on Captain Ross's book have been published. They more than confirm all our conjectures respecting the extraordinary abandonment of Sir James Lancaster's Sound; as to the rest we willingly leave those gentlemen to settle their disputes in their own way.

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* History of Voyages into the Arctic Regions, p. 376.

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THE

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

APRIL, 1819.

ART. I.—*Lectures on the History of Literature, Ancient and Modern, from the German of Frederick Schlegel.* 2 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh. 1818.

A CONSIDERABLE time has now elapsed since we called the attention* of the public to a writer who, in an age fruitful of extraordinary men, seemed to us to hold no humble place among the proudest of his contemporaries. Feelings, however, much too respectable in themselves to be rudely assaulted, existed on the subject, and our opinions were promulgated with the deference due to such feelings. The Schlegels have trod in our steps, but with more boldness—they have placed the great comic poet of his day on a ground high indeed, but which every scholar will allow to be no more than his due; and had they offered any clue for ascertaining the reasons by which Aristophanes and Socrates so rudely jostled against each other, the question as to the merits of the former might have been considered as completely at rest: what they have not done we shall attempt from our own resources to supply; the task may lead us somewhat back in Grecian history, but we presume that a discussion, in which the reputations of two men, the one the wittiest and the other the wisest in Athens, are canvassed, can only be made superfluous or uninteresting by the manner of treating it.

After some remarks equally just and forcible on the OLD COMEDY, the merits of the first of these two extraordinary men are admirably characterised by M. Schlegel; and as his remarks form in some measure the groundwork of what we shall have to offer, we shall not hesitate, though at some length, to insert them.

'If we would judge of Aristophanes as a writer and as a poet, we must transplant ourselves freely and entirely into the age in which he lived. In the modern ages of Europe it has often been made the subject of reproach against particular nations or periods, that literature in general, but principally the poets and their works, have too exclusively endeavoured to regulate themselves according to the rules of polished society, and, above all, the prejudices of the female sex. Even among those nations, and in those periods which have been most frequently charged with this fault, there has been no want of authors who have loudly lamented that it should be so, and asserted and maintained, with

* No. XVII.

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no inconsiderable zeal, that the introduction of this far-sought elegance and gallantry, not only into the body of literature as a whole, but even into those departments of it where their presence is most unsuitable, has an evident tendency to make literature tame, uniform, and unmanly. It may be that there is some foundation for this complaint: the whole literature of antiquity, but particularly that of the Greeks, lies open to a reproach of an entirely opposite nature. If our literature has sometimes been too exclusively feminine, theirs was at all times uniformly and exclusively masculine, not unfrequently of a nature far more rough and unpolished than might have been expected, from the general intellectual character and refinement of the ancients.'—p. 55.

After some further remarks on the degraded state of female society in Greece, and the baneful effect it had upon Grecian literature, M. Schlegel proceeds to consider more at length the character of the extraordinary man, who has pourtrayed the manners of his own times with such singular success. The glowing mind of the critic throws a warm colouring over his author; but to those who are intimately acquainted with him in the original (and all effective transfusion must, we are persuaded, be given up as hopeless) the encomiums bestowed will not appear fanciful or extravagant.

'Here, where we are treating of the decline of Grecian manners, and of the writer who has painted that decline the most powerfully and the most clearly—the consideration of this common defect of antiquity has, I imagine, been not improperly introduced. But when this imperfection has once been distinctly recognised as one the reproach of which affects in justice not the individual writers, but rather the collective character, manners, and literature of antiquity; it were absurd to allow ourselves to be any longer so much influenced by it, as to disguise from ourselves the great qualities often found in combination with it in writings which are altogether invaluable to us, both as specimens of poetical art, and as representations of the spoken wit of a very highly refined state of society; to refuse, in one word, to perceive in Aristophanes the great poet which he really is. It is true that the species and form of his writing—if indeed that can be said with propriety to belong to any precise species or form of composition—are things to which we have no parallel in modern letters. All the peculiarities of the Old Comedy may be traced to those deifications of physical powers, which were prevalent among the ancients. Among them, in the festivals dedicated to Bacchus and the other frolicsome deities, every sort of freedom, even the wildest ebullitions of mirth and jollity were not only permitted, but were strictly in character, and formed, in truth, the consecrated ceremonial of the season. The fancy, above all things, a power by its very nature impatient of constraint, the birthright and peculiar possession of the poet, was on these occasions permitted to attempt the most audacious heights, and revel in the wildest world of dreams, loosened for a moment from all those fetters of law, custom, and propriety, which at other times, and in other species of writing, must ever regulate its exertion

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exertion even in the hands of poets. The true poet, however, at whatever time this old privilege granted him a Saturnalian licence for the play of his fancy, was uniformly impressed with a sense of the obligation under which he lay, not only by a rich and various display of his inventive genius, but by the highest elegance of language and versification, to maintain entire his poetical dignity and descent, and to show, in the midst of all his extravagances, that he was not animated by prosaic petulance, nor personal spleen, but inspired with the genuine audacity and fearlessness of a poet. Of this there is the most perfect illustration in Aristophanes. In language and versification his excellence is not barely acknowledged—it is such as to entitle him to take his place among the first poets to whom Greece has given birth. In many passages of serious and earnest poetry, which (thanks to the boundless variety and lawless formation of the popular comedy of Athens) he has here and there introduced, Aristophanes shews himself to be a true poet, and capable, had he so chosen, of reaching the highest eminence even in the more dignified departments of his art.

'This might be abundantly sufficient, not indeed to represent Aristophanes as a fit subject of imitation, for that he can never be, but to set his merit as a poet in its true light. But if we examine into the use which he has made as a man, but more particularly as a citizen, of that liberty which was his poetical birthright, both by the manners of antiquity, and by the constitution of his country, we shall find many things which might be said still further in his vindication, and which cannot indeed fail to raise him personally in our esteem. His principal merit as a patriot consists in the fidelity with which he paints all the corruptions of the state, and in the chastisement which he inflicts on the pestilent demagogues who caused that corruption or profited by its effects. The latter duty was attended with no inconsiderable danger in a state governed by a democracy, and during a time of total anarchy; yet Aristophanes has performed it with the most fearless resolution. It is true that he pursues and parodies Euripides with unrelenting severity; but this is perfectly in character with the old spirit of merciless enmity which animated all the comic poets against the tragedians; and it is impossible not to perceive that not only the more ancient Æschylus, but even his contemporary Sophocles, is uniformly mentioned in a tone altogether different, in a temper moderate and sparing; nay, very frequently, with the profoundest feelings of admiration and respect. *It forms another grievous subject of reproach against Aristophanes, that he has represented in colours so odious, Socrates, the most wise and the most virtuous of all his fellow-citizens; it is, however, by no means improbable that this was not the effect of mere poetical wantonness; but that Aristophanes selected, without any bad intention, that first and best of illustrious names, that he might under it render the Sophists, as ridiculous as they deserved to be, and as foolish and worthless in the eyes of the people as he could make them. The poet, it is not unlikely, in his own mind, mingled and confounded, even without wishing it, this inestimable sage with his enemies the sophists, whose schools he frequented in his maturer years, solely with the view of making*

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himself master of that which he intended to refute and overthrow.'—pp. 57—62.

It is on this subject of reproach against Aristophanes, on which these two distinguished brothers seem to think something ought to be said, that our own remarks will be offered.—We shall take it for granted that our readers are acquainted with some of the leading differences between the scenic representations of the Greeks and our own. We shall suppose them to know, that the dramas of that people grew out of and formed part of their religious ceremonies—that they were exhibited in theatres of a colossal size compared with ours—that the times of exhibition were at distant intervals—that when those few intervals did take place, the whole day was devoted to theatrical entertainments—that a prize was conferred on the most successful competitor—and that a piece once performed, was never, in the same shape at least, represented a second time. We shall also suppose them to know something of the general principles of that peculiar part of the ancient drama, the OLD COMEDY, as it is called, in contradistinction to what was afterwards named the MIDDLE, and the NEW;—as that it stood in the most extreme relation of parody to the tragedy of the Greeks—that it was directed chiefly to the lower orders of society at Athens—that it served in some measure the purposes of the modern Gazette, in which public measures and the topics of the day might be fully discussed, and that in consequence the *dramatis personæ* were generally the poet's own contemporaries, speaking in their own names, and acting in masks, which, as they bore only a caricature resemblance of their faces, shewed that the poet in his observations upon them did not mean to be taken literally to his expression.—The extreme and even profane gaiety of the OLD COMEDY is not also without its excuse.—That man was the plaything of the gods, was an opinion advanced by the gravest philosophers;* the comic poet reversed the picture, and made the gods the plaything of men: in his hands indeed every thing was upon the broad grin; the gods laughed, men laughed, animals laughed: Nature was considered as a sort of fantastic being, with a turn for the humorous, and the world was treated as a species of extended jest book, where the poet pointed out the bons-mots, and acted in some degree as corrector to the press. If he discharged this office sometimes in the sarcastic spirit of a Mephistophilus, this too was considered as a part of his functions: he was the Terræ-Filius of the day, and lenity would have been considered, not as an act of discretion, but as a cowardly dereliction of duty.

Of the species of comedy thus described, whoever was the in-

* Plato de Leg. lib. vii. p. 633. F. lib. i. 573. C.

ventor,

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ventor, whether *Epicharmus or Phormis, Aristophanes was the great finisher and perfecter. With an ear tuned to the nicest modulations of harmony, and with a temperament apparently most joyous, he was just fitted for the entertainment of a people, of whom Philip of Macedon, when he compared them to the Hermaic† statues, so common in their streets, drew in a few words one of the most happy and characteristic descriptions. That gaiety which is so well adapted to a nation of quick natural parts, and which has so few charms for persons of cultivated minds, the gaiety which consists in painting pleasantly the dulness of the understanding (*la bêtise*) and in inspiring buffoonery; of that gaiety, which has been made equally the basis of Italian and Grecian comedy, Aristophanes was pre-eminently the master. Music, dancing, metre, decoration—all that union of amusement, which the Greeks, a *seeing* and not a *reading* public, (this fact cannot be too much in our minds, when we are talking of their dramatic literature) required of their writers for the stage, Aristophanes seems to have improved; the muse of Comedy herself he left as he found her—a beautiful Titania, matchless in her own proportions, but with a spell upon her affections, and showering favours, which should have been better bestowed—upon an ass's head, with Bottom, the weaver, below it. An utter aversion to every species of affectation, and a most splenetic hatred to Euripides, (derived from deeper views of things, than people have generally given the comedian credit for,) perhaps guided Aristophanes on this point. He found that poet, half-pleader and half-bard, as he contemptuously considered him, affecting to rescue the sister muse of tragedy from the coarse hands of Æschylus, under whom she had been pampered into a sort of cumbrous ostentatious Amazon. A course of strait-lacing and cool diet was bringing her a little more into compass: her appearance had already become more genteel, and only a little more polish was necessary to fit her for the society of the Sophists, to whose schools she continually resorted for the little prettinesses, and affectations and delicacies of thought and expression, which were for ever in her mouth. A rough hand and a good course of bark and steel were necessary to repair the spreading mischief. The puns of the Peiræus,‡

* Arist. de Poet. lib. i. xi.

† Φιλιππος τους Αθηναιους ελεγε τους Ερμαις, ως στομα μονον εχουσι και ωδεια μεγαλα, Stobæi Serm. Edit. Schow. iv. p. 120. See also Diog. Laert. lib. v. § 82.

‡ We are apt to forget that Athens was the greatest maritime power of antiquity: but Aristophanes, a consummate politician amid all his buffoonery, knew where her real strength lay; he therefore takes every occasion of paying court to the naval part of his audience, the nautic multitude as Thucydides calls them, and advocates their rights upon all occasions. How much Plato and he were at variance upon this point, see the fourth book of his Legislation. Aristotle coincides with the poet. De Rep. l. vii. c. 6.

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the proverbs of the Agora, and the coarse jokes of the Ecclesia and Heliæa were therefore diligently collected, and showered from a full cornucopia, in all their native richness and strength upon an audience who perhaps found in them a charm of which we are not susceptible. The Italians, who in the particular cast of their vivacity, approach very nearly to the Athenians, are enthusiastically attached to the low Florentine; and many of their critics to this day think nothing written with purity, which is not formed upon the language of the lower orders of Florence of the fourteenth century. Perhaps it added to their value, in the eyes of democratical pride and vanity, that it was a man of rank and property* (for Aristophanes was both) who condescended to amuse them according to their own notions of pleasantry and humour.

Till the fatal exhibition therefore of the Clouds, the dramatic career of Aristophanes had been short, but eminently successful. His first play, (the Dætaleis,) which was brought out before the author had reached the age established by law, we know to have been received with the most flattering attention: his 'Babylonians' could boast the triumph of having at once excited and defeated the vengeance of that pestilent demagogue, who seems, as the historian expresses it, to have been as much born for the depression of Athens, as Miltiades, Themistocles, Cymon and Pericles for its elevation; while the prize of victory had been awarded to his comedies of the Acharnians and the Knights. Diffidence had thus been removed; exertion was stimulated; and gratitude, success, emulation and hope, all urged the writer to press forward in a career, which had commenced under such favourable auspices.

The first of the dramatic pieces of Aristophanes seems to have been directed against the state of private manners in Athens; in his Acharnians he had endeavoured to moderate the insolence of national success, and to infuse juster notions respecting a great public measure, which was putting the existence of the Athenians as a people at stake; while in the Knights, or as we should prefer calling it, the DEMAGOGUES, a mirror was held up to his fellow-citizens, where the ruler and the ruled saw themselves reflected with equal fidelity, and by which posterity has gained a complete knowledge of the greatest historical phænomenon that ever appeared, the ATHENIAN DEMUS. It now remained for the author to strike at the root of all these evils, private and public, domestic and political,—a mischievous and most pernicious system of education. This was undoubtedly the origin and object of the CLOUDS; and a brief outline of the progress of knowledge among the Greeks, and more particularly of that branch of it,

* Mit. Hist. of Greece, v. iii. p. 327. Arist. in Achar. v. 653, 4.

which

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which was comprehended under the name of 'Philosophy,' will at once tend to explain the aim of the author, and throw some light upon the comedy itself.

The proper epoch of Grecian literature begins with Solon. Before his time, says Frederic Schlegel, the Greeks possessed no more than commonly falls to the share of every people, who are blessed with a favourable organisation, while they are animated with the fresh impulses of a youthful society—traditions which hold the place of histories, and songs and poems which are repeated and remembered so as to serve instead of books. Such songs, calculated to arouse national feelings, to give animation in the hour of battle, or to be sung at the festivals of their religion, the Greeks possessed, in the utmost variety, from the earliest period of their existence as a nation. They possessed also in abundance those still more valuable songs of narrative, which express not the feelings that seize and overpower an individual poet, but embody the recollection and the feelings of the people,—the faint memory of a fabulous antiquity,—the achievements of heroes and of gods, —the origin of a nation, and the creation of the world. Among these stood, highly pre-eminent, the Homeric poems, the still astonishing works of the Iliad and the Odyssey.

In committing these poems to memory, many of them perhaps to be learned only by oral communication; in understanding critically their beauties and defects, and in attaining, through them, a perfect knowledge of that wonderful language, which, formed amid migrations and revolutions of every kind, yet attained to such perfection, as to make all subsequent languages appear nearly barbarous, consisted too great a part of Athenian education. It cultivated the imagination, almost exclusively at the expense of the understanding, and thus laid the foundation for that extravagance and enthusiasm, which so strongly marked the Athenian character. Instead of those plain treatises on morality, which teach us how to live, the grammarian (γραμματιστης), whose business it was to conduct the opening years of education, invariably put into his pupils' hands the works of Homer. The whole of these were, like other poems, frequently committed to memory; and the mischiefs which resulted from thus reading in infancy, what ought to have been the study of the ripest years, were so many, that Plato, notwithstanding his own evident predilection for the great father of poetry, does not hesitate to banish him wholly from the imaginary state, which his fancy dressed up as a model of perfection. From the criticisms, commentaries, explanations and interpolations of Homer by the grammarians, the pupil was committed to the teacher of music, or more properly to the master of the instrument called the cithara (κιθαριστης). A knowledge of music was indispensably necessary

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for the younger people of both sexes, that they might be able to bear a part in the chorusses and hymns, which accompanied their religious solemnities; and it was required of men, who held the higher offices of the state, to enable them to give their suffrages with propriety at those warm and animated contests, which were perpetually submitted to their decision at the theatres and music-rooms. The principal development of the faculties was now left to be effected by the two opposite engines, at once producing and evincing that love of contrast, which obtained so much among the Athenians, and which forms (as we may perhaps have another opportunity of shewing) the great key to ascertaining their character, —music and gymnastic exercises. What the music itself of the ancients was, we have now, as a very competent* observer remarks, little means of judging, as none of it has been transmitted intelligible to us; but that the Grecian music, even from the earliest times, had extraordinary merit, we have Plato's† testimony in very remarkable words; and Aristotle,‡ generally enough disposed to differ from his master, upon this subject coincides with him. It appears indeed a solecism, as the same writer observes, to suppose that those elegant perceptions and nice organs which gave form to the most harmonious language ever spoken among men, and guided invention to the structure of that verse which, even under the gross disguise of modern pronunciation, is still universally charming, could have produced or tolerated a vicious or inelegant style of music. As instruments of education, Plato delights to dwell upon these two powerful engines: he paints, in the most earnest language, their ill effects, when pursued separately and immoderately; their admirable influence, when conjointly and temperately. Naturally mystic and fanciful, it is not likely that this philosopher should be always clear or plain, when subjects, which offered so much temptation to both his ruling propensities, as harmony and the exercises of the palæstra, were under his consideration; what share they had in producing that physical perfection at least—that union of strength and elegance in the body, and that capacity in the organs for receiving impressions from works of art and beauty,—which has generally been conceded to the Greeks,—we may gather from the observations which he has left us,§ most unsparingly, upon the subject. From the earliest periods, education among the greater part of the Athenians seems to have embraced little more than the circle here described: and till the age of Pericles, the three great

* Mitford's Hist. of Greece, vol. i. p. 151.
† Minos, 46 (B). Convivium, 333 (B).
‡ Polit. l. viii. c. 5.
§ See more particularly the Republic, Ll. 3. 4. De Legibus, lib. 2. also In Protagora, 199. In Lachete, p. 249.

preceptors

preceptors of Athenian youth remained as before;—the grammarian, the teacher of music, and the master of the gymnasium.

But there were some minds of a higher cast and more restless energies than to be satisfied with this narrow range of instruction; and the same shore which had given birth to the great father of Grecian poetry had, in the person of the Milesian Thales, provided a preceptor, who was at once calculated to excite and, to a certain extent, to gratify that love of research and curious speculation which seems to have been at least as inherent in the Grecian character as a love of poetry and the fine arts. How congenial these pursuits were with their national temperament may be inferred from the single remark, that the fire which Thales lighted up has never since been extinguished. His own school* was followed in quick succession by the Italian, and Eleatic,† where physical and metaphysical knowledge were followed with equal success; and the dialogues of Plato furnish the most ample testimony of the zeal and fervour with which they were pursued in Athens, as soon as a respite from revolution and wars gave leisure for their introduction into that inquisitive town. The struggle which the Greek philosophy maintained with the doctrines of Christianity, forms one of the great partitions between the old world and the new; and if the Greeks paved the way to the final destruction of their country, by disputing instead of fighting, this has not prevented them from soothing the disgrace of political degradation by the subtle inquiries and never-ending debates of polemical divinity. Can we be altogether surprized at it in a nation, which, with organs the most acute and perceptive, possessed a language that could express every sensation; a language, as the historian enthusiastically expresses it, so musical and prolific, that it could give a soul to the objects of sense, and a body to the abstractions of metaphysics?—Those lofty but dangerous speculations, therefore, in which the strongest minds sometimes become entangled, and in which the weak are sure to suffer shipwreck, became very soon the favourite studies of such among the Greeks, as were possessed of leisure and had a curiosity to satisfy; and GOD, the UNIVERSE and MAN at once divided and engrossed the whole of their attention. Their facts were few, but their disputes were long; if they could not convince, they could at least reason: one absurdity led them to another; but every absurdity furnished a disputation of words; and words, even without

* The great leaders in the Ionian school (and it is clear from the writings of Diogenes Laertius that the successions were very accurately observed) were, from the time of its foundation by Thales, to the time of Socrates, the period to which we have confined our remarks, Anaximander, Anaximenes, Anaxagoras, Diogenes of Apollonia, and Archelaus; the latter was the preceptor of Socrates, and not Anaxagoras, as Madame Dacier inadvertently maintained.

† The Eleatic, properly speaking, was a branch of the Italian or Pythagorean school.

ideas,

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ideas, were as the breath of life to the loquacious Athenians. What is God? the philosophers therefore first asked. He is the most ancient of all things, for he is without beginning, said Thales. He is air, said Anaximenes. He is a pure mind, said Anaxagoras. He is air and mind, said Archelaus. He is mind in a spherical form, said Democritus. He is a monad and the principle of good, said Pythagoras. He is an eternal circular fire, said Heracleitus. He is the finite and immoveable principle in a spherical form, said Parmenides; he is one and every thing, said Melissus and Zenon,—the only eternal and infinite. These were subjects in which the profoundest mind might have discovered the most ample exercise for itself; but to the Greek, a vacuity was still left: Necessity, Fate and Fortune or Accident filled it up.

The Universe furnished another set of disputations. What is, has ever been, and the world is eternal, said one party. The world is not eternal, but the matter is eternal, argued another party. Was this matter susceptible of forms; of one or many? was it water, or air, or fire? was it an assemblage of atoms, or an infinite number of incorruptible elements? Had this matter subsisted without movement in chaos, or had it an irregular movement? Did the world appear by Intelligence communicating its action to it, or did God ordain it by penetrating it with a part of his essence? Did these atoms move in the void, and was the universe the result of their fortuitous union? Are there but two elements in nature, earth and fire, and by these are all things formed and produced; or are there four elements, whose parts are united by Love and separated by Hatred? Causes and essences, bodies, forms and colours, production and dissolution, the great phænomena of visible nature; the magnitudes, figures, eclipses and phases of the two heavenly luminaries; the nature and division of the sky; the magnitude and situation of the earth; the sea with its ebbs and flows; the causes of thunder, lightning, winds and earthquakes—all these furnished disquisitions, which were pursued with an eagerness of research and an intenseness of application, peculiar to the Greeks. Man, a compound of matter and of mind,—having relations to the universe by the former, and to the Eternal Being by the latter,—presented phænomena and contradictions, as puzzling to the old philosophers, as the universe of which he was the abridgement. While all allowed him a soul and an intelligence, all differed widely in their definition of this soul or intelligence. It is always in motion and it moves by itself, said one party—it is a number in motion—it is the harmony of the four elements—it is air, it is water, it is fire, it is blood—it is a fiery mixture of things perceptible by the intellect, which have globose shapes and the force of fire—it is a flame which emanates from the sun—it is an assemblage

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semblage of fiery and spherical atoms, like those subtle particles of matter, which are seen agitated in the rays of the sun.

Such were a few of the speculations, which science had devised, for employing the thoughts of active-minded men in Greece; and if the mere enumeration of them on paper (without entering into the thousand shades and differences which had all their separate promulgators, advocates and abettors) has excited either a smile, or a sensation of wearisomeness in a reader, he may imagine what must have been their effects upon a man of lively and mercurial temperament, like Aristophanes, who found them crossing his path at every turn, and saw them operating with the most ridiculous effects upon the petulance of the lively, and the conduct of the sedate!

The hold which the philosophers, properly so called, acquired over the public mind at Athens was gradual, and perhaps at all times partial; that which a much more pernicious class of men, known since by the name of Sophists, assumed, was instantaneous, and almost universal; the very causes which operated against the introduction of philosophy, tending to encourage and give entrance to the precepts of the sophists. The busy and stirring nature of the times, the change from monarchical to republican governments, the institution of popular assemblies, and still more the Persian contest, by making the Greeks act in bodies, where feelings were to be conciliated, prejudices consulted, and large sacrifices of private interest to be demanded in favour of public, all conspired to bring into vogue a knowledge more adapted to the transaction of human business, than the study of the heavens, and the properties of matter, the nature of God and the soul. Political wisdom soon became the leading object of attainment; and the splendid eminence to which political eloquence led, made it of essential importance to investigate and cultivate those rules which were found most effectual for working upon large bodies of men. It is impossible to peruse the interesting dialogues of Plato and Xenophon, without receiving a most lively impression of the strong ferment, which was then taking place in men's minds, and without recognising in them some of the marks of that agitated fermentation of the intellect, which, whether for good or evil, is working in our own days. To be able to distinguish themselves in the General Assemblies (δημαγωγικοι ειναι)—to make a figure in the courts of justice (δικανικοι)—to be ingenious in putting and ready in answering questions (διαλεκτικοι)—and what, in the now complicated affairs of Grecian politics, was becoming of still more importance, to become men of business (πρακτικοι), was the ruling object of every young man's ambition in Athens. The example of Pericles had taught *experimentally* the advantage of a union of the deeper knowledge

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ledge of philosophy* with the rich gifts of nature; and the splendid prize, which had for so many years been the reward of his profound accomplishments, seems to have stood before the eyes of his young and admiring fellow-countrymen till it absolutely dazzled and blinded them. All wished to be like Pericles†—all would be at the head of public affairs—all would command men, and have their fame spread, like *his* fame and that of Themistocles,‡ from their own city to Greece, and from Greece to the remotest regions of barbarism. But how was this knowledge to be acquired?—For those of younger years there was no deficiency of masters in those branches, which formed the system of education in Athens: but for young men of riper age, who had passed through the hands of the grammarian and the music-master, and who had acquired that limited knowledge of arithmetic, geometry, history, and astronomy, which the state of science could supply, no establishments, like our universities, were in being, where further opportunities were held out to that dangerous age, when a course of instruction, fitted to fill and enlarge the mind, to form the taste, and, what is still more important, to perfect the morals, becomes so imperiously necessary. But where a want is felt in society, it is not long before some one starts up to supply it; and a race of men soon made their way into Athens, who, under the name of Sophists, undertook to supply all deficiencies of schools, halls, and colleges. The first person who acquired distinction in this profession, sufficient to have an influence upon the age in which he lived, and to make his name known to posterity, was PROTAGORAS of Abdera. Originally a faggot-maker, his mode of tying up bundles excited the attention of Democritus; and the instructions of that philosopher subsequently enabled him to quit a trade, in which he might have been humbly useful, for a profession in which he unfortunately became splendidly mischievous.§ Bred up in that school of philosophy, which

* Pericles had been a scholar of Anaxagoras; and from his intercourse with that philosopher, he is said by Plato (in Phædro, 354 D.) to have derived that forcible and sublime spirit of oratory, which distinguished him above all his contemporaries. For an account of Anaxagoras see Brucker's chapter de Sectâ Ionicâ, § xix. The learned German, who might have been expected, from the bulk of his enormous tomes, to have *thought away* all feeling, becomes almost affecting in his account of this real and most enthusiastic philosopher.

† Plato in Theage, p. 9. H.

‡ Xen. Mem. lib. iii. cap. 6.

§ The human mind never losing altogether the impression of its first employments, the inventor of the porter's knot became also the discoverer of the knots of language; and accordingly to Protagoras[a] is ascribed the pernicious proclamation, that with him might be acquired, for a proper compensation, that species of knowledge, which was able to confound right and wrong, and make the worse appear the better cause: a doctrine which strikes us with amazement and confusion, but which was propagated

[a] Arist. Rhet. lib. ii. c. 26. Diog. Laert. in vitâ Prot. lib. ix. seg. 51.

with

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which taught that there was nothing fixed in nature, this flagitious sophist carried the uncertain and dangerous language of physics into the business of human life, and thus poisoned the stream of truth in its very fountain and source. The direct language of Thales, Epicharmus, and Heracleitus, and the allegorical genealogies of Homer were brought to prove, that all things being in a state of continual* motion, nothing actually *is*, and every thing is in a state of *becoming:* that an object therefore, considered in itself, is not one thing more than another; but that through motion, mixture, and the relation of one thing to another, the same object both *was* and *appeared* one thing to one person, and another thing to another. What are called heat and cold, changed their situations, it was said, even in the time of pronouncing the words; and before the enunciation was completed, heat ceased to be heat, and cold ceased to be cold—nothing, therefore, it was inferred, can be affirmed or even seen with certainty: heat is no more heat than cold, white is not more white than its opposite, knowledge is nothing more than sensation, man is the measure of all things, of things existing, as they are, and of things non-existing, as they are not, and all thoughts are true. For, every one thinks according to the impression made upon him, impressions are made by what is in motion, motion is created by agency, agency can proceed only from the things which are, and the things which are, must be true. From these sentiments it naturally followed, that not only what is wholesome and useful had no actual substance in themselves; but that honour and virtue, being the beginning and aim of what is useful, existed only in the opinions and habits of men.

In such a town as Athens, we may easily imagine that the small wits and humbler sophists eagerly fastened upon doctrines, so well suited to the meridian of their capacities. When the great Belial himself first began to advance them, and more particularly those odious ones, which ought to heap the curses of posterity upon his head; viz. the doctrine of sensation, and the offer to teach, how in disputation the worse cause might be made to appear the better, we cannot say: but we find it declared by Socrates† that the hoary impostor had for a space of more than forty years been advancing them, and that from the practice of this baneful trade he

with such success, that in the days of Aristophanes and Plato it appears to have excited little surprize in those who professed it, and to have been rather expected than otherwise in such persons as set themselves up for teachers of wisdom.

* It is most probable that the Aristophanic VORTEX, or substitute for Jupiter, (in Nub. v. 300.) was derived from this doctrine of the school of Protagoras. The word Ἀναξαγορειων in the scholium on the passage is easily rectified.

† In Menone, 21. C.

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had derived more gains than Pheidias* and ten sculptors to boot. So much more agreeable to Athenian minds were cunning, trick, fallacy and deception, than those noble specimens of art, which were then growing up among them, and on whose mutilated remains, the more accomplished of our own countrymen are too happy to be allowed to fix their eyes in fervent admiration!

The market was now successfully opened and adventurers of a similar cast soon flocked in abundance to Athens, who insinuated in terms much more intelligible and in language much more palatable, the doctrines which Protagoras had delivered in the abstruse and often obscure terms of physical or metaphysical science. Among a crowd of persons, who now, under the names of sophists, took the public education of the young Athenians into their hands, and had more or less a fatal influence upon their intellects and manners, history has preserved the names of Prodicus of Ceos, Gorgias of Leontium, Hippias of Elis, Euthydemus and Dionysodorus of Chios, Theodorus of Byzantium, Evenus of Paros, Polus of Agrigentum, Callicles, Thrasymachus, Tisias, Licymnion, &c.; and before adverting to the doctrines which they taught, the state of Athenian society will be traced more accurately by dwelling a little longer upon the actual introduction of the sophists into it. The greater part of these men, as the reader will see by their names, were strangers, not natives of Attica; but their abilities in their own country had pointed them out for distinction, and when business was to be transacted with other states, and more particularly with the imperial town of Athens, none seemed more fitted to conduct it to the advantage of their mother-country. Many of them therefore made their first appearance at Athens in the capacity of public ambassadors;† and their manner of conducting public business, their ostentatious professions, the boasted extent of their attainments, the charms of their language, and even their personal appearance, all tended to captivate in an astonishing manner the minds of a people naturally greedy of what was new; nothing indeed could be more calculated to fix their attention than these men. They appeared in sumptuous robes, followed by a numerous escort of noble youths, who thus acquired by oral communication that knowledge which books could not supply, or which, from the costliness of books, was difficult of attainment:—their language was rich and artificial; full of splendid antitheses and far-sought metaphors, they were subtle in argument, and where argument failed, they amused the imagination by the most fanciful tales. Their language had

* In Menone, 21. B.

† Plato in Hippiâ Majore, 95 (D) 96 (E). In Prot. 203. Arist. Rhet. l. 3. c. 17.

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also the additional charm of novelty to recommend it; for the knowledge of physics and almost all other science had hitherto been communicated in verse, and the language of prose, as far as artificial beauty was concerned, remained yet to be discovered.

In terms thus persuasive, and with a confidence the most unlimited, they professed themselves ready to answer every* question, leaving the choice of the manner to the will of the questionist. Considering nothing as too high by its abstruseness nor too mean by its lowness, they professed to have acquired, and they engaged themselves to teach *all knowledge*. To make good this boast of universal talent, one of them actually exhibited himself at the Olympic games, not merely with what might be supposed the travelling stock of a person of his profession, a set of epics, tragedies, dithyrambics and speeches, but with the annunciation that every article about his person,—his ring, his seal, his body-coat, his perfume-box, his upper and under mantle, his girdle, and even his shoes, was the work of his own hands. Their boast of what they could do for their pupils was as pompous as the exaggerated declarations of their own attainments; the first day was to make an impression; in the second, this progress was to be still more visible; in the course of a month or two they engaged to make them every thing that could be wished: neither age nor capacity† was to be any obstacle, and all was to be done without lett or hindrance of business; and business in the happy, polished and poetical town of Athens, was what it is, we suspect, in most other towns—money-getting. The price of knowledge was indeed high: a single lecture, or *epideixis* as it was called, sometimes cost fifty drachmæ, and one of these instructors, from the rewards of his professional labours, could afford to place a golden statue of himself in the temple of Apollo at Delphi. But when a mania took place in Athens, whether for cock-fighting or speech-making, for quail-feeding or philosophy, it was no slight obstacle that could oppose it; and Philosophy had now become the fashionable study. He therefore that had money, bought knowledge: he that had no resources of his own, drew upon his friends; and he who had neither resources nor friends, was told to beg, borrow, or steal, and at any rate not to be without some of the droppings at least of this precious banquet. Luckily the poorest needed not be hopeless; for an Athenian was a garrulous animal; and whoever had an egg to lay was, in gene-

* Plato in Menone, 12. D. In Gorgiâ, 281. The learned and venerable President of Magdalen Coll. Oxf. (Dr. Routh) compares them in this sense to the itinerant scholars of the middle ages, whose practice it was to set up challenges, offering to dispute *de omni scibili*. Plat. Euthy. et Gorg. p. 363.

† In Euthydemo, 228. C.

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ral, only solicitous for a corner in which he might deposit it. The manly diversions of the field were accordingly left for the Schools—not to be a philosopher was not to be a gentleman; and the arrival of a new sophist, who could add to the stores acquired, or recommend by any novelty of diction the knowledge already existing, was considered as a subject of national congratulation. The houses of the great and the wealthy were immediately thrown open to him—the young men crowded to hear and to admire—sleep itself was broken to attend his instructions; and those honours, fêtes, and caresses which in the fashionable circles of London are now lavished upon the great leaders of our poetry, were in those days reserved for the successful promulgators of sophistry, or, as it began to be called, philosophy.

We have now traced the course of Athenian education, and the masters under whom it was acquired; we shall just take a rapid glance at the effect of such a system of education upon manners, and then proceed to the more serious part of our subject, its influence upon the morals of the times. A little history, (for the delightful work of Herodotus had but just banished the marvellous prodigies of Cadmus and Eugæon, and the prosing narratives of Hecatæus and Hellanicus); a little geometry (for the Delphic oracle had not even yet promulgated the problem, whose solution was to carry geometrical science a step farther than the measure of surfaces); a little astronomy (for the Metonic discoveries, respectable as they were, are to the Principia and the Mécanique Céleste as a rush-light to the full blaze of the meridian sun):—these, with whatever of poetry and music was laid as the substratum, were the utmost limits to which Athenian education could possibly reach; and we presume that any young person in the higher order of society among ourselves, who should be thrown upon the stream of life with no more ballast than this, would not have himself only to blame if he suffered shipwreck on the voyage; and the more discerning spirits of antiquity thought precisely of the attainments of their countrymen as we do. It is impossible to read the works of Plato and Aristophanes, the two great painters of the higher and lower classes of society in Athens, without being struck with the incessant* pains they take, to root out of the minds of their fellow-citizens the false notions of superior wisdom, which, upon the strength of these small acquirements, and the superficial lessons of the sophists, were growng up among them. The serious powers of the former and the un-

* See among other of the Platonic dialogues that singular one called the Sophist. We do not hesitate to say, that the person who has not read this dialogue (utterly unsusceptible of translation) and the Comedies of Aristophanes, can have no idea of the powers of the Greek language.

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sparing ridicule of the latter are exerted on all occasions, and with the happiest success, to prove, that with all the pretensions of their countrymen, their knowledge consisted in mere appearance and not in reality; that they were lovers of the knowledge which lay merely in *opinion* (φιλοδοξοι), not lovers of the wisdom, which lay in real *science* (φιλοσοφοι). To separate and define with the utmost precision these distinct species of knowledge, the most gigantic powers are displayed by Plato: it was with this view, no doubt, that he framed his theory* of the two worlds, the one visible, the other ideal; the latter containing immutable essences and *real beings*, the former containing only objects drawn from the great archetypes in the ideal world, and which, being subject to generation and corruption, to increase and diminution, are unfit to be called beings. For the same purpose, he drew out his four species and degrees of knowledge—intelligence, or the knowledge of pure essences (νοησις); the knowledge where the reasoning powers and imagery act conjointly, as in estimating the ideal of geometrical figures (διανοια); the knowledge into which *belief* entered, and by which bodies and their properties were to be estimated (πιστις); and that more common knowledge of his own and all other superficial times, the knowledge which lay only in *conjecture*, and whose food was, in Plato's contemptuous classification, the knowledge of the images or shadows of bodies. Ignorance he divides with equal precision into two kinds: simple ignorance (ἀγνοια) and the ignorance which, mistaking itself for knowledge (ἀμαθια) is without hope of remedy, as long as this opinion attends it: and it is certainly a strong incentive to the desire of attaining true knowledge ourselves, and of being cautious what opinions we promulgate among others, to find such a man as Plato, laying it down as a fundamental† principle, that the wicked man sins only through ignorance, and that the end of his actions, like that of all other men, is good, but that he mistakes the nature of it, and uses wrong means to attain it. The poet, with a different but not less powerful weapon, attacks his countrymen upon the same score. Under cover of a few compliments, without which the sovereign people of Athens were not very safely approached, he tells them to their faces that they were a set of shallow, self-conceited, assuming coxcombs; that their distinguishing feature was ignorance, and their pretended wisdom only the worst part of ignorance, excessive cunning: he assures them that they were the dupes of every person, native or stranger,

* See the close of the Sixth Book of Plat. Rep.—a book, as Gray remarks, which can never be read too often.

† In Protog. In Epist. ad Dion. Fam. in Menone, in Philebo, in Sophistâ. See also Gray's Works, v. ii. p. 361.

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who had only the talent to discover that their feelings centered in their ears: he gives them to understand, that the great intellects, which had sprung up suddenly among them, and among whom he might have placed himself as not the least extraordinary, had only made them a sort of *parvenus* in knowledge, as the miraculous and almost incredible events of the Persian war had made them *parvenus* in the history of nations: and, drawing an image from those foolish birds whose mouths are always open, he tells them, by a bold pun, the deep sense of which excuses the conceit, that they were Cechenians, and not Athenians. Such were the opinions of Plato and Aristophanes respecting the state of knowledge in their own country.

That morality should have improved under such a system of education as this, was not much to be expected; and in fact, as intellect advanced, if such a word is to be prostituted by application to such a species of knowledge, the public morals became deteriorated with a most alarming rapidity: how indeed could it be otherwise under preceptors, such as were allowed to direct the minds of the wealthy, the young and the unsuspecting! Like their great predecessor, Protagoras, they taught that the first and most important of all acquisitions was eloquence; not that simple and sublime eloquence which advocates the cause of innocence and truth, but that specious eloquence which, in the senate, the ecclesia, the courts of law, and the common intercourse of society, could steal, like the songs by which serpents were charmed, upon the ears of their auditors, and sway their minds at the will of the speaker. As the first step towards this important acquisition, the pupil was carefully initiated in all the niceties of that language, whose mazes and subtleties sometimes led from premises apparently simple, to conclusions which seemed more like legerdemain than the effects of sober reasoning.* He was instructed, that it was in his power and his duty, to make the same thing appear to the same person at one time just, at another unjust: that he could by this means in a speech to the people make the same things appear, at this time good, at that time the reverse; nay, that if as clever as the Eleatic† Palamedes, he might make the same things appear like and unlike, one and many, in a state of quietude and in a state of motion. These lessons admirably prepared the pupil for his next degree; viz. initiation into the mystery of the Great Beast,‡ the Μεγα Θρεμμα, as that populace was significantly and

* In Gorgiâ, p. 284.

† By the Eleatic Palamedes was meant Alcidamas, a pupil of Gorgias, (vid. Quintil. l. iii. c. 1.) and not Zenon, as Diogenes Laertius, quoting from Plato with his too common inaccuracy, supposes. (Diog. Laert. IX. 25.)

‡ De Rep. lib. vi. p. 472. F. G.

contemptuously

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contemptuously termed in private by those, who did not scruple to pandar to its basest feelings in public. He was told, that this animal,—great and strong,—had certain irascible and concupiscent passions, of which it was necessary to make himself the master. He was accordingly taught to know in what way it was necessary to approach this animal, and how to touch him—what made him difficult and what easy of access—how to discriminate between the tones which the Great Beast himself uttered, and the tones which in others either soothed or provoked him. All this, the neophyte was told had, during a course of time, been collected into an art; in this art, he was assured, lay true wisdom, and this wisdom was what they (the sophists) undertook to teach. As to any discrimination of the passions of this animal, or any separation of the honourable, the good and the just, from the base, the bad and the unjust; it was what, they declared, they neither laid claim to themselves, nor expected from others: it was their business to shape their judgments by the instincts of the animal; calling that good, in which he delighted; that evil, with which he was displeased, and considering all as just and honourable which satisfied the necessities of nature;—and what essential difference there was between that which is good in itself and good according to nature, they confessed they did not know themselves, and consequently could not communicate to others.

The higher pandects of the school were now laid open to him; and it is at once curious and painful to see how early these sophists had discovered all those dangerous doctrines, which, at subsequent periods, have been made use of by bad and designing men for the subversion of society. They asserted on all occasions that might makes right; that the property of the weak belongs to the strong, and that, whatever the law might say to the contrary, the voice of nature taught and justified the doctrine. They proclaimed that the only wise persons were those, who aspired to the direction of public affairs, and who were stopped in this attempt by no other consideration than the measure of their capacity; and they added, that those who, without any command over themselves, could acquire a command over others, had a right to have their superior talent rewarded by possessing more than others; for temperance, self-restraint, and a dominion over the passions and desires, were set down by them as marks of dulness and stupidity, only calculated to excite mirth and derision. They asserted with confidence, that nature itself made it both just and honourable, that he who wished to live happily, ought to permit his desires as large a sway as possible: they bargained indeed for the possession of

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courage and political wisdom in their scholars; but once in possession of these, a man, in their opinion, was at liberty to administer to his passions in all other respects, and to leave nothing unindulged, which could contribute to their gratification. They declared, that those who attached disgrace to this doctrine, did it only from a sense of shame at wanting the means to gratify their own passions; and their praises of moderation they asserted to be mere hypocrisy, and to proceed solely from the wish of enslaving better men than themselves. With the same power of self-indulgence, said these flagitious liars, these assertors of moderation would pursue the same path as those who were now the objects of their animadversions:—they concluded, therefore, that it was ridiculous in those, who were above restraint, to lay a restraint upon themselves, and they proclaimed in the most unqualified terms, that luxury, intemperance and licentiousness, were alone virtue and happiness, and that all other declarations were mere specious pretences,—compacts contrary to nature,—the triflings of men, who deserved no consideration.

The sacred principles of justice were treated with a contempt equally daring. They often began with the bold definition, that justice itself was nothing but the interest of the strongest; that the master-piece of injustice was to appear a man of virtue without being really one: and they proceeded to prove (and in a town like Athens, the demonstration perhaps was not difficult) that on all occasions the just man came off worse than the unjust. In the mutual compacts of private life, said they, the just man is always a loser, and the unjust a gainer. In public affairs, when a contribution is to be made, the one with equal property always contributes less than the other; whereas, when a disbursement is to be made, the former receives nothing, and the latter is a considerable gainer. If both are in office, one mischief at least happens to the just man; his private affairs go to ruin from being neglected, and the public give him no redress, merely because he is a just man; he becomes odious besides to his relations and his friends, because he will not for their service overstep the bounds of right; whereas, to the unjust man, the very reverse is the case. To paint this more forcibly, they drew the picture of a tyranny, where the unjust man was in the highest state of felicity, the voluntarily just in the greatest state of depression; and they proved that the former, though outraging every rule of humanity, was loaded with praises, not only those who were conscious of his crimes, but even those, who had suffered by them, considering him a happy man: for if injustice, added they, is ever blamed, the blame proceeds not from the fear of committing it, but from the fear of suffering by it. Improving upon these notions, they declared that to be able to

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to commit an injury, was in itself a blessing, to receive an injury was in itself an evil; but that there was more of ill in receiving, than there was of good in committing, and that to set this right, was the origin and object of legislation. Justice, therefore, they considered as a medium between the greatest of blessings, that of committing wrong with impunity, and the greatest evil, which consists in not being able to revenge an injury received; and hence according to them, was derived the common attachment to justice, not as being a blessing in itself, but because persons in a capacity to hurt others, oblige them to consider it as such: for he, they continued, who has power in his hands, and is really a man, would never submit to such a convention:—it would indeed be complete folly to do it. Give the good man and the bad man, they triumphantly concluded, power to act as they please; present them with rings like that of Gyges, which should make them invisible, and what will be the consequence? The virtuous man would soon be found treading the very same path as the villain, and if he should be so 'adamantine' as to act otherwise, he would be considered as the most pitiful and stupid of his species: in public, indeed, every one would eulogize his virtues; but this would be done with a design of deceiving others, and in the fear of risking fortune, if a contrary course were pursued.

Such were some of the doctrines, which, advanced with all the powers of dialectic skill, and dropping upon a soil too well fitted by an imperfect education for their reception, confused the intellects and perverted the notions of the young Athenians. But the poisonous chalice was not yet full.—As some compunctious visiting of nature might interfere, and the dread of present or future retribution (that witness of himself, which the Deity has left in all ages) might hinder the pupil from giving due effect to these pernicious precepts, the high doctors of this infernal school now took him in hand; and in this moment of wavering and irresolution, they with a hot iron for ever seared the conscience, which still retained some faint marks of tenderness and sensibility. The opinions, which he had sucked in with his nurse's and his mother's milk, which from the mouths of the same persons he had heard conveyed in the shape of serious arguments, or amusing fables, and which he saw evinced in the numerous and imposing sacrificial rites of his country, all these he was told were false; and he was required to abjure them: he, who had been witness to the victims offered to the gods by his parents, and to the prayers and supplications made to the same gods in behalf of themselves and their children with an earnestness and a warmth, which shewed the conviction of their own minds that there was some superintending Power; he, who in the prostrations and adora-

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tions of Greeks and barbarians, at the rising and setting of the two great luminaries, had either seen or heard that this persuasion was common to all people—he was now told to give up all these notions, fitted only for the capacities of dreaming ignorance and anile superstition. He was assured in broad open day, in the sight of that sun, which he saw rising every day to run his glorious course, and in the face of that earth, which he beheld covered with flowers as well as fruit, that of three things he might console himself with one; either that there were no gods, or that if there were, they took no cognizance of human affairs, or that if they did, their connivance could be gained and their vengeance appeased by returning to them some of the lowest of their own gifts;—a bull, an ox, a sheep, a little incense, or a few grains of salt. By what arguments these doctrines were supported, we have neither time nor patience to mention; and those by which they were refuted, it is not surely necessary, at this time of day, to repeat; but one argument, however uselessly it was urged, is too honourable to human nature to be altogether omitted; and some among ourselves may, perhaps, *mutatis mutandis*, receive benefit from the ideas of an unassisted and uninspired heathen. 'My son, (this better voice whispered to the unfortunate victim of superficial education and devilish sophistry,) you are yet young: time will make an alteration in your opinions; and of many, which you now strongly maintain, you will hereafter advocate the very reverse: wait, therefore, till time has made you a judge of matters, so deep and so important in their nature. For that which you now think of no consequence, is in fact the concern of the very highest importance; viz. the direction of life to good or bad purposes, by corresponding investigations into the nature of the heavenly powers. One thing and that not trivial, I can at least venture, in all the confidence of truth, to assure you respecting them; the opinions, which you now entertain, are not solitary opinions, first originated by you or your friends; they are opinions, which, at all times, have found advocates, more or less in number; but I speak the language of experience when I say that not one of those who in their youth had been led to think that there were no gods, has found his old age consistent in opinion with that of his more juvenile years.'* Alas! to many of these persons such an old age never came: and if the natural consequences of these damnable lessons sometimes brought moments of anguish and remorse, the effect of such feelings, when the great doctrine of Repentance had not yet been promulgated, was only to plunge the pupil into

* Plat. de Leg. l. x. p. 665.

deeper

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deeper sins, that he might get rid of the terrors of an upbraiding conscience!

In laying open to our readers the manners and the doctrines of the Sophists we have been led, almost unawares, into a length, which may seem to have drawn us from the purpose for which these remarks were designed; but humour depends for its relish very frequently upon knowledge—knowledge not acquired at the moment, but fixed in the mind, and asking little explanation; for nobody, says a French critic, laughs, when there is need of an explanation to tell him, why he ought to laugh. It is only an intimate acquaintance with the state of manners, and the habits of society in the upper classes of society in Athens, which can give the reader a full idea of the Clouds of Aristophanes. It is then only that the full force of many of his single happy words can be understood, or those images raised in the mind, which mere words are sometimes calculated to light up. But our purpose must still lie by a little longer. Some doubt has been thrown on the veracity of the author, from whose writings these remarks have chiefly been suggested or collected; and an agreeable compiler, well known to scholars, would wish us to believe, that the master of the Academy acted the same part by the sophists of his day, as Aristophanes did by the great originator of the Grecian moral philosophy. The Dialogues of Plato do certainly, by the introduction of living characters, speaking freely and unreservedly, approach the nearest of any thing which antiquity has left us, to the modern novel, that dangerous species of literature, which has opened all the recesses of the heart, and left none of those sanctuaries unvisited into which a person's own thoughts should fear to penetrate.—But, without adverting to the difference of manners between the Greeks and ourselves, without shewing that Athenæus, in attacking the character of Plato for veracity, has left his own reputation for truth in an awkward predicament; after admitting, in its fullest extent, the literary jealousy of Plato, which could bear no rival near his throne, it will be sufficient to say that we possess other means of establishing the truth of his observations. If such dark and malignant spirits, as Plato describes, had been at work with such doctrines as he details, their effects would be pretty visible in the annals of the times; for what is history but the register of opinion converted into fact? and how read we? what says the great contemporary chronicler? 'About this time,' says Thucydides, (and he is speaking of the period which immediately preceded the representation of the Clouds,) 'the received value of names imposed for signification of things, began to be changed into arbitrary: for inconsiderate boldness was counted true-hearted manliness; prudent deliberation, a handsome fear; modesty, the

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cloak of cowardice; to be wise in every thing, to be lazy in every thing. A furious suddenness was reputed a point of valour. To re-advise for the better security, was held for a fair pretext of tergiversation. He that was fierce, was always trusty; and he that contraried such a one, was suspected. He that laid a snare, if it took, was a wise man; but he whose forecast discovered a snare laid, a more dangerous man than he: he that had been so prudent, as not to need to do the one or the other, was said to be a dissolver of society, and one that stood in fear of his adversary. In brief, he that could outstrip another in the doing of an ill act, or that could persuade another thereto, that never meant it, was commended. To be kin to another, was less binding than to be of his Society or Company; because these were ready to undertake the most hazardous enterprizes, and that without any pretext. For Societies* were not made upon prescribed laws of profit, but for rapine, contrary to the laws established. And as for mutual trust amongst them, it was confirmed not so much by oaths or divine law, as by the communication of guilt. And what was well advised of their adversaries, they received with an eye to their actions, to see whether they were too strong for them, or not, and not ingenuously. To be revenged was in more request, than never to have received injury. And for oaths (when any were) of reconcilement, being administered in the present for necessity, they were of force to such as had otherwise no power: but upon opportunity, he that first durst, thought his revenge sweeter by the trust, than if he had taken the open way. For they did not only put to account the safeness of that course, but having circumvented their adversary by fraud, they assumed to themselves with all, a mastery in point of wit. And dishonest men for the most part are sooner called able, than simple men honest. And men are ashamed of this title, but take a pride in the other. The cause of all this is desire of rule, out of avarice and ambition, and the zeal of contention from those two proceding. Thus was wickedness on foot in every kind, *throughout all Greece*, and sincerity (whereof there is much in a generous nature) was laughed down.'†

A Tragedy of manners, thus fearful, wanted a Gracioso to relieve some of its more sombre scenes, and the character was supplied in Aristophanes.

To dispel by the powerful weapon of ridicule these mists of error,—to give a finished picture of a man as he was likely to come from the hands of the Sophists,—to rescue the young men of

* By societies are here meant companies united under certain laws for the more profitable management of their trades or arts.

† Hobbes's Trans. of Thucydides, lib. iii. 198. Fol. ed.

family

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family from the hands of such flagitious preceptors, and restore them to that noble simplicity of manners, which had prevailed in Greece in the time of Homer, and which had not entirely disappeared even in the days of Herodotus, was unquestionably the object of the Clouds;—it was a task of no ordinary kind, but the author has accomplished his purpose in one of those immortal dialogues, which, wrapped up in his own rich, mellifluous and inimitable versification, remains, to the moderns, like so many of the other great works of antiquity, at once an object of admiration and despair. If the mode* in which this admirable dialogue was conveyed, be such as to detract in our eyes somewhat from its merit, it must be remembered, that the persons for whose service it was intended, were not likely to be present at the recital of it, and that the reproof could only be dealt at second hand through the medium of a clever, but noisy, conceited, and riotous mob, who required some compensation for having the merriment of their bacchanalian anniversary disturbed by satires upon the system of public education.—It now remained for the author to give a central figure to his piece; and the same regard to the quality of his audience, seems to have guided him also, in this stage of his progress.

About the time when the play, called the Clouds, was brought before a public audience, a person was seen in all the streets and public places of Athens, whose appearance, manners and doctrines, equally tended to excite observation.† If not a sophist himself, he was continually among them; and as he made no scruple to practise upon them the arts which they practised upon others, it is no wonder that an almost general opinion should have considered him as one of the profession; as a sophist more honest indeed than the rest, but in talent, in vanity, and self-conceit surpassing them all. Like the sophists and philosophers, he had given himself deeply and unremittedly to physical researches: and in a temperament naturally melancholy, it had produced such an effect upon his countenance and manners, that by the gayer part of his fellow-citizens, who wanted opportunities of knowing him more intimately, an introduction to his society was considered as something like venturing into the sombre cavern of Trophonius.‡ And certainly there were not wanting reasons for forming such an opinion. Wrapt up in profound reveries, the

* There can be little doubt, from the words of the scholiast, that the embodied *Logoi*, or representatives of the two struggling and opposite sets of opinions in Athens, on the subjects of religion, manners, morals, music, &c. were exhibited to the audience, as two fighting cocks, in large wicker cages.

† Plato in Lachete, 246. D. E. F. 250. A. B.

‡ In Phædone, 392. Conv. Xen. 85. Mem. l. iv. c. 7. Arist. Nub. v. 509.

ordinary

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ordinary functions of nature seemed sometimes suspended in him —the vicissitudes of day* and night passed unobserved, the necessary refections of rest and food were neglected, and he seemed to have derived from his own experience the reproach which he sometimes cast upon the other philosophers, that their native town had only possession of their bodies, but that the air was the chosen habitation of their minds. The pride of knowledge communicated a consequence which contrasted rather ridiculously with the humility of his external appearance; his air was stern,† his step was lofty, and his eyes, if not fixed upon the heavens, were thrown around with an appearance of conscious importance. He was rather ostentatious in proclaiming that his father had been a statuary, his mother a midwife;‡ and he explained, in language highly ingenious, but rather more at length, perhaps, than was consistent with good taste, and certainly in terms which only a degraded state of female estimation would allow to be called decent, that the profession, which his mother had practised, was that which he also pursued; with this difference, that he performed for the intellect, what she had done for the body; and that while she confined her attentions to the female sex, his obstetric services had been devoted exclusively to the male. In his more convivial moments he had a term, by which he chose to characterize his pursuit, that requires still more circumlocution in mentioning; it will be sufficient to say, that it came nearest to that office, which is considered the most degrading that one man can perform for another; and he who had accidentally seen the author of it, coquetting with a grey-bearded brother in philosophy, and aping the manners of a courtezan who denies, only to be courted to do what she wishes,§ might have been justified in thinking, till circumstances had better informed him, that the pretended office was not merely assumed for the purposes of momentary pleasantry. By whatever name, however, he chose to term his vocation, certain it was, that no man could be more assiduous in the prosecution of it. Whoever was the disputant, or whatever the subject of conversation, the discourse finally fell upon the head of the person, with whom he was conversing. Armed with a divine commission, as he pretended for that purpose, and himself under the immediate direction of a supernatural being, not perfectly naturalized in the theology of his country, every man was questioned by him in turn, and found no respite, till he gave a complete ac-

* In Convivio. Plat. 316 B. 335 C.

† In Phæd. 402 B. Conv. Plat. 335 F. in Nub. v. 363.

‡ Acibiade primo. 36. In Theæteto, 117.

§ Conv. Xen. p. 86. The paraphrastic translation of the word Θρυπτομενος is given from Gray, whose erudition was as exact as his genius was sublime.

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count of himself:—what was his present and what had been his past mode of life,—and once upon this topic, said one who knew him well, there is no hope of escape, till you have been put to the touchstone torture, and your whole life sifted to the bottom. So strong was this passion, that the attachment to rural scenes, which prevailed so strongly in most of his fellow-citizens, in him seemed a feeling almost extinct—he was a stranger to the environs of Athens, and was scarcely ever seen outside the walls. He could gain no instruction, he declared, from fields and trees, and nothing but a book could entice him to the banks of the Ilissus, or that more beautiful stream, where Venus* quenched her thirst, and in return blew over it the sweetest breath of the Zephyrs, and sent the Loves to be the companions of Wisdom. Man was his game; and from man he never wished to be absent; but the passion was by no means reciprocal: a catechist so inquisitorial was not always agreeable, and the presence of the philosopher either created a solitude where he went, or if he collected an audience, it was among the †idle young men, who took a malicious pleasure in his cutting remarks, and who immediately left him to practise upon others the lessons which they had just received. In a town where the personal appearance of the male sex excited more comments and observation than the female,‡ even the exterior of this person was calculated to fix the attention of many, who were not disposed to penetrate beyond it; and whatever merriment was excited on this subject, it must be owned that himself was ever the first to set the joke afloat. His eyes (to use the words in which he was accustomed to draw his own figure, and in which we shall not scruple to follow him, for purposes which will appear hereafter) stood so forward in his head, that they enabled him not only to see straight before him, but even to look sideways; and he used in consequence to boast, that himself and a crab were, of all animals, the two best adapted for vision.§ As his eyes took in a larger field of vision, so his nostrils, from standing wide open, were formed to embrace a larger compass of smell. His nose, too, from its extreme depression, had in like manner its advantages; for had it been aquiline, instead of what it was, it might have stood like a wall of separation between his eyes, and thus have obstructed their vision. His mouth and his lips were equally subjects of pleasantry with him, and the latter, with reference to subjects, to which the decorousness of modern manners does not admit much allusion. With a view to reduce the periphery of his body, which certainly was not very exact in its proportions, he practised dancing, and

* Euripides in Medeâ, 835.
† In Apol. 361. D.
‡ Conv. Xenoph. 82.
§ In eod. 66, 67.

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that down to a very advanced period of life; not merely to the occasional discomfiture of serious reflection in his pupils, but even to the excitement of a doubt in them, whether their master was quite correct in his senses:—to close this not very agreeable part of our subject:—when these pupils likened his whole exterior to that of the Sileni,* no doubt of the truth was ever expressed, and no umbrage taken as at a supposed affront. Though little distinguished for beauty himself, some of the handsomest young men of Athens were seen continually in his train; and while they did not scruple to take the utmost liberty in expressing their opinion upon his deformity, he did not perhaps altogether find his advantage in gazing upon their beauty; for it led to the objection,† which the warmest of his admirers either did not attempt to deny, or found it necessary to palliate, that it led him sometimes to clothe the noblest operations and aspirations of the mind in the language of the senses, that it engaged him to arrive at mental through corporeal excellence, and made it appear, that the presence of the beautiful Agathon, or the interesting Autolycus was necessary, before the philosopher could arrive at the essential beauty, the *αυτο καθ' αυτο*, his reveries about which must have become sometimes a little fatiguing to the most admiring of his auditors. With these persons, who were never many in number,‡ of whom the more ambitious deserted their master as soon as they had gained the object which brought them into his society, and others of whom left him to form schools, whose names have since been synonimous with sophistry, the coarsest effrontery, and the most undisguised voluptuousness, the greatest part of his time was spent; for the civil duties which occupied the hours of others, were avocations, which he chose wholly to decline: he never made part of the General Assembly;§ he never frequented the Courts of Law; and the awkward manner, in which he performed the externals of a senator, when necessity or accident brought him into the situation, shewed that neither practice nor reflexion had made him acquainted with the duties of the office. Even that duty which seemed peculiarly connected with his office of a public teacher, that of committing to writing the result of his studies, or giving a lasting habitation to those important disputations in which he was continually engaged, was a task which he declined, and for which he had framed reasons, which however satisfactory to himself, have by no means been equally so to those who have lived after him.‖ To himself, however, one very satisfactory consequence

* In Conv. Plat. 335. et alibi.
† Max. Tyrius, Diss. xxiv.—xxvii. Xen. Mem. lib. iv. c. 1 and 2.
‡ In Gorgiâ, 296. H. § In Apol. 365. A. B. ‖ In Phædro, 357.

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resulted from these derelictions, as some did not hesitate to call them, of the duties of a citizen: it left him the most unlimited leisure for frequenting what seemed his peculiar delight, the schools of the sophists, and engaging in disputation with those fallacious pretenders to universal knowledge. If there were some points in which the sophists and himself have a certain similarity, there were many of a trifling, and still more of a serious nature, in which they were diametrically opposite. While the sophists went clad in magnificent garments, he appeared in the most plain and simple apparel. The same coat served him for winter and summer, and he preserved the old-fashioned manner of his country in going always barefooted: he frequented the baths but rarely, and never indulged in the usual luxury of perfumes. While they confined themselves to the sons of the wealthy and the great, and were therefore known to them and them only, he did not disdain to frequent the meanest of the artisans,* to converse with them in their own language, and on topics with which they were most familiar. There was even a class in society still more degraded, which he did not scruple occasionally to visit, and to evince by his instructions, that the pursuits of no profession in life had wholly escaped his scrutinising eye. The effect of these visits was very evident in his language, and those who felt themselves annoyed by his raillery, or pressed by his acuteness, did not fail to throw into his face the shipwrights, the cobblers, the carpenters and weavers, with whom his habits of intercourse were not unfrequent, and from whom he was so fond of drawing those maxims and comparisons, which confounded the class of persons, to whose annoyance and discomfiture he seems to have devoted the greatest portion of his time. It is the language of the chivalrous ages, which would best do justice to this part of his character: and the knight, locked up in complete armour, and ready to run a tilt with the first person he met, is the completest image of this philosopher, preparing to encounter the sophists, at once apparently his enemies and his rivals.

Every age, however, has expressions and images in which it can stamp any strong feeling; and the sophists, without the power of recurring to the language of knighthood, had many significant terms, by which they could express the Quixotism of this redoubted opponent. They compared him at first to the Spartans, who, if any one approached their palæstræ or places of public exercise, obliged the intruder to make choice between immediately retiring or joining in the exercises of which he was a spectator. But they recollected that this was conceding too much, and they

* Xen. Mem. lib. iii. c. 10.

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corrected their position by placing their rival in the same rank with the Scirons and Antæusses, who let no passer-by escape them without a previous encounter. To ask questions or to answer them—to convict or to be convicted—were, in his own words, the great purposes for which men should meet together; and a person, who had decreed that his life should be a complete logomachy, could not have come to the contest better prepared; nor, where* words were to be the weapons of warfare, could any man draw them from a better-provided armoury. That a person possessed of so powerful a weapon should sometimes have been a little too much delighted with the use of it, is no subject of wonder. His hearers described the effect of it upon themselves as resembling that of witchery and enchantment: they compared it to the touch of the torpedo, which causes a numbness in the faculties. Much was affirmed by him, and little proved—both sides of a question were alternately taken, and the result left upon his hearers' minds was, that he himself was in doubt, and only excited doubts in others. The sophists, indeed, by the manner in which they were handled, were made, *especially in hot† weather*, to perspire more copiously than, perhaps, was agreeable; for their subtleties were met with niceties still more acute than their own, and they were artfully entrapped into admissions of which they did not foresee the consequence; but their falsehoods were also combated with positions which he who advanced them would have been unwilling to have had considered as decidedly his own; and in pursuing them into their dark recesses his own gigantic powers could not altogether save him from the reproach which he cast upon others: 'the best divers only should venture to plunge into a sea of such prodigious depth.' Such was the person whom Aristophanes selected to be the hero of his Clouds. Those who are acquainted with Grecian affairs through the medium of history only, will not, perhaps, recognise in this picture the celebrated son of Sophroniscus; and were no other traits added to the above portrait, men of deeper research might justly complain that it shewed no reluctance to exhibit the darker shades, and much inability to describe the brighter parts of a philosopher, whose virtues and whose intellect, in spite of some drawbacks still more serious than any which have hitherto been mentioned, have been justly allowed to form an epoch in the history of man.

Having thus got his central figure, the attention of the author was next turned to that most peculiar part of the ancient drama, the CHORUS. It has been remarked by W. Schlegel as one of

* See the whole of the dialogue called Cratylus.
† De Rep. lib. i. 419. D.

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the peculiarities of Aristophanes, that he is fond of adopting a metaphor literally, and exhibiting it in this way before the eyes* of the spectators. As a person given to abstraction and solitary speculation is proverbially said to have his head in the clouds, it was but another step, therefore, in the poet's creative mind to make the clouds the chorus of his piece; as of the person, whose abstractions and reveries seemed to make him most conversant with them, he had formed the hero of the piece. By this contrivance the author wove into his performance the mob (no inconsiderable body in Athens) who assisted the sophists in the perversion of the public mind—

> The fortune-tellers,
> Quacks, medicine-mongers, bards bombastical,
> Chorus-projectors, star interpreters,
> And wonder-making cheats.

The effect of this personification in the original theatre was no doubt very striking. A solemn invocation calls down the CLOUDS from their ethereal abode—their approach is announced by thunder—they chant a lyric ode as they descend to the earth, and, after wakening attention by a well-managed delay, they are brought personally on the stage as a troop of females, 'habited,' says Mr. Cumberland, 'no doubt in character, and floating *cloud-like* in the dance.' All this we can easily conceive; but a more curious part of their duty must be left to be supplied (and that we suspect very imperfectly) by the imagination. Recitation was not the only part which the chorus had to perform; a great share of their office lay in their feet, as well as in their tongue, and both author and actor were expected to be great proficients, the former in the composition, the latter in the practice, of those movements and evolutions, which, as we find Aristotle classing them with poetry, music, and painting, and Lucian terming them a *science of imitation and exhibition, which explained the conceptions of the mind, and certified to the organs of sense things naturally beyond their reach*, we may easily conceive to have consisted of something more than the elegant movements which now go under the name of dancing. Had the treatises of Sophocles and Aristocles on the subject of the CHORUS come down to us, or had those statues not been lost from which ideas of the attitudes of the ancient dancers might have been collected, (for every movement of the body, we are given to understand by Athenæus, was observed, in order to collect those gestures which might afford a concert for

* All early literature, in fact, is fond of these associations. We may turn to every page almost of the Inferno of Dante for examples. The schismatics, in the 28th Canto, who walk 'Fessi nel volto dal mento al ciuffetto,' and the headless trunk, which bears its head in the hand, 'Perch' i' parti' così giunte persone' occur to us at the moment.

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the eye, modulated upon that which was at the same time presented to the ear,) we might have spoken with more confidence on what must now remain a subject full of perplexity and obscurity. As all dancing, however, among the Greeks was of the mimetic kind, whatever was the nature of the tragic dance, we may be sure that the comic dance stood in the same relation of parody to it, as the comedy itself of the ancients did to their tragedy; and to have enjoyed the mimetic movements of the cordax, or dance of comedy, we ought to have witnessed in the tragic chorus those movements, whose general name (emmeleia) implies accordance and a modulated harmony in the play of the characters. How far this mimetic province of the dance was called into action by the CHORUS of the Clouds, what steps were used in their parabases to give effect to the rhythm, what pauses in the metre were supplied by action, what gestures at once aided and gave life to the music, and in what manner the metaphysical speculations of the sophists, which, resting on no ground of experience, floated about in the kingdom of possibilities without any definite shape or body,—how far all this was ridiculed by appropriate movements and evolutions, must now be left to the fancy: we may be sure, however, that the fruitful mind of the poet who invented one of the most powerful and graceful metres* in the Greek language, would not be deficient in giving effect to his mental creations by all the effects of scenic decoration, and all the additions of costume, music, and dancing. In this union of talents, lay the great merit and difficulty of the ancient dramatists; and in this lies the depressing part of those who endeavour to give the public an idea of their works by translation. Conscious of what ought to be done, and what they know never can be done, the unfinished appearance of their labours throws a damp upon their toils, and they relinquish a work in despair, where they feel that their happiest efforts can only be a species of galvanism, giving motion to a muscle, to a leg, to an arm, but impotent and powerless to breathe the breath of life into the whole.

We have now described (somewhat more at length, we fear, than will be agreeable) what appears to us to have been the object of this very singular drama, the Clouds, and the process by which it was moulded into the form it now bears. The author might surely be pardoned for supposing that a piece thus carefully and laboriously constructed would have met with a reception, far more flattering than had attended any of his former plays.

* The Aristophanic tetrameter. In its happy mixture of anapestic and spondaic feet, this metre combines a degree of strength and playfulness which no other language can hope to reach. It is the want of a metre of this kind, which makes every scholar feel a deficiency in Mr. Cumberland's otherwise excellent translation of the Clouds.

We

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We know, however, from his own confession, which is certainly more valid than Madame Dacier's conjectures, that this was not the case; that the prize of victory was assigned to the Wine Flask of Cratinus, (that Cratinus who collected his declining powers to shew a youthful and not altogether forbearing rival, that he could still contest the palm with him,) and to the Connus of the cold and spiritless Ameipsias. This was sufficiently mortifying; and the author, by his frequent complaints, shewed that he felt it to be so.

When we talk of a piece failing in our own country, every body knows what is meant; the taste of the writer and the taste of the audience, it is immediately understood, were at variance, and the sentiments of the latter, pretty unequivocally expressed, obliged the former to withdraw the obnoxious object from further obtrusion upon public notice. This does not altogether answer to the case of a dramatic failure among the Greeks. With them, a contributor to their scenic exhibitions had two or three distinct sets of enemies to encounter—the *archon, with whom lay the power of rejecting his piece in the first instance; the audience, to whom, after permission obtained from the ruling magistrate, it was presented; and thirdly, the critical overseers (κριται), whose business it was, under the restrictions of a solemn oath, to decide the prize of victory, to what they thought the most distinguished of the competing pieces. The audience and the umpires, it will easily be imagined, were not always unanimous in their opinion. Which party favoured the Clouds? If we listen to Ælian, whose testimony however stands amid such a tissue of falsehoods, that his opinion is scarcely worth a reference, the Clouds appeared so delicious to the ears of the audience, that they applauded as no audience ever applauded before; they cried out that the victory belonged to Aristophanes,† and they ordered the judges to inscribe his name accordingly. If this story be true, the fall of the piece, which consisted in not gaining the dramatic crown, must be ascribed to the presiding critics, and we should have to account why *they* were at variance with the audience: this, we think, would be no very difficult task. How many the judges were on these occasions, and how they were appointed, we have no satisfactory intelligence; but that they were not always correct in their critical opinions, the well-known anecdotes of Philemon and Menander, among many others, sufficiently testify; and that this incorrectness did not always proceed from mere error in judgment, we find Aristophanes pretty clearly hinting, and Xenophon, if we remember right, very plainly declaring. Now if the judge in the

* Arist. in Ranis, v. 94. Schol. ibid. Le Jeune Anach. t. vi. p. 74.
† Varia Historia, lib. ii. c. 13. p. 85.

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theatre was, like the dicast in the courts of law, not inaccessible to a bribe, we may easily believe, that the sophists and their friends, among whom we must class the sons and relatives of all the richest men in Athens, and who had possessed interest enough but three or four years before to shut up the comic theatre altogether, would not be idle in taking every means to quash an opponent, who had already given proofs that he could deal blows, if not harder, at least more effective, than even those which the strong-handed Cratinus had administered. But we are inclined to disagree with Ælian, and to think that it was the audience, and not the judges, to whom must be ascribed the ill success of the piece.

There can be no doubt that the Clouds failed, and there is as little doubt that the author re-cast his piece with the intention of bringing it before the audience a second time;—that it was so brought, the acutest modern critics seem to doubt. By some curious accident, it so happens that the play originally condemned has come down to us, with * part of a parabasis (or address to the audience) evidently intended for the second. The author here complains pretty bitterly (for Aristophanes was clearly a man of warm feelings) of the injustice which had been done to this most elaborate of all his performances; but he no where hints at the judicial overseers as the occasion of its failure; on the contrary, the reproach is directed against the spectators, and from the epithet he attaches to them, we may see that it was a class of spectators not usually found in the comic theatre. The nature of the poet's subject, and the unusual labour, which he had bestowed upon the composition of it, had evidently led him to reckon upon an audience of a somewhat higher description than usual; and as the keenest amateur of the Théâtre François sometimes deserts the sublime acting of Talma for the inimitable buffooneries of Potier and Brunet, so Aristophanes seems to have thought that he might reasonably calculate upon having for once at least the gentlemen of Athens (the καλοικἀγαθοι) among his hearers. That they did attend, and that they assisted in the demolition of the piece with the less enlightened of the audience, is pretty clearly intimated in the poet's own words.

ταυτ' ὀν ὑμιν μεμφομαι
τοις σοφοις, ὀν ἑνεκ' ἐγω ταυτ' ἐπραγματευομην.

In his play of the succeeding year, the Wasps, Aristophanes again complains of the failure of his Clouds, and mentions the direct

* Mr. Cumberland, who was not aware of this circumstance, has been led into some errors by it in his translation of the Clouds. The learned Madame Dacier, whose enthusiastic admiration of Aristophanes led her, if we remember right, to peruse his 'Clouds' no less than two hundred times, has fallen into the same mistake.

reason

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reason of its failure, viz. a novelty of invention, which the audience had not the merit to appreciate. Had we not this direct testimony of the author, our researches would have led us to this very conclusion. The subject of the Clouds turned upon one of the most serious and important considerations in human affairs, the science of education: and what connection was there between this and the Dionysian Festival, where every one came to be amused; where he that laughed loudest was the merriest, and he that laughed longest was the wisest? Why were the Athenian rabble to be cheated of their Bacchanalian festivity, and to be passed off with a lecture, which, though conveyed through the medium of two fighting cocks, had yet something too serious in it, to be sufficiently piquant for an Athenian audience just ripe for all the nonsense of holiday revelry? To this unfortunate choice of subject, Aristophanes added another error, viz. an unfortunate choice of time; for he selected for his representation of the Clouds that particular festival, when strangers as well as natives were admitted to the theatrical entertainments, and when of the thirty thousand spectators who were present, half, at least, were probably strangers. They would naturally ask, indeed, as we learn from Ælian* they actually did—Who is this Socrates? This is perhaps sufficient to show upon what general grounds the Clouds fell; but there are also some particular ones, which might not be without a share in its rejection. In his play of the preceding year, (the Demagogues,) Aristophanes had passed some severe sarcasms upon his countrymen for their general ingratitude to their comic poets; and though the extraordinary merit of the performance had carried the poet successfully through at the time, the Athenians, when their enthusiasm was over, were not a people likely to forget the affront, nor to let it pass with impunity. In the course of his bold and spirited remarks, the poet had further indulged a train of somewhat suspicious compliment upon his great predecessor Cratinus, not without a hint or two at the infirmities which intemperance had brought upon a man, now supposed to be past his labours. The old bard had spirit enough to resent the attack; he brought forward a comedy, called the Wine Flask, the subject of which was founded on his young rival's allusions; and to this piece, more suited in its nature and its allusions to a Bacchanalian festival than discussions upon education, the prize of victory, as we learn by the Didascaliæ, was adjudged. As the parabasis, referred to, throws much light upon the dramatic history of the times, we shall endeavour to relieve the dulness of our remarks by its insertion. In the commatium, or light prelude

* Varia Hist. l. ii. c. 13. p. 89.

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to the parabasis, as well as in the parabasis itself, and the macron or light lines at the conclusion of the parabasis, which the performer was required to pronounce without taking breath, we have endeavoured to come as near as possible to the metre of the original.

'Cleon having challenged his rival for Demus's favour to meet him before the awful bar of the senate, the CHORUS, after recommending the latter to the protection of that divinity, which, in modern times, would, under the same mythology, have presided over the Palais Royal of Paris, and the Piazza di Marco of Venice, addresses the audience in the name of the poet.

May the spirit that's in me direct thee;
And Jove of the Market protect thee;
May the pride of my blessing erect thee
To efforts and enterprize glorious;
And when next thou'rt descried,
May it be in the pride
Of conquest and valour victorious.
To a much harder task *(turning to the audience)*
I am bent, while I ask
A hearing from those,
Who in verse and in prose
For their tact and their skill are notorious.

PARABASIS.*

Were it one of that old school, learned sirs, who long the rule
and the tone to your drama have given,
Who his lessons and his verse having taught us to rehearse,
would before this high presence have driven;
'Tis great chance that his request, however warmly prest,
might have met with no easy compliance:—
But indulgent we have heard the petitions of a bard
of new mettle and noblest appliance.
And well may he command aid and service at our hand;
for his hatreds and ours closely blending
Into one concurring point leap, and hand and heart and joint
to the same noble object are tending.
He no shade nor shelter seeks;—what he thinks he boldly speaks;—
neither skirmish nor conflict declining,
He marches all elate 'gainst that Typhon of the state
storm and hurricane and tempest combining.—

* When a writer at Athens had completed a dramatic work, he generally put it into the hands of one of those wealthy persons who either voluntarily undertook, or by compulsion of the law were enjoined to defray the expenses of the choral and theatrical exhibitions. This was called χορον διδοναι. Aristophanes explains why he had been backward in complying with this established custom. The parabasis itself displays a feeling of ingratitude in the Athenians, which excites as much indignation, as the courage with which it is here exposed, demands applause.

Marvel

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Marvel much we hear has grown, and inquiries through the town
of our poet have been most unsparing,
With submission be it known that these words are not our own,
but his own proper speech and declaring)
Why his dramas hitherto came not forward as was due,
their own proper Choregus* obtaining;
Take us with you, sirs, awhile and a moment's easy toil
will in brief be the reason explaining.
'Twas no folly bred, we say, this distrust and cold delay,
but a sense of th' extreme application
And the toil which he who woos, in our town, the Comic Muse,
must encounter in such his vocation.
Suitors many (and brisk sparks) as our poet oft remarks,
pay her court and profoundest attention;
But of all that love and burn, very few meet due return:—
this observance first bred apprehension.
Then your tempers quick—severe—ever changing with the year—
to this thought added fears more appalling,
And a sense of those disasters which, through you their fickle masters,
old age on your poets sees falling.
Could it 'scape observing sight what was Magnes' wretched plight,
when his hairs and his temples were hoary;
Yet who battled with more zeal or more trophies left to tell
of his former achievements and glory?
He came piping,† dancing, tapping—fig-gnatting and wing-clapping,—
frog-besmear'd and with Lydian grimaces:
Yet he too had his date, nor could wit or merit great
preserve him, unchang'd, in your graces.
Youth pass'd brilliantly and bright;—when his head was old and white,
strange reverse and hard fortune confronted;
What boots taste or tact forsooth, if they've lost their nicest truth,
or a wit where the edge has grown blunted!
Who Cratinus may forget, or the storm of whim and wit,
which shook theatres under his guiding?
When Panegyric's song pour'd her flood of praise along;
who but he on the top wave was riding?
Foe nor rival might him meet; planet and oak ta'en by the feet
did him instant and humble prostration;
For his step was as the tread of a flood that leaves its bed,
and his march it was rude desolation.
Who but he the foremost guest then on gala-day and feast?
What strain fell from harp or musicians,

* The office of Choregus, or Chorus-master, was both honourable and expensive. Each of the ten tribes furnished one annually, and his business was to defray the expenses of the scenical representations and those of the solemn festivals. If the tribe were too poor to provide a choregus, the expense fell upon the state.

† The poet alludes, in his peculiar manner, to the titles of some of the dramatic works of Magnes.

‡ There is some allusion here, most probably, to a passage in one of the plays of Cratinus, all of which have unfortunately perished.

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But " Doro, Doro sweet, nymph with fig-beslipper'd feet"—
or—" Ye verse-smiths and bard-mechanicians."
Thus in glory was he seen, while his years as yet were green;
but now that his dotage is on him,
God help him! for no eye, of all those who pass him by,
throws a look of compassion upon him.
'Tis a couch, but with the loss of its garnish and its gloss;—
'tis a harp that hath lost all its cunning,—
'Tis a pipe where deftest hand may the stops no more command,
nor on it divisions be running.
Connas-like,* he's chaplet-crown'd, and he paces round and round
in a circle which never is ended;
On his head a chaplet hangs, but the curses and the pangs
of a drought on his lips are suspended.
O if ever yet on bard waited, page-like, high Reward,
former exploits and just reputation,
By an emphasis of right, sure had earn'd this noble wight
in the hall a most constant—potation;
And in theatres high station;—there a mark for admiration
to anchor her aspect and face on,
In his honour he should sit, nor stand drivelling in the pit
an object our rude jests to pass on.
I spare myself the toil to record the buffets vile,
the affronts and the contumelies hateful,
Which on Crates† frequent fell, yet I dare you, sirs, to tell,
where was caterer more pleasing or grateful?
Who knew better how to lay soup piquant and entremets,
dainty patties and little side-dishes?
Where with all your bards a Muse cook'd more delicate ragouts
or hash'd sentiment so to your wishes?
Princely cost nor revenue ask'd his banquets it is true;
yet he is the only stage-master,
Through all changes and all chances, who undaunted still advances,
lord alike of success and disaster.
Sirs, ye need no more to hear—ye know whence the hue of fear
o'er our bard's cheek of enterprise stealing,
And why like wiser men, who look forward in their ken,
in proverbs he's wont to be dealing,
Saying—better first explore what the powers of scull and oar,
ere the helm and the rudder you're trying;
At the prow next take your turn, there the mysteries to learn
of the scud and the winds that are flying.

* Connas was a flute-player, and is not to be confounded with Connus, the preceptor of Socrates in harp music. Vid. Plat. in Euthydemo, et Menexeno. From a fragment of Cratinus, Connas appears to have made himself a little conspicuous by constantly wearing a chaplet on his head.

† Crates was first an actor, and afterwards a writer of the Old Comedy: he performed the principal characters in Cratinus's plays, and was the great rival of Aristophanes's favourite actors Callistratus and Philonides. He is said to have been the first who introduced a drunken character on the Athenian stage.

This

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This mastery attain'd, time it is a skiff were gain'd,
and your pilotage put to the trial:—
Thus with caution and due heed step by step would he proceed
in a course that should challenge denial.
Nor let it breed offence, if for such befitting sense
and so modest a carriage and bearing,
We ask some mark of state on its author here to wait:—
guard of honour, procession, or chairing:—
With a shout of such cheering
As Bacchus is hearing,
When vats overflowing
Set Mirth all a-crowing,
And Joy and Wine meet
Hand in hand in each street.
So his purpose attained
And the victory gain'd,
Your bard shall depart
With a rapture-touch'd heart,
While Triumph shall throw
O'er his cheeks such a glow,
That Pleasure might trace
Her own self in his face.

We hope that with candid and discerning readers, we have already paved the way for the justification of Aristophanes by some of the preceding remarks, and that many errors, which might have arisen in their minds from confounding the ancient drama with the modern, (than which no two things can be more dissimilar,) have already been removed. It is not for us to tell them what inferences are to be drawn from the circumstances which have been incidentally mentioned,—that Aristophanes did not invent the Old Comedy, but found it ready made to his hands—that in his satirical and even his indecent vein he acted upon established principles; principles which, however inconsistent with our notions upon such subjects, found sanction in the very religion of the times. The information given respecting the masks has apprised them, that the audience came to the exhibition with a previous knowledge that they were to consider what they saw merely as a harmless caricature. As these plays were acted only *once*, our readers will tell themselves, that it became a necessity that the impression made should be a strong one; and this necessity will be further enforced to their minds by the reflexion, that the audience could only carry away what they retained in their memories;—what they lost in the recitation was not likely to be recalled by books; for these were few and scarce, and the Athenians were, as we have already observed, a seeing and hearing, but not a reading public. For these and a few other remarks we shall

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trust to the penetration of our readers. In this place also, did our limits permit, we might enter at some length into the state of parties, which in some shape or other always divided Athens. A war party and peace party—a party which favoured aristocratical, and a party which in like manner leaned to democratical principles, are terms which we easily understand; and we can guess, by the influence they have upon ourselves, what would be their effects upon the fiery, disputatious, and idle citizens of Athens. To their literary parties however, and more particularly to that war of opinion, which existed between the philosophers and the writers for the comic stage, we have nothing analogous; but it was as keen, as bitter, and as unintermitting as any opposition of politics between the Whig and Tory of this country: even the subordinate animosities between the comedian and the flute-player, who was employed to regulate the steps of the choral movements, give occasion to remarks in the plays of Aristophanes, (who certainly did not want for the esprit de corps,) which to this day are highly amusing. Now though nobody questions the general sincerity of those who advocate Whig or Tory principles among ourselves, yet we believe the warmest arguers on either side would not always like to be taken to the letter in the opinions of each other, which the heat of argument sometimes elicits: the public meanwhile are the real gainers by the controversy—they form silently their judgment from the conflicting parties, and often set right those who are ostensibly their preceptors. And in free states it is right that all this should be so. The atmosphere which we breathe is purged and cleansed in the same manner: the explosion takes place above, and the quiet fields below are only made sensible of the storm by the showers which are elicited from the concussion, and which fall to gladden, to fatten, and to fertilize. In this sense, Socrates, as a philosopher, was fair game for Aristophanes, as a comedian; and the good sense of the former (perhaps the most predominant feature in his wonderful mind) would lead him to be the first to laugh at the absurdity, and would teach him that in a free state it was better that many things should evaporate in a laugh than in a more serious way. Many other points might here be insisted upon, and particularly such as would tend to remove those prejudices, which lead readers to suppose, that Socrates was, at the time of the exhibition of the Clouds, the same important personage to his contemporaries which his doctrines and his death have since made him to posterity; and that *therefore* any attack upon him *must* have been the effect of envy and malevolence. It would be easy to prove, that Socrates, an obscure philosopher just commencing his career, could be no great object of envy to Aristophanes, already high in fame, and shining

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shining in a branch of that particular profession where it was so peculiarly the object of ambition in Athens to excel. The relationships of rank,—those relations which all are so ready to deny as influencing their conduct, but which, in fact, operate so strongly upon all,—might here also be mentioned with effect; and it would be no difficult matter to shew, that though a mistaken contempt might thus be generated, there would be small grounds for supposing a decided malevolence, in a man of rank and property, to the son of Phænaret the midwife, who valued his house with all its contents at five minæ. Even the opposition of personal character, as well as of profession, between the philosopher and the poet;—the one gay, jovial, light-hearted, and a man of the world; the other serious, thoughtful, and contemplative; witty perhaps, but from the vivacity which lies in the intellect, and not that more sociable one which lies in the temperament, might not be undeserving of remark; and still more might we insist upon the circumstance, that the personal appearance of Socrates (which we described more at length than persons of good taste might think warrantable, on purpose to give effect to this remark) was a consideration to a poet, part of whose entertainment consisted in the ridiculousness* of his masks:—but we hasten to remarks of a more important tendency, and we shall discuss them as freely, but as candidly as we have every other part of our subject.

The name of Socrates is known to most readers, we believe, only by the page of history, where nothing appears in its undress; and even to persons tolerably conversant with the learned languages, the knowledge of this singular man is often confined to that beautiful little work of Xenophon, which indeed deserves the classical appellation of 'golden,' and to that immortal Trilogy of Plato, which has been embalmed by the tears† of all ages. When we read the admirable system of ethics (some few blots excepted) which is laid open in the former, and the simple narrations which conduct the author of them to the close of his mortal career in the latter, it is not simply a burst of admiration, or grief, or horror, which breaks from us, but a union of all three, so profound, and so involved, that the mind must be strong indeed, which can prevent the feelings, for a time, from mastering the judgment. Few readers, we believe, even make the attempt: the prison scene is an agony of suffering, to which the mind gives

* Ἐπι το γελοιοτερον ἰσχηματιζετο is the expression of Julius Pollux (lib. iv. c. 19), when speaking of the comic mask. See also Lucian de Salt. v. v. p. 141.

† One of the greatest, wisest, and best men of antiquity, and whose little infirmities only made him the more amiable, confesses that he never read the Phædon without an agony of tears. Quid dicam de Socrate? cujus morti illachrymare soleo Platonem legens. —*Cic. de Nat. Deor.* lib. viii.

way

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way that it may not be torn by opposing it; Socrates drinking the poison shocks the imagination—we feel, such is the merit of the sufferer, or such the consummate skill of his biographer, as if a sin had been committed against human nature—we think for a moment that a chasm has been left in society which can never again be filled up. It is an invidious task to interrupt the current of such feelings, even if there be any thing illegitimate in their source: fortunately for the honour of our species these feelings are mostly right in their application, and what deductions are made can be supplied from higher sources. What these deductions are we must explain, and we believe the minds and the authorities of much more learned persons than ourselves, will go with us in the explanation.

We have referred to two books, (forming but a small portion of the *Chartæ Socraticæ*, or those writings by which the manners, life and doctrines of Socrates may be made familiar to us) as including almost all that is known of this extraordinary man by the generality of readers. These books form part of the system of education in most of our great schools: they are read at an age, when the feelings are warm, the impressions vivid and lively, and when the pride of learning is beginning to operate very strongly. This course of study necessarily brings two names into contact, which are often afterwards connected merely for the purpose of making dangerous and unworthy comparisons. Youthful and inquisitive minds see that system of ethics, which they are told, more particularly forms the internal evidence for the divine authority of the Scriptures, in some measure laid open by the hand of Xenophon; they see the immortality of the soul intimated in the dialogues of Plato, and did their researches extend farther into the Socratic philosophy, they might see dark suggestions of many of the other great Scriptural doctrines—the nature of moral evil, the originally happy state of man, the deluge, the doctrine of free will, and a future state of rewards and punishments. The much greater doctrines of Repentance and the Atonement they do not see displayed; but neither the voices of their own conscience nor a commerce with the world, have taught them the truly divine hand manifested in the former; and the incomplete development of their faculties renders them utterly incapable of duly estimating the latter. We know that we speak from higher authority than our own, when we say that the consequences of these early impressions are often fatal; that men are thus made half-wise in human learning and utterly ignorant in that better wisdom, which makes wise unto salvation. A deeper research into the writings of the Socratic school might lead them to appreciate somewhat better that profound maxim, which does so much honour to the most thoughtful

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ful and philosophic people in Europe, that there is no philosophy so deep as the philosophy of Christianity; but time, opportunity, and, we may add, a more competent share of scholarship than sometimes falls to the lot of such persons, are necessary to the task; and the consequence is, that they are left a prey to doubts and disquietudes, from which even the consciousness of an upright and unblemished life does not at all times remove the sting.*

We have for this reason felt less compunction than we should otherwise have done in removing any prop to virtue, however misplaced, by displaying some proofs in the preceding part of our remarks, that the character of Socrates was a little more open to remark, than some admirers in their ignorance are aware of, and more than some in their knowledge, are willing to bring into notice. Learned and impartial men, well acquainted with the subject, will do us the justice to say, that some points are not pressed so closely as they might have been, and that had we not confined ourselves to the two authors, from whom we have very rarely deviated, our remarks might have been conveyed in a higher tone of censure. Our object, however, has been, not to depreciate Socrates, but to do justice to a man, whose motives, we think, have been much mistaken, and whose character, in consequence, has been unduly depreciated. In pursuing our remarks upon Xenophon and Plato, the two highest and most genuine authorities, to which we can go for the character of Socrates, a little more may turn up for the justification of Aristophanes.

Dates and periods make no great figure in literary discussions; but they are often of the utmost importance in settling the real truth of things. Our opinions of Socrates are derived entirely from the writings of Xenophon, Plato and Aristophanes; and we believe many readers class all these persons in their minds as immediate contemporaries, and perhaps, from a passage in Plato's Banquet, as living in habits of society together. This was so far from being the case, that the two great biographers of Socrates were actually children in the nursery, at the time the Clouds were brought upon the stage; the future master of the Academy being then but six years old, and Xenophon within a year of the same age. Had these difficulties rested only on the testimony of such a man as Diogenes Laertius, whose sins of forgetfulness (*μνημονικα ἁμαρτηματα*) are almost proverbial, they need not have demanded

* The nature of our work did not require us to go very deeply into this discussion; and we are glad that it did not. A book was put into our hands, just as we reached this part of our subject, a few pages of which convinced us, that in pursuing the matter farther we might very easily have exposed ourselves to the charge of incompetence. See Lectures on the Comparison between Paganism and Christianity, by the present Dean of Westminster, Dr. Ireland.

much

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much investigation; but when we find the mistake originating with a writer in general so accurate as *Strabo, it becomes us to state the grounds of our dissent from them. In the battle of Delium, which took place one year before the representation of the Clouds, Socrates is represented by both these writers as saving the life of Xenophon, during the retreat which followed that celebrated engagement. Now this we do not hesitate to say is a ridiculous fiction. The first important event in the very eventful life of Xenophon was his joining the expedition of Cyrus, a prince certainly not without errors, but whose character, like that of many of the other Persian princes and nobles, contrasts very favourably with the rude republicans, with whom they were brought so much into contact. This expedition is settled by chronologists as taking place just twenty-one years after the battle of Delium; and Xenophon, who has left us so matchless an account of that interesting expedition, calls himself at the time a young man (νεανισκος), and gives us to understand that his close pursuit of philosophy, coupled with his early years, excited the mirth of his fellow-soldiers, till circumstances had taught them to appreciate the practical effects, which often result from such theoretical pursuits. The English historian of Greece, who to the utmost boldness and originality of opinion, unites the greatest patience and minuteness of research, settles the age of Xenophon at the time of his first connexion with Cyrus at six or seven and twenty. What Socrates therefore really was at the time of the representation of the Clouds, and how far the poet was justified in his attack, neither of the two persons, from whom alone any authentic accounts respecting him have come down to us, could possibly tell: their intercourse with their great master must have commenced long after the period in question, and apparently the whole of Xenophon's work, and no doubt many of the dialogues of Plato were written at a time, when for their own personal safety it became them to communicate rather what they wished to be made known respecting their great leader, than what they could make known. These writers, besides, differ considerably in their accounts of their master: in some points they are almost diametrically opposite to each other, in others they evidently write at each other; and perhaps the same remark may have struck our readers, which has often occurred to ourselves, that as the most excellent of Xenophon's compositions is that which he derives entirely from Socrates, so the most noble and the most perfect work of Plato† is that into which even the name of Socrates does not enter. Now when an enemy and a friend give something

* In lib. ix. p. 278.

† The Treatise on Legislation.

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like the same account of a person; and especially when the favouring party has had previously a warning voice to caution him as to the line he might take in his delineation, a strong presumption arises, that the joint opinion of two such persons comes nearer to the truth, than that of a single individual, however respectable in character, or gifted with talent. Now we venture to say, that the single fact of Socrates receiving pay for his instructions excepted, (the great charge of *making the worse appear the better cause* has been already disposed of,) the mysticism, the garrulity, the hair-splitting niceties of language, the contempt for exterior appearance, the melancholy temperament, the strong addiction to physical pursuits, the belief in a supernatural agency, to an extent not precisely recognized by the religion of his country, every single trait of the Aristophanic Socrates may be traced in the Platonic, and in some cases with aggravating circumstances, which, if the poet had been ill disposed towards the philosopher, or had even had any more personal knowledge of him, than what necessarily happened in a town, not of very considerable population, and whose customs and manners brought all persons more into contact, than the habits of modern society do, would certainly not have been suppressed in a picture, supposed to be drawn from wilful perversion and malevolent misrepresentation. What are we to conclude from all this? Our own inference is, that the Clouds was not written for the purpose of exposing Socrates, but that Socrates was selected (and for reasons previously mentioned) for the purpose of giving more effect to the Clouds, as an ingenious satire directed against the sophists and the pernicious system of public education at Athens: so far from its being a wilful misrepresentation, dictated by envy or jealousy, we believe that the parties were very little known to each other; that the character of Socrates made much that sort of impression on the poet, which we designed our own portrait of him should make upon our readers; and we affirm, that it is a much more difficult problem to solve, why Aristophanes should be singularly right in his representation of others, and singularly wrong in his representation of Socrates; than it is to take the plain case, that the poet drew the philosopher, such as he knew him *at the time* to be, (which we think not improbable,) or such, as he judged him, from a very imperfect knowledge, to be, which we think more than probable. We go one step farther; we are so far from blaming the poet for the course he pursued in consequence of this real or mistaken knowledge, that we think him entitled to the gratitude of posterity for the assumption and the execution of the task. We are all fond of the expression that Socrates brought down philosophy

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philosophy from the clouds (and certainly till his time the clouds had been her principal residence) to live among men. If the poet found him on his journey for that purpose, he was not to know the nature of the philosopher's errand; and the wholesome reproof, that was dealt him on the occasion, (for our virtues and our vices, our merits and our demerits are often the children of circumstances,) had perhaps the power of directing his mind to better pursuits.

We feel that our remarks ought here to close, and that any further observations may perhaps have the effect of weakening our preceding arguments. But he, who has been lingering over the delightful pages of Xenophon and Plato, willingly deceives himself by supposing, that a few remarks on the personal history of the two great biographers of Socrates, the friend of Agesilaus and Cyrus, and the master of the Academy, may yet be allowed him, and that in perusing them, the relations between their great master and the comic poet may be still further elucidated. Early in life, Xenophon had been thrown into those situations, which make a man think and act for himself; which teach him practically how much more important it is, that there should be fixed principles of right and wrong in the minds of men in general, than that there should be a knowledge of letters or a feeling of their elegance in the minds of a few. The writer, who has thrown equal interest into the account of a retreating army, and the description of a scene of coursing; who has described with the same fidelity a common groom, and a perfect pattern of conjugal fidelity, such a man had seen life under aspects, which taught him to know that there were things of infinitely more importance than the turn of a phrase, the music of a cadence, and the other niceties, which are wanted by a luxurious and opulent metropolis.—He did not write, like his fellow-disciple, for the suppers and the symposiac meetings of Athens—he had no eye, like Plato, to the jokers by profession (γελωτοποιοι), whose business it was to despatch books and authors between the courses, and to fill up those intervals, when guests look round to see who is guilty of the last pause in conversation—his Socrates was not to be exhibited, as we believe the real Socrates often exhibited himself, a sort of 'bon enfant,' a boon companion for the petits-maîtres of the Ilissus; who sought to win, by dropping even the decent gravity of a preceptor, and who endeavoured to reclaim by affecting a show of what in his heart he must have loathed and detested. Estranged from his own country at first by choice, and very soon afterwards by necessity, Xenophon became, almost before the age of manhood, a citizen of the world; and the virtuous feelings, which were necessary in a mind constituted as his was, let

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let loose from the channels of mere patriotism, took into their comprehensive bosom the welfare of the world. Life, which had commenced with him in a manner singularly active and romantically perilous, was very soon exchanged for that quiet solitude, which either finds men good or makes them so. In his delightful retirement at Scillus,* amid those enchanting rural scenes, where a bad man finds himself an anomaly in the beautiful and harmonious works of nature around him, Xenophon had ample leisure to meditate on all that he had seen or heard. The 'digito monstrarier,' that great stumbling-block of weak heads, and of those, who do not know how trifling the applause of the world is to him who appeals only to his own breast for the motives of his actions, could not here apply to Xenophon—to him the present time was as nothing; he lived only to the past and for the future. In such a situation, the lessons of morality received from Socrates would rise up in his mind—how much aided by early intimacy with Cyrus, and by the knowledge thereby acquired of the sentiments of chivalry and honour, inherent in monarchical governments, and how much improved by subsequent connection with the most virtuous state of Greece, and with Agesilaus, the most distinguished man in that state—his own beautiful writings sufficiently testify. His own high talents, aided by such experience and such connections, would teach him what to omit, and what to press in a work which was not intended for the wits and sçavants of Athens, but which was meant to be one of those eternal possessions, those κτημαται ἐς ἀει, which great minds generate and perfect in solitude and retirement. It is the Ethics therefore of Socrates, that are chiefly unfolded in the admirable Memorabilia of Xenophon; and after admitting that many of the higher doctrines of antiquity are but *negatives* of the Christian precepts, he must be dead, we think, to the moral sense, who does not feel a burst of exultation within him, at seeing how much even unassisted nature is able to produce. But the intellect, (and we are apt to think from the extraordinary *mimetic* powers of the narrator,) the manners of the real Socrates were left to be displayed by a man, to whom, when we say that Xenophon can bear no comparison in point of genius, we only ascribe to him an inferiority, which he shares in common with all mankind; the

* It is difficult to imagine a more rational or more delightful life, than a few words of Diogenes Laertius describe Xenophon as leading in that 'loop-hole of retreat:' τέτταρσιν διετελει κυνηγέτων, και τους φιλους ἑστιων, και τας ἱστοριας συγγραφων. lib. ii. seg. 52. Books,—study,—composition;—the healthy sports of the field, and the enjoyments of social recreation,—nothing seems wanting to the picture, which our imaginations are accustomed to draw of an accomplished heathen philosopher.

Stageirite

Stageirite alone excepted, whose *Entelecheia* may perhaps be put on a par with the *Eros*, or inspiration of the great master of the academy. We leave him who has not yielded to the arguments brought forward by *us* for the justification of Aristophanes, to have his indignation neutralised by the Dialogues of Plato. Let him peruse these, and he will dismiss the Clouds of Aristophanes as the best-natured of men dismissed the fly which had buzzed about him and annoyed him.

A grasp and a capacity of mind the most astonishing—a spirit inquisitive and scrutinising—a subtlety painfully acute—a comprehensiveness which could embrace with equal ease the smallest and most lofty knowledge—a suppleness which with almost incredible facility could descend from the deepest abstraction to the commonest topics of the world—a temper which in the heat of disputation could preserve the most perfect self-possession, and throw into disquisitions, which must have been the result of long study, solitude and profound meditation, all the graces of society and the qualifying embellishments of the most perfect good-breeding;—these are qualities which seem to have been inherent in the mind of Plato, and with these he has accordingly endowed the person whom he in general selected for the organ of conveying their joint sentiments to the world. In this union of opposite qualities, Plato may be said to resemble the Homeric chain of gold: if one end rested on earth, the other had its termination in heaven. A residence in courts (and the court of Dionysius seems to have been no ordinary one) adds to his attractions some of those charms which are so rarely found in republican writers: that tone of good society, which sifts without exhausting, and plays upon the surface as if to take breath from having sounded the bottom;—that correctness of observation which, acting rather as the annalist than the spy in society, gives to raillery itself the character of wit, and to scandal a half-tone of biography;—that tact, rapid as light and unerring as instinct, which, charitable as it may be to unassuming and natural manners, seizes instantly upon pretension, and lays it bare with pitiless severity;—that delicate intuition, which in manners, in conversation, and in authorship watches with jealousy that nice point, where self-commendation beginning, the commendation of others is sure to cease: all this may be seen in Plato, and if less perfectly than in some modern writers, it was only because that sex, in whose society it is best learnt, had not yet been able to throw off the shackles of democratical tyranny, or to attain the accomplishments of a liberal education, without forfeiting what ought to be dearer to them than any accomplishments. At once a geometrician and a poet, the understanding and

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and the fancy find in Plato a purveyor equally bountiful: for the one he supplies solid food, and he captivates the other by the most beautiful fables and tales. To his treasures the east and the south equally contributed: he pours forth the one in all the pomp of oriental richness and profusion, with the lavish hand of youthful extravagance; and his intercourse with Egypt enables him to cast over his writings the imposing reserve of that mysterious eld, who has surrounded the impotence of her old age with a solemn reverence, by affecting the possession of treasures, of which she mysteriously withholds the key. To Plato the present and the future seem alike; he has amassed in himself all the knowledge of the first; he paints the present to the life, and by some wonderful instinct, he has given dark hints, as if the most important events which were to happen after his time, had not been wholly hidden from his sight. Less scientific in the arrangement of his materials than his great scholar the Stageirite, he has infinitely more variety, more spirit, more beauty; evincing at every step, that it was in his own choice to become the most profound of philosophers, the most pointed of satirists, the greatest of orators, or the most sublime of poets; or, by a skilful combination of all, to form such a character as the world had never yet seen, nor was ever after to witness. Nor is the language in which his thoughts are conveyed less remarkable than the thoughts themselves. In his more elevated passages, he rises, like his own *Prometheus, to heaven, and brings down from thence the noblest of all thefts—Wisdom with Fire: but in general, calm, pure, and unaffected, his style flows like a stream which gurgles its own music as it runs; and his works rise like the great fabric of Grecian literature, of which they are the best model, in calm and noiseless majesty, like the palace of Aladdin rearing itself from an ethereal base, or like that temple, equally gorgeous and more real, in which

> 'No workman's steel, no pond'rous axes rung;
> Like some tall palm the noiseless fabric sprung.'
>
> *Heber's Palestine.*

That Socrates could have so commanded the spirits of two men so gifted as Xenophon and Plato, that they may be said to have devoted their lives to the delineation of his character and sentiments, is a proof of ascendancy which gives us the most astonishing opinion of his powers. It cannot however be sufficiently regretted that he did not take the task upon himself: the most interesting book, perhaps, that ever could have been written, would have been that which traced gradually and minutely the

* In Prot. p. 198. A.

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progress of thought in the mind of Socrates, and through what changes and circumstances he arrived at that system of opinions which, if they sometimes remind us of what unassisted nature must be, more often recall to us, 'How glorious a piece of work man is! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in apprehension how like a god!' This, however, has not been done; and Socrates must now be taken as we find him: by thus leaving the task to others, he has perhaps gained something in reputation on the score of intellect, but it can neither be concealed nor denied, that on the side of manners and morals, he has lost much both in purity and dignity.

We are aware that, in offering these remarks, we come across many prejudices and prepossessions; but in making them we have been conscious of no bias on our own minds, and we confidently trust to the truth and the utility of them for our apology.

'Se la voce sarà molesta
Nel primo gusto, vital nutrimento
Lascerà poi quando sarà digesta.'

ART. II.—*Personal Narrative of Travels to the Equinoctial Regions of the New Continent, during the years* 1799—1804. By Alexander de Humboldt and Aimé Bonpland; with Maps, Plans, &c. vol. iv. London, 1819.

THE fourth volume of Baron de Humboldt's 'Personal Narrative' has all the beauties and all the blemishes of the three preceding ones. Like them it exhibits an exuberance of style and a weight of diction in treating of the most common occurrences, which could scarcely be tolerated if it were not for the solidity of the judgment and the justness of the conceptions—but, on the various acquirements of this accomplished traveller, we have dwelt so largely on former occasions, that any thing we could now add would only appear superfluous; we shall, therefore, content ourselves with observing, that he is so deeply versed in the study of nature, and possessed of such facility in bringing to bear, on every object that arrests his attention, so vast a fund of knowledge, that we may say of him, in physics, what was said of Barrow in divinity, that he never quits a subject till he has exhausted it.

But this very facility, which perhaps may be thought the highest praise that could be bestowed, as applied to a series of philosophical essays, or distinct dissertations on physical subjects, becomes a fault in the personal narrative of voyages or travels; at least the bulk of readers will be very apt to lay down the book on finding the thread of the story perpetually interrupted by a learned disquisition of a dozen pages on the geognostical constitution of a chain of

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of mountains, or the lines of isothermal temperature. Dissertations of this kind will have a tendency to prevent them from taking the trouble to cull those numerous beauties which, in an unincumbered narrative, would have carried them along with an irresistible impulse.

M. de Humboldt may perhaps reply, that he writes for the learned; be it so: yet we will venture to say, that there are few of those most devoted to pure abstract science, or physical research, who would not rather see each subject treated separately and apart, than thus find them all mixed up with common-place observations and matters of ordinary occurrence. With a little management, we conceive, he might have adapted his volumes to every kind of reader—he might, for example, have given an uninterrupted narrative of incidents, with views of society and manners, descriptions of natural objects, accompanied with such reflections and observations as naturally rise out of them; and no traveller knows how to catch the prominent features of objects, and turn them to account better than Baron de Humboldt. The scientific descriptions, and the dissertations to which they might lead, would be advantageously thrown into an appendix, where they would be more accessible and more acceptable to those who had a taste for such matters.

We might bring forward the whole of the first chapter of the present volume as a striking illustration of the objection we have taken to the plan of the 'Personal Narrative.' It is not merely an account of the earthquake which happened at the Caraccas twelve years after the author had left that country, but a complete dissertation on earthquakes in general: for the introduction of this extraneous topic he pleads the example of M. de la Condamine, who described the memorable eruptions of the volcano of Cotapaxi, which took place long after his departure from Quito. 'I trust' (says he) 'I shall deserve less blame, as the events I am going to relate will tend to elucidate the theory of *volcanic reactions*, or the influence of a *system of volcanoes*, on a vast space of circumjacent country.' So far from blame, we should say he is deserving of all praise for the accumulation of facts brought to bear upon this question; all we object to is, their being introduced into the text of his Personal Narrative. There is something, however, so awful in the terrible catastrophe which befel the city of Caraccas on the 26th of March, that we cannot forbear transferring some account of it to our pages. After stating a multitude of facts, in connection with each other, to shew 'the relations that link together volcanoes of the same group,' and which pave the way for the fatal earthquake in question, M. de Humboldt thus proceeds.

'A great drought prevailed at this period in the province of Venezuela. Not a single drop of rain had fallen at Caraccas, or in the country ninety leagues round, during the five months which preceded

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the destruction of the capital. The 26th of March was a remarkably hot day. The air was calm, and the sky unclouded. It was Holy Thursday, and a great part of the population was assembled in the churches. Nothing seemed to presage the calamities of the day. At seven minutes after four in the afternoon the first shock was felt; it was sufficiently powerful to make the bells of the churches toll; it lasted five or six seconds, during which time, the ground was in a continual undulating movement, and seemed to heave up like a boiling liquid. The danger was thought to be past, when a tremendous subterraneous noise was heard, resembling the rolling of thunder, but louder, and of longer continuance, than that heard within the tropics in time of storms. This noise preceded a perpendicular motion of three or four seconds, followed by an undulatory movement somewhat longer. The shocks were in opposite directions, from north to south, and from east to west. Nothing could resist the movement from beneath upward, and undulations crossing each other. The town of Caraccas was entirely overthrown. Thousands of the inhabitants (between nine and ten thousand) were buried under the ruins of the houses and churches. The procession had not yet set out; but the crowd was so great in the churches, that nearly three or four thousand persons were crushed by the fall of their vaulted roofs. The explosion was stronger toward the north, in that part of the town situate nearest the mountain of Avila, and the Silla. The churches of la Trinidad and Alta Gracia, which were more than one hundred and fifty feet high, and the naves of which were supported by pillars of twelve or fifteen feet diameter, left a mass of ruins scarcely exceeding five or six feet in elevation. The sinking of the ruins has been so considerable, that there now scarcely remain any vestiges of pillars or columns. The barracks, called *El Quartel de San Carlos*, situate farther north of the church of the Trinity, on the road from the Custom-house de la Pastora, almost entirely disappeared. A regiment of troops of the line, that was assembled under arms, ready to join the procession, was, with the exception of a few men, buried under the ruins of this great edifice. Nine tenths of the fine town of Caraccas were entirely destroyed. The walls of the houses that were not thrown down, as those of the street San Juan, near the Capuchin Hospital, were cracked in such a manner, that it was impossible to run the risk of inhabiting them. The effects of the earthquake were somewhat less violent in the western and southern parts of the city, between the principal square and the ravin of Caraguata. There, the cathedral, supported by enormous buttresses, remains standing.

'Estimating at nine or ten thousand the number of the dead in the city of Caraccas, we do not include those unhappy persons, who, dangerously wounded, perished several months after, for want of food and proper care. The night of Holy Thursday presented the most distressing scene of desolation and sorrow. That thick cloud of dust, which, rising above the ruins, darkened the sky like a fog, had settled on the ground. No shock was felt, and never was a night more calm, or more serene. The moon, nearly full, illumined the rounded domes of the Silla, and the

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the aspect of the sky formed a perfect contrast to that of the earth, covered with the dead, and heaped with ruins. Mothers were seen bearing in their arms their children, whom they hoped to recal to life. Desolate families wandered through the city seeking a brother, a husband, a friend, of whose fate they were ignorant, and whom they believed to be lost in the crowd. The people pressed along the streets, which could no more be recognized but by long lines of ruins.

'All the calamities experienced in the great catastrophes of Lisbon, Messina, Lima, and Riobamba were renewed on the fatal day of the 26th of March, 1812. The wounded, buried under the ruins, implored by their cries the help of the passers by, and nearly two thousand were dug out. Never was pity displayed in a more affecting manner; never had it been seen more ingeniously active, than in the efforts employed to save the miserable victims, whose groans reached the ear. Implements for digging, and clearing away the ruins were entirely wanting; and the people were obliged to use their bare hands, to disinter the living. The wounded, as well as the sick who had escaped from the hospitals, were laid on the banks of the small river Guayra. They found no shelter but the foliage of trees. Beds, linen to dress the wounds, instruments of surgery, medicines, and objects of the most urgent necessity, were buried under the ruins. Every thing, even food, was wanting during the first days. Water became alike scarce in the interior of the city. The commotion had rent the pipes of the fountains; the falling in of the earth had choaked up the springs that supplied them; and it became necessary, in order to have water, to go down to the river Guayra, which was considerably swelled; and then vessels to convey the water were wanting.

'There remained a duty to be fulfilled toward the dead, enjoined at once by piety, and the dread of infection. It being impossible to inter so many thousand corpses, half-buried under the ruins, commissaries were appointed to burn the bodies: and for this purpose funeral piles were erected between the heaps of ruins. This ceremony lasted several days. Amid so many public calamities, the people devoted themselves to those religious duties, which they thought were the most fitted to appease the wrath of Heaven. Some, assembling in processions, sang funeral hymns; others, in a state of distraction, confessed themselves aloud in the streets. In this town was now repeated what had been remarked in the province of Quito, after the tremendous earthquake of 1797; a number of marriages were contracted between persons, who had neglected for many years to sanction their union by the sacerdotal benediction. Children found parents, by whom they had never till then been acknowledged; restitutions were promised by persons, who had never been accused of fraud; and families, who had long been enemies, were drawn together by the tie of common calamity.'—pp. 12—17.

We now proceed to accompany our travellers from the Caraccas across the vallies of Aragua, in their descent of the Rio Apure

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to its junction with the Oroonoko, and up that river to the spot where the confluence of the Rio Meta (falling from the eastern Cordilleras) enlarges its noble stream, at which the present volume terminates. In tracing their route over this interesting portion of the new continent, we shall present our readers with such parts of the narrative as appear the most striking, either for novelty, beauty of description, or force of expression, connecting them with such an abstract only as may serve to convey some idea of the contents of the volume; omitting however the more scientific subjects, as being the least interesting to the great majority of readers, particularly those which relate to the geological construction of South America; a subject that, to render it intelligible, would of itself occupy nearly all the space which we have to bestow.

Following the right bank of the river Guayra, by a fine road partly scooped out of the rock, the two travellers passed La Vega, whose church displays itself in a picturesque manner on a range of hills covered with vegetation. The scattered houses surrounded with date trees seemed to proclaim the easy circumstances of their inhabitants. The rounded summit of Carapa, and the ridge of Galipano, crenated like a wall, were the only objects that in the basin of gneiss and mica slate below, impressed a character on the landscape. This part of the country furnishes abundance of peaches, quinces, and other European fruits for the market of Caraccas.

Beyond the village of Antimano the road becomes fatiguing, the valley narrows considerably, and the Guayra is crossed seventeen times between it and Ajuntas. This river is bordered with *lata*, a beautiful gramineous plant with distich leaves growing sometimes to the height of thirty feet, and to which our botanists have given the name of *gynerium saccharoides*. Every hut was surrounded with enormous trees of the aligator pear *(laurus persea)*, at the foot of which the *aristolochiæ*, *paullinia*, and other creepers were seen to flourish. We have here a digression of several pages on the cultivation of coffee, which we shall pass over, and proceed with our travellers across the mountains of Higuerota, which separate the two vallies of Caraccas and Aragua, at 835 toises above the level of the ocean. The country had a savage aspect and was thickly wooded, but the plants of the valley of Caraccas gradually disappeared. The road however was much frequented; and long files of mules and oxen were met at every step.

Descending the table-land of Buenavista, an abundant spring was observed, gushing from the gneiss, and forming several cascades surrounded with the richest vegetation;—among other fine plants were arborescent ferns, the trunks of which reached the height

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height of twenty-five feet. The torrent was shaded with beautiful *heliconias, plumerias, cupeys, browneas,* and the ficus gigantea. 'The brownea, which the inhabitants call *rosa del monte,* or *palo de cruz,* bears four or five hundred purple flowers together in one thyrsus; each flower has invariably eleven stamina; and this majestic plant, the trunk of which reaches the height of fifty or sixty feet, is becoming rare because its wood yields a highly valued charcoal.' The soil of this delightful spot is said to be covered with pine-apples, hemimeris, polygala, melastomas, clethras, aralias, and a great variety of the finest plants.

At the foot of the mountains was situated in a basin the small village of San Pedro, where on one spot were cultivated the coffee shrub, plantains, and potatoes. We may here remark that Messrs. Humboldt and Bonpland took great pains in every part of their travels to discover the potatoe *(solanum tuberosum)* in its native state; but they searched in vain the Antilles, Terra firma, the elevated plain of Mexico, and the more elevated regions of Peru: and it is but the other day that the native dwelling of this most useful root was discovered by Ruiz and Domberg in the vallies of Lima and Peru, in the immediate neighbourhood of Chili, near the sea-coast of the Pacific, and not more than fourteen leagues from Lima. The correctness therefore of the vulgar notion that Sir Walter Raleigh was the first to introduce the potatoe into Ireland from Guiana may be called in question; it being more probable that this root was originally carried from Lima to Cadiz, and from thence found its way into Ireland, between which and that port a considerable commerce was carried on.

Leaving the mountains, our travellers entered upon a highly cultivated country, covered with hamlets and villages, several of which in Europe would be called towns. In the valley or plain of the Rio Tuy in a line of twelve leagues, they passed La Victoria, San Matheo, Turmero, and Maracay, containing together about 30,000 inhabitants. The Tuy winds among grounds covered with plantains, the hura crepitans, erythrina corallodendron, and fig-trees with nymphea leaves; the bed of the river is formed of quartz pebbles, and the water is always cool, and as clear as crystal. M. de Humboldt bears testimony to the humane treatment which the Negroes experience here, as in most of the Spanish colonies. They have each a small spot of ground to cultivate; they have Saturdays and Sundays to themselves; they all keep poultry, and many of them a pig. In the Spanish colonies too the laws, the institutions, and the manners are more favourable to the liberty of the blacks, than in any other European settlements.

The valley of the Tuy has its 'gold mine' like every other

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part of America inhabited by whites. Grains of this metal are said in fact to have been picked up in the ravine of the Oro.

'An overseer, or *major domo*, of a neighbouring plantation, had followed these indications; and after his death, a waistcoat with gold buttons being found among his clothes, this gold, according to the logic of these people, could only have proceeded from a vein, which the falling-in of the earth had rendered invisible. In vain I objected, that I could not, by the mere view of the soil, without digging a large trench in the direction of the vein, well judge of the existence of the mine; I was compelled to yield to the desire of my hosts. For twenty years past the major-domo's waistcoat had been the subject of conversation in the country. Gold extracted from the bosom of the earth is far more alluring in the eyes of the vulgar, than that which is the produce of agricultural industry, favoured by the fertility of the soil, and the mildness of the climate.'—p. 87.

This supposed gold mine was situated in a deep ravine, named *Quebrada Seca;* and to this the travellers proceeded: all traces of it, however, were obliterated, the falling down of the earth having changed the surface of the ground. Great trees were growing where the gold-washers had worked twenty years before. The vegetation was every where of a magnificent description. Ligneous excrescences in the form of ridges or ribs, augmented in an extraordinary manner the thickness of the trunk of the American fig-trees. 'I found some of them,' says our author, 'twenty-two feet and a half in diameter near the roots!' The natural roots winding at the surface of the ground, when cut with a hatchet at the distance of several feet from the trunk throw out a milky juice, which, when deprived of the vital influence of the organs of the tree, is soon altered and coagulated.

'What a wonderful combination of cells and vessels exists in these vegetable masses, in these gigantic trees of the torrid zone, which, without interruption, perhaps during a thousand years, prepare nutricious foods, raise them to the height of one hundred and eighty feet, convey them down again to the ground, and conceal beneath a rough and hard bark, under the inanimate layers of ligneous matter, all the movements of organized life!'

We left (says M. de Humboldt) the plantation of Manterolo on the 11th February; the road followed the smiling banks of the Tuy; the morning was cool and humid, and the air seemed embalmed by the delicious odour of the *pancratium undulatum,* and other large liliaceous plants. At a farm belonging to the family of Monteras, 'a negress more than a hundred years old was seated before a small hut constructed with earth and reeds.' She seemed still to enjoy very good health—'I hold her to the sun,' *(la tengo al sol,)* said her grandson, 'the heat keeps her alive.' Blacks well seasoned

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seasoned to the climate, and Indians, are known to attain a happy old age in the torrid zone. 'I have mentioned elsewhere,' says our author, 'the history of a native of Peru, who died at the age of 143 years, after having been 90 years married.'

The city, or town, or village of Vittoria, situate as it were in the bottom of a desiccated lake, contains 7,000 inhabitants, many fine edifices, a church decorated with Doric columns, and all the resources of commercial industry. The environs presented to the travellers a remarkable aspect, with regard to agriculture. On the surface little less than three hundred toises above the level of the ocean, they beheld fields of corn mingled with plantations of sugar-canes, coffee, and plantains. La Vittoria and the neighbouring village of San Matheo yield an annual produce of four thousand quintals of wheat. It is sown in the month of December, and the harvest is reaped on the seventieth or seventy-fifth day. An acre (1¼ English) generally yields from three thousand to three thousand two hundred pounds of wheat; and 'consequently,' says M. de Humboldt, 'the average produce is here, as at Buenos Ayres, three or four times as much as that of northern countries.' We know not in what 'northern countries' it would repay the husbandman's labour and expense to reap so scanty a crop, as from ten to twelve bushels an acre, but we are quite sure it would not answer to an English farmer. We suspect the Baron is not much of an agriculturist, and we are inclined to doubt the accuracy of the statement, 'that beyond the latitude of 45°, the produce of wheat is no where so considerable as on the northern coasts of Africa and the table-lands of New Grenada, Peru, and Mexico.' If it be meant by merely turning over the soil to throw in the seed, without any preparatory tilth or manure, then indeed the fact may be as he states it, as the augmentation of heat may to a certain degree stand in lieu of tillage.

From St. Matheo to Turmero, a distance of four leagues, the road leads through plantations of sugar, indigo, cotton, and coffee. The regularity of all the villages indicated their origin to monks and missions—streets straight and parallel, crossing each other at right angles, and the church in the great square, situate in the centre. Indians are here mixed with the whites. Those of Turmero are described as of small stature, but less squat than the Chaymas, and with more vivacity and intelligence in their eyes: active and laborious during the short intervals in which they can be prevailed on to work, they spend in one week the earnings of two months in strong liquors, at the small inns which every where abound.

Our travellers remained some time at Cura on the borders of the lake of Valentia or Tacarigua, agreeably surprized not only at the progress

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progress of agriculture, but at the obvious increase of a free and laborious population, accustomed to toil, and too needy to rely on the assistance of slaves. The great landholders had at length discovered their advantage in letting out small separate farms to the poor families, who applied themselves chiefly to the cultivation of cotton. 'I love,' says M. de Humboldt, 'to dwell on these details of colonial industry, because they prove to the inhabitants of Europe, what to the enlightened inhabitants of the colonies has long ceased to be doubtful, that the continent of Spanish America can produce cotton, as well as sugar and indigo, by free hands, and that the unhappy slaves are capable of becoming peasants, farmers, and landholders.'

We pass over the picturesque beauties of the lake of Valentia, with its numerous rocky islets, and its cultivated shores, together with the question of the diminution of its waters, which is discussed at great length; and which seems to us fully accounted for by the destruction of forests, the clearing of plains, the evaporation of the soil, and the dryness of the atmosphere. On one of the fifteen islands which embellish the lake, our travellers learnt the following anecdote.

'Burro, the largest of these islands, is two miles in length; and even inhabited by some families of Mestizoes, who rear goats. These simple men seldom visit the shore of Mocundo. To them the lake appears of immense extent; they have plantains, cassava, milk, and a little fish. A hut constructed of reeds; hammocks woven with the cotton, which the neighbouring fields produce; a large stone, on which the fire is made, the ligneous fruit of the tutuma, in which they draw water, constitute their domestic establishment. The old Mestizo, who offered us some of the milk of his goats, had a beautiful daughter. We learned from our guide, that solitude had rendered him as mistrustful, as he might perhaps have been made by the society of men. The day before our arrival, some sportsmen had visited the island. They were surprized by the night; and preferred sleeping in the open air to returning to Mocundo. This news spread alarm throughout the island. The father obliged the young girl to climb up a very lofty zamang or acacia, which grows in the plain, at some distance from the hut; while he stretched himself at the foot of the tree, and did not permit his daughter to descend, till the sportsmen had departed. Travellers have not always found this timorous watchfulness, this great austerity of manners, among the inhabitants of islands.'—p. 159.

From Mocundo our travellers continued their journey by Los Guayos to the city of Nueva Valencia which, occupying a very extensive space, contains only six or seven thousand souls. Many of the white inhabitants however forsake their houses, and live in little plantations of indigo and cotton, 'where they can venture to work with their own hands,' which it seems would be a disgrace

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grace to them in the town. Here the *termites* or white ants are so abundant, that their excavations are said to resemble subterraneous canals, which filling with water in the time of the rains, become very dangerous to the buildings of the town.

Valencia calls to the recollection of our author the crimes and adventures of Lopez de Aguirre, which form one of the most dramatic episodes in the history of the *conquest*. On entering this city, he proclaimed the independence of the country, and the deposition of Philip II. In his celebrated letter to this sovereign, of which M. de Humboldt has given several extracts, he paints with frightful truth the manners of the soldiery of the fifteenth century in this unfortunate country.

'The tyrant (Aguirre is still thus denominated by the vulgar) boasts alternately of his crimes and his piety; he gives advice to the king on the government of the colonies, and the system of missions. Surrounded by savage Indians, navigating on a great sea of fresh water, as he calls the river of Amazons, he is alarmed at the heresies of Martin Luther, and the increasing influence of schismatics in Europe. Lopez de Aguirre was killed at Barquesimeto, after having been abandoned by his own men. At the moment when he fell, he plunged a dagger into the bosom of his only daughter, "that she might not have to blush before the Spaniards at the name of the daughter of a traitor." *The soul of the tyrant* (such is the belief of the natives) wanders in the savannahs, like a flame that flies the approach of men.'

Our travellers visited Porto Cabello on the sea coast, and stopping, on their return to Valencia, at the farm of Burbula, were gratified with a new object of the vegetable world, interesting to the philosopher and lover of natural history; it was the *palo de vaca* or *cow-tree*, yielding, from incisions made in its trunk, a vegetable milk of a nutricious quality, used plentifully by the negroes. This juicy matter is described as glutinous, tolerably thick, destitute of all acrimony, and of an agreeable and balmy smell. M. de Humboldt says that they drank considerable quantities of it in the evening before they went to bed, and very early in the morning, without feeling the least injurious effect; the viscosity alone rendering it a little disagreeable. The tree, it seems, has not been described or classed by botanists, but it is supposed to belong to the sapota family, of which the butter-tree of Mungo Park is another member. It is represented as a beautiful tree, rising like the broad-leaved star-apple *(chrysophylum cainito.)* The milk exposed to the air produces a coagulum, which the people call cheese. The following reflections are in the best manner of M. de Humboldt.

'Amid the great number of curious phenomena, which have presented themselves to me in the course of my travels, I confess there are few that have so powerfully affected my imagination as the aspect of the

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the cow-tree. Whatever relates to milk, whatever regards corn, inspires an interest, which is not merely that of the physical knowledge of things, but is connected with another order of ideas and sentiments. We can scarcely conceive how the human race could exist without farinaceous substances; and without that nourishing juice, which the breast of the mother contains, and which is appropriated to the long feebleness of the infant. The amylaceous matter of corn, the object of religious veneration among so many nations, ancient and modern, is diffused in the seeds, and deposited in the roots of vegetables; milk, which serves us as an aliment, appears to us exclusively the produce of animal organization. Such are the impressions we have received in our earliest infancy: such is also the source of that astonishment, which seizes us at the aspect of the tree just described. It is not here the solemn shades of forests, the majestic course of rivers, the mountains wrapped in eternal frost, that excite our emotion. A few drops of vegetable juice recall to our minds all the powerfulness and fecundity of nature. On the barren flank of a rock grows a tree with coriaceous and dry leaves. It's large woody roots can scarcely penetrate into the stone. For several months of the year not a single shower moistens its foliage. Its branches appear dead and dried; but when the trunk is pierced, there flows from it a sweet and nourishing milk. It is at the rising of the sun, that this vegetable fountain is most abundant. The Blacks and natives are then seen hastening from all quarters, furnished with large bowls to receive the milk, which grows yellow, and thickens at its surface. Some employ their bowls under the tree itself, others carry the juice home to their children. We seem to see the family of a shepherd, who distributes the milk of his flock.

'I have described the sensations, which *the cow-tree* awakens in the mind of the traveller at the first view. In examining the physical properties of animal and vegetable products, science displays them as closely linked together; but it strips them of what is marvellous, and perhaps also of a part of their charms, of what excited our astonishment. Nothing appears isolated; the chemical principles that were believed to be peculiar to animals, are found in plants; a common chain links together all organic nature.'—p. 215.

We must quit the remaining part of this chapter, which is chiefly occupied by a tedious dissertation on the culture of cacao, and the manufacture and export of chocolate. There is an incident, however, culled out of Oviedo's History of Venezuela, which is interesting as being somewhat analogous to those which are now passing in the island of St. Domingo.

'A Negro slave excited an insurrection among the miners of the Real de San Felipe de Buria. He retired into the woods, and founded, with two hundred of his companions, a town, where he was proclaimed king. *Miguel*, this new monarch, was a friend to pomp and parade. He caused his wife Guiomar, to assume the title of queen; and, according to Oviedo, he appointed ministers and counsellors of state, officers of *la casa real*, and even a Negro bishop. He had soon after the boldness to attack the

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the neighbouring town of Nueva Segovia de Barquésimeto; but, being repulsed by Diego de Losada, he perished in the fight. This African monarchy was succeeded at Nirgua by a republic of Zamboes, the descendants of Negroes and Indians. The whole municipality is composed of men of colour, to whom the king of Spain has given the title of "*his faithful and loyal subjects, the Zamboes of Nirgua.*" Few families of Whites will inhabit a country, where the system that prevails is so contrary to their pretensions; and the little town is called in derision *la republica de Zambos y Mulatos*. It is as imprudent to cede the government to a single *cast*, as to segregate that *cast* by depriving it of its natural rights.'—p. 252.

Our travellers now, to use the words of M. de Humboldt, 'from a peopled country embellished with cultivation, plunge into a vast solitude'—into those immense plains, savannahs, destitute of trees, which appear to the eye to ascend like the great ocean toward the horizon. In the *Mesa de Paja*, in the ninth degree of latitude, they first entered the basin of the Llanos.

'The sun was almost at the zenith; the earth, wherever it appeared sterile and destitute of vegetation, was at the temperature of 48° or 50°. Not a breath of air was felt at the height at which we were on our mules; yet, in the midst of this apparent calm, whirls of dust incessantly arose, driven on by those small currents of air, that glide only over the surface of the ground, and are occasioned by the difference of temperature, which the naked sand and the spots covered with herbs acquire. These *sand winds* augment the suffocating heat of the air. Every grain of quartz, hotter than the surrounding air, radiates heat in every direction; and it is difficult to observe the temperature of the atmosphere, without these particles of sand striking against the bulb of the thermometer. All around us, the plains seemed to ascend toward the sky, and that vast and profound solitude appeared to our eyes like an ocean covered with seaweeds. According to the unequal mass of vapours diffused through the atmosphere, and the variable decrement in the temperature of the different strata of air, the horizon in some parts was clear and distinct; in other parts it appeared undulating, sinuous, and as if striped. The earth there was confounded with the sky. Through the dry fog, and strata of vapour, the trunks of palm-trees were seen from afar. Stripped of their foliage, and their verdant summits, these trunks appeared like the masts of a ship discovered at the horizon.

'There is something awful, but sad and gloomy in the uniform aspect of these Steppes. Every thing seems motionless; scarcely does a small cloud, as it passes across the zenith, and announces the approach of the rainy season, sometimes cast its shadow on the savannah. I know not whether the first aspect of the Llanos excite less astonishment than that of the chain of the Andes. Mountainous countries, whatever may be the absolute elevation of the highest summits, have an analogous physiognomy; but we accustom ourselves with difficulty to the view of the Llanos of Venezuela and Casanare, to that of the *Pampas* of Buenos-Ayres

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Ayres and of Chaco, which recall to mind incessantly, and during journies of twenty or thirty days, the smooth surface of the ocean.'—p. 292.

M. de Humboldt justly observes that erroneous notions are inculcated by characterizing Europe by its *heaths*, Asia by its *steppes*, Africa by its *deserts*, and America by its *savannahs*; because none of them are peculiar to any of the four quarters of the globe. *Deserts*, it is true, like those of Africa, are almost wanting in the new world; they exist, however, in the low part of Peru on the borders of the South Sea, and are called by the Spaniards, not *Llanos*, but *desiertos*. 'This solitary tract (our author says) is not broad, but four hundred and forty leagues long. The rock pierces every where through the quicksands. No drop of rain ever falls on it; and, like the desert of Sahara, to the north of Tombuctoo, the Peruvian desert affords, near Huaura, a rich mine of native salt. Every where else, in the new world, there are plains, desert because not inhabited, but no real deserts.'

The name of *prairies*, given to the savannahs of America, appears to M. de Humboldt to be little applicable to pastures that are often very dry, though covered with grass of four or five feet in height. The *Llanos* and the *pampas* of South America he considers as real steppes. 'They display,' he says, 'a beautiful verdure in the rainy season, but in the time of great drought assume the aspect of a desert. The grass is then reduced to powder, the earth cracks, the alligator and the great serpents remain buried in the dried mud till awakened from their long lethargy by the first showers of spring.' These immense plains appear, as far as the eye can reach, to adopt our traveller's expression, 'like an ocean of verdure.' Their extent, however, great as it is, is apt to deceive the traveller. 'The uniform landscape of the Llanos; the extreme rarity of inhabitants; the fatigue of travelling beneath a burning sky, and an atmosphere darkened with dust; the view of that horizon which seems for ever to fly before us; those lowly trunks of palm trees, which have all the same aspect, and which we despair of reaching, because they are confounded with other trunks that rise by degrees on the visual horizon; all these causes combined make the steppes appear far greater than they are in reality.' The chief characteristic of these savannahs is the absolute want of hills and inequalities, and the perfect level of every part of the soil, so remarkable, that often in the space of thirty square leagues, there is not an eminence of a foot high. This regularity of surface is said to reign without interruption from the mouth of the Oroonoko to La Villa de Araure and Ospinos under a parallel of a hundred and eighty leagues in length, and from San Carlos to the savannahs of Caqueta, on a meridian of two hundred leagues. There are, however, on the surface of these Llanos two kinds of inequalities

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ties which, M. de Humboldt remarks, will not escape the observation of an attentive traveller. The first is known by the name of *Bancos*, which he says are real shoals in the basin of the *steppes*, fractured strata of sandstone or compact limestone, standing four or five feet higher than the rest of the plain, and extending sometimes three or four leagues in length; being entirely smooth, with a horizontal surface, their existence is discovered only by examining their borders. The second species of inequality is known by the name of *Mesa*, and is composed of small flats, or rather convex eminences, which rise insensibly to the height of a few toises, and are to be recognized only by geodesical or barometrical levellings, or by the course of rivers. Some of these, inconsiderable as they are, divide the waters between the Oroonoko and the northern coast of Terra Firma.

Our author has sketched a bold geographical outline of South America. He observes that in order to have an exact idea of the plains, their configuration and their limits, we must know the chains of mountains that form their boundary. From the great chain of the Andes, then, which bounds or nearly so the western side of South America throughout its whole extent in a north and south direction, branch out three distinct Cordilleras, or transverse chains, dividing this continent from east to west. The first to the northward is called by our author the *Cordillera of the Coast*, of which the highest summit is the Silla de Caraccas, and which runs across the country in about the tenth parallel of latitude. The second chain he has named the *Cordillera of Parime*, or of the great Cataracts of the Oroonoko; it extends between the parallels of 3° and 7° from the mouths of the Guaviare and the Meta to the sources of the Oroonoko, the Marony and the Esquibo, towards French and Dutch Guyana. The third chain is the *Cordillera of Chiquitos*, which divides the rivers flowing into the Amazon from those of the Rio de la Plata; and unites, in 16° and 18° of south latitude, the Andes of Peru to the mountains of Brazil. 'The small elevation of the great plains inclosed within these Cordilleras and the Andes, but open to the east, would tempt one to consider them,' says our traveller, 'as gulfs stretching in the direction of the current of rotation. If from the effect of some peculiar attraction, the waters of the Atlantic were to rise fifty toises at the mouth of the Oroonoko, and two hundred toises at the mouth of the Amazon, the *great tide* would cover more than half of South America. The eastern declivity of the foot of the Andes, now six hundred leagues distant from the coast of Brazil, would become a shore beaten by the waves.' He might have added that such a tide would cover the plains of Hindostan and wash the feet of the Himalaya mountains; and we are not sure that one half of the globe, as well as half of South

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South America, would not be deluged by a tide of 600 feet in perpendicular height.

Having described the mountains, we have next the following grand outline of the three plains.

'These three transverse chains, or rather these *three groups of mountains*, stretching from west to east, within the limits of the torrid zone, are separated by tracts entirely level, *the plains of Caraccas*, or of the *Lower Oroonoko;* the *plains of the Amazon* and the Rio Negro; and the plains of *Buenos Ayres*, or of La Plata. I do not use the name of valley, because the Lower Oroonoko and the Amazon, far from flowing in a valley, form but a little furrow in the midst of a vast plain. The two basins, placed at the extremities of South America, are savannahs or steppes, pasturage without trees; the intermediate basin, which receives the equatorial rains during the whole year, is almost entirely one vast forest, in which no other road is known than the rivers. That strength of vegetation which conceals the soil, renders also the uniformity of its level less perceptible; and *the plains* of Caraccas and La Plata alone bear this name. The three basins we have just described are called, in the language of the colonists, the *Llanos* of Varinas and of Caraccas, the *bosques* or *selvas* (forests) of the Amazon, and the *Pampas* of Buenos Ayres. The trees not only for the most part cover the plains of the Amazon, from the Cordillera of Chiquitos, as far as that of Parime; they crown also these two chains of mountains, which rarely attain the height of the Pyrenees. On this account the vast plains of the Amazon, the Madeira, and the Rio Negro, are not so distinctly bounded as the *Llanos* of Caraccas and the *Pampas* of Buenos Ayres. As the region of forests comprises at once the plains and the mountains, it extends from 18° south to 7° and 8° north, and occupies an extent of near a hundred and twenty thousand square leagues. This forest of South America, for in fact there is only one, is six times larger than France.' —p. 306.

Some faint traces of the industry of an ancient people that has disappeared, are afforded on the northern plains of Varinas in a few scattered hillocks, or *tumuli*, of a conical shape, called by the Spaniards the *Serillos de los Indios;* and in a causeway of earth five leagues in length, and fifteen feet high, crossing a plain which is frequently overflowed. These were constructed long before the conquest; and M. de Humboldt seems at a loss to account for their appearance. 'Did nations,' he says, 'farther advanced in civilization descend from the mountains of Truxillo towards the plain of the Apure? the Indians, whom we now find between the Apure and the Meta, are in too rude a state to think of making roads or raising *tumuli*.'

The paucity and the poverty of the lactiferous animals, and the consequent absence of pastoral nations in the New World, afford a powerful argument against the theory which would people America from Eastern Asia, to which, if we mistake not, M. de Humboldt rather

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rather inclines; for we can hardly suppose that any of the pastoral hordes of Tartars would emigrate across the strait of Behring, or pass the bridge formed by the Aleutian islands, without carrying with them a supply of those cattle on which their whole subsistence depended. That America was admirably suited for the propagation of them is proved by the extraordinary herds of wild cattle and horses which have overrun the plains from the few originally carried over by the Spaniards. In the northern plains alone, from the Oroonoko to the lake of Maracaybo, M. Depons reckons that 1,200,000 oxen, 180,000 horses, and 90,000 mules, wander at large; and M. de Humboldt observes, on the authority of Azzora, that it is believed there exist in the *Pampas* of Buenos Ayres 12,000,000 cows, and 3,000,000 horses, without comprizing in this enumeration the cattle that have no acknowledged proprietor. In the Llanos of Caraccas the rich *hateros*, or proprietors of pastoral farms, are entirely ignorant of the number of cattle they possess. The young are branded with a mark peculiar to each herd, and some of the most wealthy owners mark as many as 14,000 a year.

Several species of the palm tribe are scattered over the northern Llanos, especially the *palma de cobija*, (the corypha tectorum,) the wood of which is so hard that it is difficult to drive a nail into it. It is therefore excellent for building, and its fanlike leaves afford a thatch for the roofs of the huts, which will last more than twenty years. Another species of corypha is known by the name of the *palma real de los Llanos.*

'Other palm-trees rise to the South of Guayaval, especially the piritu with pinnate leaves, and the *murichi, (moriche,)* celebrated by father Gumilla under the name of *arbol de la vida.* It is the sago-tree of America, furnishing "*victum et amictum,*" flour, wire, and thread to weave hammocks, baskets, nets, and clothing. Its fruit, of the form of the cones of the pine, and covered with scales, perfectly resemble those of the calamus rotang. It has somewhat the taste of the apple. When arrived at its maturity it is yellow within and red without. The araguato monkeys eat it with avidity; and the nation of Guaraounoes, whose whole existence, it may be said, is closely linked with that of the *murichi* palm-tree, draw from it a fermented liquor, slightly acid, and extremely refreshing. This palm-tree, with large shining leaves folded like a fan, preserves a beautiful verdure at the period of the greatest drought. Its sight alone produces an agreeable sensation of coolness, and the *murichi*, loaded with scaly fruit, contrasts singularly with the mournful aspect of the *palma de cobija*, the foliage of which is always gray and covered with dust. The Llaneros believe that the former attracts the vapours in the air; and that for this reason water is constantly found at its foot when dug for to a certain depth. The effect is confounded with the cause. The *murichi* grows best in moist places;

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and it may rather be said, that the water attracts the tree. The natives of the Oroonoko, by analogous reasoning, admit that the great serpents contribute to preserve humidity in a canton. "You would look in vain for water-serpents," said an old Indian of Javita to us gravely, "where there are no marshes; because the water collects no more when you imprudently kill the serpents that attract it." '—p. 334.

Our travellers having passed two nights on horseback, and sought in vain by day for some shelter from the ardour of the sun beneath the tufts of the *murichi* palm-trees, arrived just before the third night set in at the little farm of *El Cayman*, or the Alligator, a solitary house surrounded by a few small huts, covered with reeds and skins: no enclosure of any kind appeared; the horses, oxen and mules rambled where they pleased, and were brought together by men naked to the waist, and armed with a lance, who scour the savannahs on horseback for that purpose. These people are known by the name of Peones Llaneros, and are partly free and partly slaves. A little meat dried in the air and sprinkled with salt constitutes the chief part of their food. An old negro slave had the management of the farm in question. Though he had several thousand cows under his care, it was in vain our travellers asked for a bowl of milk; and they were fain to put up with some fetid water drawn from a neighbouring pool, which he advised them to drink through a piece of linen cloth, that they might not be incommoded by the smell, or swallow the fine yellowish clay suspended in the water.

After suffering greatly from the excessive heat of the sun they reached Calabozo, a flourishing little town in the midst of the Llanos, with a population of about 5000 souls, their wealth consisting chiefly of herds of cattle. Here an ingenious inhabitant, of the name of Carlos del Pozo, had constructed an electrical machine with large plates, electrophori, batteries and electrometers, forming an apparatus nearly as complete as the first scientific men in Europe possessed, and which he had constructed entirely from reading the treatise of Sigaud de la Fond and Franklin's Memoirs. The joy of this curious and ingenious native of the Llanos may be easily conceived on meeting with such intelligent travellers as MM. de Humboldt and Bonpland. They shewed him the effect of the contact of heterogeneous metals on the nerves of frogs; and thus, for the first time, the names of Galvani and Volta resounded in those vast solitudes.

Men of science and ingenuity seldom communicate without deriving mutual advantage. The electrical apparatus and the Voltaic pile led to the subject of the gymnoti, or electrical eels, which had been an object of research to M. de Humboldt from the time of his arrival at Cumana. He wished to procure some of these eels at Calabozo, but the dread of them is so great among the Indians

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Indians that the offer of reward was unavailing; though they pretended that, by only chewing a little tobacco, they might venture to touch them with impunity. 'This fable,' says M. de Humboldt, 'of the influence of tobacco on animal electricity, is as general on the continent of South America, as the belief among mariners of the effect of garlic and tallow on the magnetic needle'—he might have added, as groundless too. Impatient of waiting longer for the Indians, they proceeded to the Cano de Bera, from whence they were conducted to a stream, which in the time of drought forms a basin of muddy water surrounded by fine trees. The gymnoti are difficult to be taken by nets on account of their extreme agility, and their burying themselves in the mud like serpents; they are more easily caught by the roots of the *piscidea erithryna*, *jacquinia armillaris*, and some species of *phyllanthus*, which, when thrown into the pool, intoxicate or benumb them; this, however, would have enfeebled the gymnoti, and our philosophers wished to procure them in full vigour. The Indians therefore told them that they would *embarbascar con cavallos*—set the fish to sleep, or intoxicate them with horses. They found it difficult to conceive what this meant; but they saw the guides, who had gone to the savannah, return presently with about thirty horses and mules which they had collected. The novel and singular scene which ensued is thus described.

'The extraordinary noise caused by the horses' hoofs makes the fish issue from the mud, and excites them to combat. These yellowish and livid eels, resembling large aquatic serpents, swim on the surface of the water, and crowd under the bellies of the horses and mules. A contest between animals of so different an organization furnishes a very striking spectacle. The Indians, provided with harpoons and long slender reeds, surround the pool closely; and some climb upon the trees, the branches of which extend horizontally over the surface of the water. By their wild cries, and the length of their reeds, they prevent the horses from running away and reaching the bank of the pool. The eels, stunned by the noise, defend themselves by the repeated discharge of their electric batteries. During a long time they seem to prove victorious. Several horses sink beneath the violence of the invisible strokes, which they receive from all sides in organs the most essential to life; and stunned by the force and frequency of the shocks, disappear under the water. Others, panting, with mane erect and haggard eyes, expressing anguish, raise themselves, and endeavour to flee from the storm by which they are overtaken. They are driven back by the Indians into the middle of the water; but a small number succeed in eluding the active vigilance of the fishermen. These regain the shore, stumbling at every step, and stretch themselves on the sand, exhausted with fatigue, and their limbs benumbed by the electric shocks of the gymnoti.

'In less than five minutes two horses were drowned. The eel, being five feet long, and pressing itself against the belly of the horses, makes

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a discharge along the whole extent of its electric organ. It attacks at once the heart, the intestines, and the *plexus cœliacus* of the abdominal nerves. It is natural that the effect felt by the horses should be more powerful than that produced upon man by the touch of the same fish at only one of his extremities. The horses are probably not killed, but only stunned. They are drowned from the impossibility of rising amid the prolonged struggle between the other horses and the eels.

'We had little doubt that the fishing would terminate by killing successively all the animals engaged; but by degrees the impetuosity of this unequal combat diminished, and the wearied gymnoti dispersed. They require a long rest, and abundant nourishment, to repair what they have lost of galvanic force. The mules and horses appear less frightened; their manes are no longer bristled, and their eyes express less dread. The gymnoti approach timidly the edge of the marsh, where they are taken by means of small harpoons fastened to long cords. When the cords are very dry the Indians feel no shock in raising the fish into the air. In a few minutes we had five large eels, the greater part of which were but slightly wounded. Some were taken by the same means toward the evening.'—pp. 348—350.

M. de Humboldt says it would be temerity to expose oneself to the first shocks of a large and strongly irritated gymnotus; that a stroke from such a fish is productive of more pain and numbness than from the discharge of a large Leyden jar; and that he received so dreadful a shock by imprudently placing his feet on one just taken out of the water, that he was affected the rest of the day with a violent pain in the knees, and in almost every joint. He adds, that the electric action of the fish depends entirely on its will, and that it has the power of directing the action of its organs to any particular part of the external object that may affect it, or towards the point where it finds itself the most strongly irritated.

We have now a dissertation of about twenty pages on the nature and quality of the electrical action of fishes, of which we can only find room for the following curious paragraph.

'The presence of the gymnoti is considered as the principal cause of the want of fish in the ponds and pools of the Llanos. The gymnoti kill many more than they devour; and the Indians told us, that when they take young alligators and gymnoti at the same time in very strong nets, the latter never display the slightest trace of a wound, because they disable the young alligators before they are attacked by them. All the inhabitants of the waters dread the society of the gymnoti. Lizards, tortoises, and frogs seek the pools, where they are secure from their action. It became necessary to change the direction of a road near Uritucu, because these electrical eels were so numerous in one river that they every year killed a great number of mules of burden as they forded the water.'—p. 374.

Our travellers left Calabozo on the 24th of March, highly satisfied with the experiments which they had made.

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'As we advanced,' M. de Humboldt says, 'into the southern part of the Llanos, we found the ground more dusty, more destitute of herbage, and more cracked by the effect of long drought. The palm-trees disappeared by degrees. The thermometer kept, from eleven in the morning till sunset, at 34° or 35°. The more the air appeared calm at eight or ten feet high, the more we were enveloped in those whirlwinds of dust caused by the little currents of air that sweep the ground. About four o'clock in the afternoon we found a young Indian girl stretched upon the savannah. She was quite naked, lay upon her back, and appeared to be only twelve or thirteen years of age. Exhausted with fatigue and thirst, her eyes, nostrils, and mouth filled with dust, she breathed with a rattling in her throat, and was unable to answer our questions. A pitcher overturned, and half filled with sand, was lying at her side. Happily one of our mules was laden with water; and we roused the young girl from her lethargic state by washing her face, and forcing her to drink a few drops of wine. She was at first frightened at seeing herself surrounded by so many persons; but by degrees she took courage and conversed with our guides. She judged from the position of the sun that she must have remained during several hours in that state of lethargy.'—pp. 378, 379.

During the night they forded the Rio Uritucu, which is infested with a breed of crocodiles remarkable for their ferocity. 'We were advised,' M. de Humboldt says, 'to prevent our dogs from going to drink in the rivers, for it often happens that the crocodiles come out of the water and pursue dogs on the shore.

'The manners of animals,' he continues, 'vary in the same species according to local circumstances difficult to investigate. We were shown a hut, or rather a kind of shed, in which our host of Calabozo, Don Miguel Cousin, had witnessed a very extraordinary scene. Sleeping with one of his friends on a bench covered with leather, Don Miguel was awakened early in the morning by violent shakes and a horrible noise. Clods of earth were thrown into the middle of the hut. Presently a young crocodile two or three feet long issued from under the bed, darted at a dog that lay on the threshold of the door, and, missing him in the impetuosity of his spring, ran toward the beach to attain the river. On examining the spot where the *barbacon*, or bedstead, was placed, the cause of this strange adventure was easily discovered. The ground was disturbed to a considerable depth. It was dried mud that had covered the crocodile in that state of lethargy, or *summer sleep*, in which many of the species lie during the absence of the rains amid the Llanos. The noise of men and horses, perhaps the smell of the dog, had awakened the crocodile. The hut being placed at the edge of the pool, and inundated during part of the year, the crocodile had no doubt entered, at the time of the inundation of the savannahs, by the same opening by which Mr. Pozo saw it go out.'—pp. 380, 381.

On the 27th our travellers arrived at the *Villa de San Fernando*, the capital of the missions of the Capuchins, in the province

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vince of Varenas, which terminated their journey over the *Llanos.* The breadth of the Apure on which they were about to embark was found to be 206 toises. This river, like the Meta and the Oroonoko, has its periodical swellings, when the horses that wander in the savannah and have not time to reach the rising grounds of the Llanos, perish by thousands. The mares, followed by their colts, may be seen swimming about, and feeding on the grass of which the top alone waves above the waters. In this state they are pursued by the crocodiles; and their thighs, should they be fortunate enough to escape, frequently bear the prints of the teeth of these carnivorous reptiles. The carcasses of such as perish attract innumerable vultures, which have 'the mien of *Pharaoh's chicken,* and render the same service to the inhabitants of the Llanos as the vultur percnopterus to the inhabitants of Egypt.'

'We cannot reflect on the effects of these inundations without admiring the prodigious pliability of the organization of the animals that man has subjected to his sway. In Greenland the dog eats the refuse of the fisheries; and, when fish are wanting, feeds on seaweed. The ass and the horse, originally natives of the cold and barren plains of Upper Asia, follow man to the New World, return to the savage state, and lead a restless and painful life in the burning climate of the tropics. Pressed alternately by excess of drought and of humidity, they sometimes seek a pool in the midst of a bare and dusty soil to quench their thirst; and at other times flee from water, and the overflowing rivers, as menaced by an enemy that threatens them on all sides. Harassed during the day by gadflies and moschettoes, the horses, mules and cows find themselves attacked at night by enormous bats, that fasten on their backs, and cause wounds that become dangerous, because they are filled with acaridæ and other hurtful insects. In the time of great drought the mules gnaw even the thorny melocactus, melon thistle, in order to drink its cooling juice, and draw it forth as from a vegetable fountain. During the great inundations these same animals lead an amphibious life, surrounded by crocodiles, water-serpents, and manatees. Yet, such are the immutable laws of nature, their races are preserved in the struggle with the elements, and amid so many sufferings and dangers. When the waters retire, and the rivers return again into their beds, the savannah is spread over with a fine odoriferous grass; and the animals of Europe and Upper Asia seem to enjoy, as in their native climate, the renewed vegetation of spring.'—pp. 394—396.

An old farmer of the name of Don Francisco Sanchez obligingly offered to conduct our travellers overland to the Oroonoko. His dress denoted the great simplicity of manners that prevails in these distant regions. He had acquired a fortune of more than 100,000 piastres, and yet he mounted his horse bare-legged and bare-footed, though armed with large silver spurs. They preferred however the longer road by the Rio Apure, and hired a large canoe, called by the

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the Spaniards *lancha,* managed by a pilot and four Indians. A sort of cabin was constructed in the stern, covered with the leaves of the corypha; and some ox hides stretched on frames of brazil-wood served for a table and benches. They laid in a month's provisions. The Apure abounds in fish, manatees, and turtles; its banks are frequented by an innumerable quantity of birds, among which are the *pauxi* and the *guacharaca,* which may be called the turkies and pheasants of these countries.

The Yaruroes inhabit the left bank of the Apure below the Apurito. They live by hunting and fishing, and supply the European markets chiefly with the skins of the jaguar, known generally as those of the tiger. M. de Humboldt thinks they have some features which belong to the Mongul species,—a stern look, an elongated eye, high cheek-bones—but the nose prominent throughout its whole length. The missionaries praise their intellectual character.

Having passed the sugar plantation called *Diamante,* they entered a land inhabited only by tigers, crocodiles and *chiguires,* the latter being a large species of the genus *cavia* of Linnæus: flights of birds were crowded so closely together as to appear like a dark cloud. The banks of the river were generally covered with a forest, the trees of which were singularly disposed. First, bushes of *sauso (hermesia castaneifolia),* forming a kind of hedge four feet high, appeared as if they had been clipped by the hand of man. Behind these, copses of cedars, brazillettoes, and lignum vitæ reared their heads; with here and there a palm tree, and a few scattered trunks of the thorny *piritu* and *corozo.* In this scene of untamed and savage nature, the traveller at one moment is delighted with the sight of the jaguar, the beautiful panther of America, at another with the peacock, pheasant, or cashew bird with its black plumage and its tufted head, moving slowly along the sausos. Gliding down the stream, animals of the most different classes succeed each other. '*Esse como en el Paradiso,*'—'it is just as it was in Paradise,' said the old Indian pilot of the missions to our travellers; and M. de Humboldt observes, that 'every thing indeed here recals to mind that state of the primitive world, the innocence and felicity of which ancient and venerable traditions have transmitted to all nations; but in carefully observing the manners of animals among themselves, we see that they punctually avoid each other. The golden age has ceased; and in this paradise of American forests, as well as every where else, sad and long experience has taught all beings, that benignity is seldom found in alliance with strength!'

Crocodiles to the number of eight or ten were frequently seen stretched motionless on the sand, and with jaws open at right angles, reposing by each other, along the whole course of the river; yet the

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swelling of the Apure having scarcely begun, thousands still remained buried in the sands of the savannahs. The species is precisely that of the Nile. Our travellers learned at San Fernando that scarcely a year passes without several persons, particularly women, being drowned by them. The following anecdote is analogous to one which cannot fail to be familiar to most of our readers.

'They related to us the history of a young girl of Uritucu, who by singular intrepidity and presence of mind saved herself from the jaws of a crocodile. When she felt herself seized, she sought the eyes of the animal, and plunged her fingers into them with such violence, that the pain forced the crocodile to let her loose, after having bitten off the lower part of her left arm. The girl, notwithstanding the enormous quantity of blood she lost, happily reached the shore, swimming with the hand she had still left. In those desert countries, where man is ever wrestling with nature, discourse daily turns on the means, that may be employed to escape from a tiger, a boa or *traga venado*, or a crocodile; every one prepares himself in some sort for the dangers that await him. I knew, said the young girl of Uritucu coolly, "that the *cayman* lets go his hold, if you push your fingers into his eyes." Long after my return to Europe I learned, that in the interior of Africa the Negroes know and practise the same means. Who does not recollect with a lively interest *Isaaco*, the guide of the unfortunate Mungo Park, seized twice, near Boulinkombou, by a crocodile, and twice escaping from the jaws of the monster, having succeeded in placing his fingers under water in both his eyes? The African Isaaco, and the young American, owed their safety to the same presence of mind, and the same combination of ideas.'—pp. 423, 424.

Near the *Vuelta del Joval* a jaguar was seen, surpassing in size all the tigers which M. de Humboldt had ever seen in the collections of Europe. It held, in its paw, a chiguire, which it had just killed, and flocks of the zamuroes were waiting to devour the remains of its repast. They every now and then advanced within a few feet of the jaguar, but drew back on the least movement made by him. Our travellers got into their little boat to observe more closely the manners of these animals; but the jaguar, disturbed by the noise of the oars, retired slowly behind the sauso bushes; the vultures, profiting by his absence, soused upon the chiguire; but the animal, leaping into the midst of them, seized on the carcass and carried off his prey. Large herds of chiguires every where appeared. Its flesh has the smell of musk, but hams are made of it which the monks do not scruple to eat during Lent, placing it, in their zoological classification, with the armadillo, and the manatee, near the tortoises, and these next to the fish family.

At this place the travellers passed the night, as usual, in the open air, though in a plantation, the proprietor of which employed himself in hunting tigers. Nearly naked, and with a complexion

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as brown as a Zambo, *Signior* Don Ignacio (for so he was styled) considered himself as a white. His wife and daughter, as naked as himself, were called *Donna* Isabella and *Donna* Manuela. This man, proud of his nobility and the colour of his skin, had not taken the trouble to construct himself even a hut of palm leaves, but swung his hammock between two trees. The night was stormy; and Donna Isabella's cat, which had taken up its lodging in a tamarind tree, fell into the hammock of one of the travellers, who, conceiving himself attacked by some wild beast, raised a terrible outcry which not a little discomposed the rest of the party. It rained in torrents all night, and their host congratulated the drenched and shivering travellers next morning on their good fortune in not sleeping on the strand, but *entre gente blanca y de trato,* among whites and persons of rank! Don Ignacio piqued himself on his valour against the Indians, and the services which he had rendered to God and the king, in carrying away children from their parents to distribute them in the missions. 'How singular a spectacle,' says M. de Humboldt, 'to find in that vast solitude a man who believes himself of European race, and knows no other shelter than the shade of a tree, with all the vain pretensions, all the hereditary prejudices, all the errors of long civilization!'

Proceeding down the river which glided through vast forests, our travellers slept the following night on the margin by suspending their hammocks between two oars stuck in the ground. Towards midnight a terrific noise commenced in the neighbouring forest, sufficient to appal the stoutest heart; it proceeded from the wild beasts, who, according to the report of the native Indians, 'were keeping the feast of the full moon.' Amidst all this clamour, M. de Humboldt says, the Indians could discriminate the soft cries of the sapajous, the moans of the alouates, the howlings of the tiger, the couguar, or American lion, the pecari, and the sloth, and the voices of the curassoa, the parraka, and other gallinaceous birds.

Here they caught a fish known by the name of *caribe,* or *caribito,* from its delight in blood: it is the dread of the Indians, several of whom shewed the scars of deep wounds in the calf of the leg and thigh made by this little animal. 'They live at the bottom of rivers; but if a few drops of blood be shed in the water, they arrive by thousands at the surface.' As no one ventures to bathe where the caribe is found, it becomes as great a scourge in the water as the mosquito is in the air. M. de Humboldt however had nearly encountered a more potent and dangerous enemy than the caribe—it was a huge jaguar, lying under the thick foliage of a ceiba, which he had approached inadvertently within eighty steps.

'There are accidents in life, against which we might seek in vain to fortify

fortify our reason. I was extremely frightened, yet sufficiently master of myself, and of my motions, to enable me to follow the advice which the Indians had so often given us, how to act in such cases. I continued to walk on without running; avoided moving my arms; and thought I observed that the jaguar's attention was fixed on a herd of *capybaras*, which were crossing the river. I then began to return, making a large circuit toward the edge of the water. As the distance increased, I thought I might accelerate my pace. How often was I tempted to look back, in order to assure myself that I was not pursued! Happily I yielded very tardily to this desire. The jaguar had remained motionless. These enormous cats with spotted robes are so well fed in countries abounding in *capybaras*, *pecaris*, and deer, that they rarely attack men. I arrived at the boat out of breath, and related my adventure to the Indians. They appeared very little moved by it; yet, after having loaded our firelocks, they accompanied us to the ceiba, beneath which the jaguar had lain. He was there no longer, and it would have been imprudent to have pursued him into the forest, where we must have dispersed, or marched in file, amid intertwining lianas.' —pp. 446, 447.

In the evening of the 3d of April, the travellers passed the mouth of the *Cano del Manati*, thus named on account of the immense quantity of manatees caught there every year. This herbivorous animal of the cetaceous tribe attains the length of ten or twelve feet, and the weight of six or eight hundred pounds. Its flesh is savoury, and resembles pork. When salted and dried in the sun, it will keep a whole year; and as it is considered by the monks as a fish, it is much sought for during Lent. The fat is used for preparing food, and for lamps in the churches; the hide, of an inch and a half in thickness, is cut into slips and serves in the Llanos for cordage, and for whips to punish the slaves and the Indians of the missions.

The next day our travellers reached the mouth of the Apure where it unites its waters with those of the Oroonoko. The aspect of the country was now totally changed.

'An immense plain of water stretched before us like a lake, as far as we could see. White-topped waves rose to the height of several feet, from the conflict of the breeze and the current. The air resounded no longer with the piercing cries of the herons, the flamingoes, and the spoonbills, crossing in long files from one shore to the other. Our eyes sought in vain those water fowls, the inventive snares of which vary in each tribe. All nature appears less animated. Scarcely could we discover in the hollows of the waves a few large crocodiles, cutting obliquely, by the help of their long tails, the surface of the agitated waters. The horizon was bounded by a zone of forests, but these forests no where reached so far as the bed of the river. A vast beach constantly parched by the heat of the sun, desert and bare as the shores of the sea, resembled at a distance, from the effect of the *mirage*, pools of

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of stagnant water. These sandy shores, far from fixing the limits of the river, rendered them uncertain, by approaching or withdrawing them alternately, according to the variable action of the inflected rays.

'In these scattered features of the landscape, in this character of solitude and of greatness, we recognize the course of the Oroonoko, one of the most majestic rivers of the New World. The water, like the land, displays every where a characteristic and peculiar aspect. The bed of the Oroonoko resembles not the bed of the Meta, the Guaviare, the Rio Negro, or the Amazon. These differences do not depend altogether on the breadth or the velocity of the current: they are connected with a multitude of impressions, which it is easier to perceive upon the spot, than to define with precision. Thus the mere form of the waves, the tint of the waters, the aspect of the sky and the clouds, would lead an experienced navigator to guess, whether he were in the Atlantic, in the Mediterranean, or in the equinoctial part of the Great Ocean.'—p. 457, 458.

The bed of the Oroonoko in its present state of low water was 1906 toises broad, but in the height of the rainy season it is said to attain to 5517. The distant mountains of Encaramada appeared to rise from the water as if they were seen above the horizon of the sea. At the little port, or rather landing-place of this name, our travellers stopped some time to examine the nature of the neighbouring rocks; here too, they fell in with some Caribbees of Parapana.

'A Cacique was going up the Oroonoko in his canoe, to join in the famous fishing of turtles' eggs. His canoe was rounded toward the bottom like a *bongo*, and followed by a smaller boat called *curiara*. He was seated beneath a sort of tent, *toldo*, constructed, as well as the sail, of palm-leaves. His cold and silent gravity, the respect with which he was treated by his attendants, every thing denoted him to be a person of importance. He was equipped, however, in the same manner as his Indians. They were all equally naked, armed with bows and arrows, and covered with *onoto*, which is the colouring fecula of the bixa orellana. The chief, the domestics, the furniture, the boat, and the sail, were all painted red. These Caribbees are men of an almost athletic stature; they appeared to us much taller than the Indians we had hitherto seen. Their smooth and thick hair, cut upon their forehead like that of choristers, their eyebrows painted black, their look at once gloomy and animated, give their physiognomy a singular hardness of expression. Having till then seen only the skulls of some Caribbees of the West India islands preserved in the collections of Europe, we were surprised to find, that these Indians, who were of pure race, had the forehead much more rounded than it has been described. The women, very tall, but disgusting from their want of cleanliness, carried their infants on their backs, having their thighs and legs bound at certain distances by broad strips of cotton cloth. The flesh, strongly compressed beneath the ligatures, was swelled in the interstices. It is generally to be observed, that the Caribbees are as attentive to their exterior,

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exterior, and their ornaments, as it is possible for men to be, who are naked and painted red. They attach great importance to certain forms of the body; and a mother would be accused of culpable indifference toward her children, if she did not employ artificial means, to shape the calf of the leg after the fashion of the country. As none of our Indians of Apure understood the Caribbee language, we could obtain no information from the Cacique of Panama respecting the encampments, that are made at this season in several islands of the Oroonoko for collecting turtles' eggs.'—p. 465.

The natives, it seems, have retained a belief that 'at the time of the *great waters,* when their fathers were forced to have recourse to their boats to escape the general inundation, the waves of the sea beat against the rocks of Encaramada;' and this belief prevails among almost all the tribes of the Upper Oroonoko. The Tamanacks say, that in this great deluge, 'a man and a woman saved themselves on a high mountain, called *Tamanacu,* situated on the banks of the Asiveru; and casting behind them, over their heads, the fruits of the mauritia palm-tree, they saw the seeds contained in those fruits produce men and women, who repeopled the earth.' This is an improvement of the tale so beautifully told by Ovid: but whence, it may be asked, did the Tamanacks obtain a fable so analogous to that which the ancients have embellished with all the charms of imagination? This we shall not attempt to determine. M. de Humboldt contents himself with remarking that similar traditions exist among all the nations of the earth, and, 'like the relics of a vast shipwreck, are highly interesting in the philosophical study of our own species.' The following is something more than tradition.

'A few leagues from Encaramada, a rock, called *Tepu-mereme,* or "the painted rock," rises in the midst of the savannah. It displays resemblances of animals, and symbolic figures, resembling those we saw in going down the Oroonoko, at a small distance below Encaramada, near the town Caycara. Similar rocks in Africa are called by travellers *Fetish Stones.* I shall not make use of this term, because *fetishism* does not prevail among the natives of the Oroonoko; and the figures of stars, of the sun, of tigers, and of crocodiles, which we found traced upon the rocks in spots now uninhabited, appeared to me in no way to denote the objects of worship of those nations. Between the banks of the Cassiquiare and the Oroonoko; between Encaramada, the Capuchino, and Caycara, these hieroglyphic figures are often placed at great heights on the walls of rock, that could be accessible only by constructing very lofty scaffolds. When the natives are asked how those figures could have been sculptured, they answer with a smile, as relating a fact of which a stranger, a white man only, could be ignorant, that "at the period of the *great waters,* their fathers went to that height in boats."—pp. 472, 473.

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Our travellers landed on an island near the Boca de la Tortuga, celebrated for the turtle fishery, or the *harvest of eggs.* About three hundred Indians were living in huts of palm-leaves: each tribe was separately encamped, and distinguished by the painting of their skins. Here a missionary from the Uruana, a native of the country, came to meet them; he was particularly astonished to see Europeans, and thought the object of their voyage very mysterious; he could not conceive it possible, that they should have left their country to be devoured by mosquitoes, and to measure lands that were not their own. His business, he told them, was to celebrate mass during the *harvest of eggs,* to procure oil for the church, and to keep in order this 'republica de Indios y Castellanos.'

The turtle, which lays these eggs, is called the *arrau,* and weighs from forty to fifty pounds. In the month of January they issue in troops from the water to repose on the sands, and warm themselves in the sun, and they continue basking on the beach in the day-time during the month of February. In March they repair to the small islands to lay their eggs. With their hind feet, which are very long and furnished with claws, the animals dig a hole about three feet in diameter, and two feet deep. In these holes they deposit their eggs during the night. Sometimes day surprises them before the business is done. They are then pressed by the double necessity of depositing their eggs and closing the holes they have dug, that they may not be perceived by the tigers. The tortoises that thus remain too late are insensible to their own danger. They work in the presence of the Indians, who visit the beach at a very early hour, and who call them *mad tortoises.*

The gathering, under the guidance of the missionary, is conducted with the utmost regularity. The ground is measured out and distributed among the tribes. An area of 120 feet in length and 30 in breadth has been known to produce a hundred jars of oil, so clear and inodorous that the missionaries compare it to the best olive oil. M. de Humboldt, however, gives it a different character, and says it has generally a putrid smell, owing to some of the eggs having little tortoises formed in them. Of this article it is estimated that five thousand *botijas* (each from 1000 to 1200 cubic inches) are collected annually.

'Now as two hundred eggs yield oil enough to fill a bottle, or *limeta,* it requires five thousand eggs for a jar or *botija* of oil. Estimating at one hundred, or one hundred and sixteen, the number of eggs, that one tortoise produces; and reckoning that one third of these is broken at the time of laying, particularly by the *mad tortoises;* we may presume, that, to obtain annually five thousand jars of oil, three hundred and thirty thousand *arrau* tortoises, the weight of which amounts to one hundred and sixty-five thousand quintals, must come and lay thirty-three

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three millions of eggs on the three shores appropriated to this harvest.'—p. 489.

The jaguar tiger is a great enemy of the tortoises; it follows them to the beach, and in order to devour them at its ease, it turns them on their backs. In this position, the turtles are unable to rise, and the Indians avail themselves of the cunning of the jaguar. The crocodiles also feed on the turtles, and the herons and the *galinazo* vulture devour the young ones just after they are hatched, though they are said never to come out of the sand during the day, and are so sagacious that they at once take the shortest road to the water, appearing, says M. de Humboldt, to 'feel with extreme delicacy on what side the most humid air blows.'

The Oroonoko at the passage of Baraguan was 889 toises broad; a little lower down it measured 2674 toises, or nearly four nautical miles. The shores here were barren, and the temperature exceedingly high, which called forth the following striking observations from M. de Humboldt.

'We looked in vain for plants in the clefts of the rocks, which are as steep as walls, and furnish some traces of stratification. We found only an old trunk of aubletia, with large pomiform fruit, and a new species of the family of the apocyneæ. All the stones were covered with an innumerable quantity of iguanas and geckoes with spreading and membranous fingers. These lizards, motionless, the head raised, and the mouth open, seemed to suck in the heated air. The thermometer placed against the rock rose to 50·2°. The soil appeared undulating, from the effect of mirage, without a breath of wind being felt. The sun was near the zenith, and its dazzling light, reflected by the surface of the river, contrasted with the reddish vapours that enveloped all the surrounding objects. How vivid is the impression produced by the calm of nature, at noon, in these burning climates! The beasts of the forests retire to the thickets; the birds hide themselves beneath the foliage of the trees, or in the crevices of the rocks. Yet, amid this apparent silence, when we lend an attentive ear to the most feeble sounds transmitted by the air, we hear a dull vibration, a continual murmur, a hum of insects, that fill, if we may use the expression, all the lower strata of the air. Nothing is better fitted to make man feel the extent and power of organic life. Myriads of insects creep upon the soil, and flutter round the plants parched by the ardour of the sun. A confused noise issues from every bush, from the decayed trunks of trees, from the clefts of the rock, and from the ground undermined by the lizards, millepedes, and *cecilias*. These are so many voices proclaiming to us, that all nature breathes; and that, under a thousand different forms, life is diffused throughout the cracked and dusty soil, as well as in the bosom of the waters, and in the air that circulates around us.

'The sensations, which I here recalled to mind, are not unknown to those who, without having advanced to the equator, have visited Italy, Spain,

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Spain, or Egypt. That contrast of motion and silence, that aspect of nature at once calm and animated, strikes the imagination of the traveller, when he enters the basin of the Mediterranean, within the zone of olives, dwarf palms, and date-trees.'—pp. 504—506.

At Pararuma, where there is another turtle-harvest, the missionary monks of Carichana and the Cataracts were seated on the ground playing at cards and smoking tobacco in long pipes: from their ample blue garments, their shorn heads, and their long beards, they might (says M. de Humboldt) have been taken for natives of the East. From one of these missionaries they purchased a new canoe, and another offered to accompany them as far as the frontiers of Brazil. The canoe, like all Indian boats, was merely the trunk of a tree hollowed out by the double means of the hatchet and of fire; it was forty feet long and three broad; the inconveniences that must be suffered in such wretched vessels may easily be conceived. In the after part a low roof of branches was erected to keep off the burning rays of the sun, but it only admitted of those under it to lie down or sit double; and the legs reached far beyond it, so that when it rained half the body was drenched. The Indian rowers sit in the fore part, two by two, perfectly naked, and row with spoon-shaped paddles of three feet long, in sad and monotonous cadence, but with surprising uniformity. To all the inconveniences of the miserable canoe were joined the torments inflicted by the mosquitoes, and the heat that radiated from the leaves of the palm-tree covering: but, as M. de Humboldt good-humouredly observes, 'with some gaiety of temper, with dispositions of mutual benevolence, and with a vivid taste for the majestic nature of these great valleys of rivers, travellers easily support evils that become habitual.'

The assemblage of the various tribes of Indians at Pararuma leads our author into a long digression on the preparation of *onoto*, or the colouring matter extracted from the pulp of the *bixa orellana*, and of another pigment made from the leaves of the *bignonia chica* macerated in water, with which they paint their naked bodies. Such is the avidity of the Indians for these pigments, that, according to our author, some of the missionaries speculate on their 'state of nudity'—that is, they prepare and store up these articles, and then sell them so dear to the thoughtless natives, that a tall stout fellow 'gains with difficulty enough by the labour of a fortnight to procure in exchange as much *chica* as is necessary to paint himself red. 'Seen at a distance,' says M. de Humboldt, 'these naked men appear to be dressed in laced clothes. If *painted nations*,' he adds, 'had been examined with the same attention as *clothed nations*, it would have been perceived, that the most fertile imagination,

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imagination, and the most mutable caprice, have created the fashions of painting, as well as those of garments.'

We have next a dissertation on manakins and monkeys, marimondes, titis, viuditas, and 'other quadrimanous animals,' which, to the naturalist, may be very interesting, but makes rather too large a break in the thread of the narrative where it is placed. This is succeeded by a dissertation on hail, which we pass over, and proceed to the mouth of the Paruasi, where the Oroonoko narrows. Near this place is a detached mountain, with a bare top, about 300 feet high, on which was once situated a fortress of the Jesuits —*fortalza de San Francisco Xavier.* The garrison which the good fathers maintained here was not intended merely to protect them against the incursions of the Indians; it was employed also in offensive warfare, or, as they say here, in the conquest of souls—*conquesta de almas.* The soldiers made military incursions into the lands of the independent Caribs, killed all those who dared to make any resistance, burnt their huts, destroyed their plantations, and carried away their old men, women, and children, as prisoners. M. de Humboldt says, that these *spiritual conquests* are not followed by the monks of St. Francis, St. Dominic, and St. Augustine, who now govern a vast portion of South America.

In proceeding upwards, our travellers passed several *rapids,* or small cascades, made by the granitic rocks rising out of the bed of the river. At the cataract of Cariven they were in some danger from those frequent eddies which occur in the Oroonoko, as well as in the Amazons. M. de la Condamine, we remember, was whirled round and round in the latter river for more than an hour by an eddy formed under an overhanging rock; and he mentions a poor missionary whose canoe, having got into one of these eddies, was whirled round incessantly for two days, and who was saved only from perishing of hunger by a sudden rise of the river, which sent his canoe into the middle of the stream.

Our travellers escaped a similar peril by the timely assistance of two Saliva Indians; but they lay all night on the shelf of a bare rock called *Piedra de Carichana Vieja,* which is one of those, M. de Humboldt says, where travellers on the Oroonoko have heard from time to time, toward sun-rise, subterraneous sounds, resembling those of the organ. Such stones are called by the missionaries *laxas de musica.* He, however, was not fortunate enough to hear any of this mysterious melody; but he believes in its existence, and ascribes the sounds to the difference of temperature between the subterraneous and external air, which attains its maximum about sun-rise, or at that moment which is at the same time farthest from the period of the maximum of the heat of the preceding day. The current of air issuing through the crevices may,

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may, he thinks, produce those tones which are said to be heard by a person lying on the rock with his ear in contact with the stone.

'May we not admit, (he adds) that the ancient inhabitants of Egypt, in passing incessantly up and down the Nile, had made the same observation on some rock of the Thebaid; and that the *music of the rocks* there led to the jugglery of the priests in the statue of Memnon? Perhaps, when "the rosy-fingured Aurora rendered her son, the glorious Memnon, vocal," the voice was that of a man hidden beneath the pedestal of the statue; but the observation of the natives of the Oroonoko, which we relate, seems to explain in a natural manner what gave rise to the Egyptian belief of a stone that poured forth sounds at sunrise.'—p. 560.

The three savans Jomard, Jollois and Devilliers heard, at sunrise, in a monument of granite placed at the centre of the spot on which the palace of Karnac stands, a noise resembling that of a string breaking, which is precisely the comparison employed by the ancient writers in speaking of the voice of Memnon; and the French travellers thought, like M. de Humboldt, 'that the passage of rarefied air through the fissures of a sonorous stone, might have suggested to the Egyptian priests the jugglerics of the Memnonium.'

We take leave of our travellers, where the waters of the Meta join the Oroonoko, the most considerable of all its branches except the Guaviare, and large enough to be compared with the Danube. This branch will one day become of great political and commercial importance to the inhabitants of Guyana and Venezuela. 'Being navigable to the very foot of the Andes of New Granada, a direct conveyance by water is afforded from the Golfo Tristo by the Oroonoko and the Meta, to within fifteen or twenty leagues of Santa Fe de Bagota. 'The Meta,' says M. de Humboldt, 'is like a canal of communication between countries placed in the same latitude, but differing in their productions as much as France and Senegal.' That miserable spirit of monopoly, however, which has been the bane of all the Spanish colonies, has not only shut up the Meta, but also its more noble trunk the Oroonoko; the result is that those extensive regions through which they flow and scatter unprofitable fertility are tenanted only by a few straggling hordes of Indians and the wild beasts of the forest. But other days appear to be approaching, and hostile armies are already encamped on the borders of these majestic streams. If an evil Genius had not guided the councils of Spain, the murderous scenes that are now exhibiting on this fairest portion of the earth's surface might have been avoided, and all its inhabitants been prosperous and happy. Had the mediation of England been accepted, it is more than probable that the adoption of a more liberal policy

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would have tended to the mutual advantage of the mother-country and the colonies, by putting a speedy end to a contest in which it is quite clear that the inhabitants at large take little or no interest. The Spanish portion of South America is become, in fact, nothing more than the arena on which a set of needy and adventurous prize-fighters are contending, each for his own individual advantage. It is idle to talk of 'ten millions of people struggling for their liberties,' when they have scarcely an enemy to struggle with; for such is the imbecility of the mother-country, that had there existed any thing like a general wish among the colonists to shake off her yoke, —had even one of the ten millions said to be so desirous of independence, united against her, she could not have held out as many months as she has done years. In the mean time, shoals of foreign buccaneers are gathering round the shores of this unhappy country, and, under the ridiculous pretence of patriotism, are keeping up the unfortunate contest with the view of enriching themselves at the expense of both parties. The interested succours, and the sordid views of the Cochranes and M'Gregors can deceive no one; their sole object is plunder: but it is melancholy to think that so many brave fellows who have nobly fought for the liberties of Europe should be seduced from their country, and sent to perish ingloriously in the savannas of South America, to fill the pockets of crimps and swindlers, or minister to the cupidity of mercantile speculation.

ART. III. *Dissertation on the Use and Importance of Unauthoritative Tradition.* By E. Hawkins, M. A. Fellow of Oriel College. 8vo. Oxford and London.

THE benefit derived from the Reformation, which can hardly be rated too highly, did not so much consist in the renunciation of particular errors, as in the emancipation from that usurped and pernicious authority on which the existing Romish errors rested for support, and on which fresh ones to an unlimited amount might at any time be founded. Vain would have been the removal even of all the abuses, if a door had been left open for their re-admission, by continuing to regard fallible men, instead of the word of God, as the tribunal of ultimate appeal; by leaving to oral tradition an authority equal and even paramount to that of Scripture, and to the Church an absolute power of deciding on the pretensions of that tradition. From error, in particular points indeed, human nature can never be completely secured; and that accordingly errors have crept into protestant churches, is more to be lamented than wondered at; but while such churches continue to appeal to Scripture as the sole unerring standard in matters of doctrine, they furnish

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nish the means for the rectification of their own faults, and the detection of their own mistakes: that they may not err, even as grievously as the Romish Church, we cannot decisively pronounce; but they can never err irretrievably, so long as they make their ultimate reference to the Bible as paramount to all human authority.

But the vehement and successful struggle against the usurped authority of the Church and of tradition seems to have produced, as indeed was to be expected, a strong reaction. The very name of tradition, from being associated with the abuses to which it had been made subservient, became odious; and some of those who had escaped from the unauthorised and unbounded pretensions of the popish hierarchy, seemed no longer to regard the Christian Church as a community established by the founder of our religion, and endowed by Him with authority and privileges, but as a mere name applicable to any collection of individuals who might think fit voluntarily to associate for the purposes of religious instruction and public devotion.

These notions are by no means obsolete in the present day. The important maxim, that the Bible and the Bible only, is the religion of Protestants, is eagerly cited by many, as an argument that men ought to be left to make out, every one for himself, a system of belief from the Scriptures; that consequently the circulation of the Scriptures alone, without note or comment, is not only a sufficient but is the only justifiable mode of religious instruction; and that the education of children in any particular mode of faith is an attempt unduly to bias their minds, to derogate from the authority of the Bible, and to limit the free exercise of reason.

Without entering into the questions which have been so often discussed, respecting the proper mode of national religious instruction, both for children and adults, it is important to remark that the total rejection or depreciation of all tradition,—and the habit of regarding the Scriptures as not only the sole *authority* in matters of faith, but also the only proper medium for attaining religious *knowledge*, gives weight to a difficulty, which may raise doubts, in some instances, respecting Christianity itself, and in many more, concerning the truth of its most fundamental doctrines: this difficulty is found in the want of systematic form in the instruction which Scripture furnishes, and the oblique and incidental manner in which many of what are usually regarded as its most important truths, are conveyed to us.

'Why, it may be asked, are many of the most important articles of faith rather implied than taught; why have we to learn them in great measure from incidental notices of them in books written upon particular occasions, controversies, or heresies, many of them long since passed

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away, whilst some men have erred through ignorance of these particulars, and some have been at times perplexed although they have embraced the truth, and some have missed altogether that faith in which all are most concerned to live? Why this difficulty, they ask, when more *direct and systematic* statements of the main points of faith might have been with equal ease delivered by the same authority, and would of course, from believers, have met with implicit veneration?'—p. 1.

To encounter this difficulty, is the primary object of the work before us; though the course of the argument is such as to embrace incidentally several other points of no less interest.

The difficulty in question is, indeed, as Mr. Hawkins acknowledges, by no means universally felt; and accordingly he is at some pains clearly to point it out. This, however, is a circumstance by no means peculiar to the present case. Dr. Paley remarks, in the preface to his 'Moral Philosophy,' that 'in discoursing to young minds upon topics of morality, it requires much more pains to make them perceive the difficulty, than to understand the solution; that unless the subject be so drawn to a point, as to exhibit the full force of an objection, or the exact place of a doubt, before any explanation is entered upon,—in other words, unless some curiosity be excited before it is attempted to be satisfied, the labour of the teacher is lost.' But it is more especially necessary *here*, to put forward the difficulty in a distinct and prominent form, from its peculiar liability to be overlooked, in consequence of the mode in which most Christians have actually acquired their own religious notions:

'Thoroughly convinced by the authority of Scripture, they may not have attended strictly to the process by which their own conviction of the truth of the Christian doctrines has been established; although resting them entirely upon Scriptural authority, they may not have *first* collected them solely and immediately from the Scriptures. Hence they may not have observed, that the various proofs of a given doctrine have been accumulated perhaps from the parts of the sacred volume the most unconnected apparently with each other; that one text occasionally of the greatest importance towards their conviction, had no force at all in that respect until compared with another, and that perhaps with a third, each separately incapable of bearing upon the point in question, but all together composing an indissoluble argument, of so much the more force indeed, as it precludes the possibility of forgery and interpolation.'—p. 2.

It is hardly necessary to observe that the indirect manner in which particular doctrines are taught in Scripture, and also the irregularity and want of system in the delivery of the whole body of them, are circumstances which it is highly important to point out to those who have never been troubled with scruples arising from this cause; they cannot otherwise be properly aware of the impression

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pression which the Scriptures are likely to make on the minds of those who may chance to have no access to any other means of religious instruction; and consequently, will be liable to commit errors and to incur disappointments, in the most benevolent and laudable of all pursuits, the endeavour to diffuse Christianity.

Mr. Hawkins proceeds to notice several circumstances which either have been brought forward, or may suggest themselves as solutions of the difficulty:

'To attempt to meet the difficulty by detailing the circumstances under which the several books of the New Testament were composed is by no means satisfactory; for however natural and just the method of them may thus be made to appear with respect to the then Christian churches or converts, the question still remains—how is such a style or method suited to *our* wants, which must be supposed to have been equally in the contemplation of the Divine Author of the Scriptures? how can these writings be the best adapted to convey satisfactory information upon doctrinal points to Christians now, or in succeeding ages?

'Nor will it suffice to answer, that we are frequently obliged to gather the sentiments of other writers, (the heathen philosophers for example) from a careful examination and comparison of their works; that we thus become satisfied what their sentiments were; and why not then submit to the same mode in ascertaining the opinions of the sacred writers?'—p. 6.

There is indeed this essential distinction between the inspired writers and all others whatever; that the former cannot be supposed to have been on any occasion either *unable*, or (as is said of some of the ancient philosophers) *unwilling*, to make known with perfect clearness to ordinary capacities, those truths at least which they considered as fundamentally important. And yet, with respect to many of these, the alleged indirectness and want of arrangement is sufficiently manifest upon a candid investigation. Men are apt, however, (as the author has well remarked,) very greatly to underrate the difficulty of arriving at any truth, when once it has been clearly ascertained; as he instances in the existing systems of astronomy and of political economy. And in the present case, it is only by calm reflection and careful examination, that one who is well instructed in the Christian doctrines can be enabled adequately to judge of the difficulty which an ordinary reader would find in eliciting for himself, from the bare perusal of the sacred volume, without any previous instruction, the same clear and connected view of the subject.

This difficulty, however, it would be an affront to reason and to revelation to disguise or to shrink from, (even if no complete solution of it could be offered,) as if it afforded any valid objection against Christianity.

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'There is surely little cause to refrain from any argument calculated to benefit the believer, when the cavils to which it may give occasion cannot possibly amount to an objection to Revelation itself without the grossest presumption, or most culpable ignorance on the part of the objecter. For the difficulty in question is *no objection*; it has long since been unanswerably shewn, that no objection can lie against Revelation on account of any alleged obscurity, or partial discovery of its truths, which does not equally lie against the tenets of pure deism.'—p. 12.

'But with respect to the believer it might be wrong indeed to hazard presenting a new difficulty to his mind, were there not some reason from experience to believe that those, who have not felt the difficulty before, are not likely to feel it long: whilst of course the inquiry would not have been proposed; did it not seem calculated to lead to results satisfactory perhaps at once to some who have laboured under the difficulty assumed, and in their consequences also, not uninteresting to all believers in Christianity.'—p. 13.

We most cordially agree with Mr. Hawkins in regarding tradition as furnishing a satisfactory solution of the difficulty in question, by supplying precisely that kind and degree of aid that is needed, in the acquisition of religious knowledge. The persons to whom the Apostolic Epistles (the grand repository of Christian doctrines) were addressed, were Christians—had already been catechetically instructed with great care, in the outlines and rudiments at least of the Christian faith, and had among them ministers formally appointed for the express purpose (among others) of keeping up, and diffusing, and transmitting, by oral instruction, 'the faith once delivered to the saints.' This circumstance not only accounts most fully for the incidental and unsystematic mention, in these Epistles, of the elementary doctrines of Christianity, but also points out to all succeeding Christians what course *they* ought to adopt, whenever it is practicable, for maintaining and propagating those doctrines: the Christians of the Apostolic age transmitted to their posterity, together with the inspired writings which alone possess *authority*, that systematic traditional *instruction* which the Scriptures do *not* afford: ample provision has been made for the continuance of the same system in all succeeding ages; and there seems to be no just reason why it should not be thus continued. Men of the present day are not fairly put on a level with those to whom the Apostolic Epistles were addressed, if the same sacred volume is placed in the hands of both parties, but the advantage of regular instruction, which was enjoyed by one, is denied to the other.

The Romish doctrine concerning tradition is perfectly distinct from that here inculcated. Mr. Hawkins, indeed, has used every possible precaution to keep this distinction clearly in view, by the expression

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expression of *unauthoritative* tradition, and by a plain exposition of the erroneous and of the true doctrines.

'We perceive that traditions may be contradictory to the Scriptures, and thus we absolutely reject them; or they may be unsupported by the Scriptures, and then we allow them no further, than as they coincide with the dictates of reason; or they may be supported by the sacred writings, and then we respect them as the original sentiments of the first believers—as derived indeed from the true and only authority.'—p. 20.

Nevertheless, we have no doubt that some will be inclined to feel a prejudice against tradition, from the unwarrantable application of it by the Romish Church: never, while the world lasts, will the inconsiderate and the violent be prevented from confounding together things which differ *only* in the point which is of most essential importance, or from indiscriminately censuring whatever has been much abused. Nor is this objection confined to the mere *name* of tradition; (in which case the author would have been to blame for giving needless offence by adopting it;) but to the very plan itself of elementary religious instruction. We have already adverted to the vehement reaction produced by the tyranny of the Church of Rome, through the well-known propensity of mankind to rush from one extreme into the other. The natural transition of error was from a blind obedience to the authority of tradition, and acquiescence in all that load of additions to Christianity which were thus introduced, to a total rejection of the legitimate use of tradition, and an indiscriminate contempt and aversion towards all formularies, catechisms, creeds, articles, and religious establishments.

We need hardly remind our readers of the declamations which are current in the present day against the iniquity of giving a bias to the minds of young persons, by teaching them our own interpretation of the sacred volume, instead of leaving them to investigate for themselves; that is, against endeavouring to place them in the same situation with those to whom those very Scriptures were written, instead of leaving them to struggle with difficulties which the Scriptures no where contemplate nor provide against. The maintainers of such a principle would do well to consider whether it would not, if consistently pursued, prove too much. Do you not, it might be asked, bias the minds of children by putting into their hands the Scriptures themselves, as the infallible word of God? If you are convinced that they are so, you must be sure that they will stand the test of unprejudiced inquiry: are you not at least bound in fairness to teach them at the same time the systems of ancient mythology, the doctrines of the Koran, and those of modern philosophers, that they may freely chuse amongst all? Let any one who is disposed to deride the absurdity of such a proposal,

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consider whether there is any objection to it which would not equally lie against the exclusion of systematic religious instruction.

We have been induced to notice these opinions the more fully, because those who do not keep in mind the general prevalence of them, will be apt to underrate very much the importance of the argument before us. The author seems indeed himself to be aware that while his doctrine is strongly controverted by some, it is likely to be regarded by others as self-evident, and scarcely needing even to be stated. The extreme simplicity, indeed, and perspicuity of his arguments, may contribute not a little to produce this impression. What is very clearly demonstrated will often appear to a superficial reader so evident as to need no demonstration; and the ability which has been employed to *make* it thus plain and evident, is disparaged in consequence of its own success.

There is in fact a very original train of thought in the little work before us. If it contain nothing that can strictly be called new, (as indeed the subject is not one in which new truths, properly speaking, are to be expected,) at least it sets many points in a new and interesting light: many of its readers, we are persuaded, will find on examination that some of the author's remarks and reasonings which appear to them the most familiar had, in fact, never occurred to them before. Indeed the number and prevalence of opinions and practices which are inconsistent with the principles maintained by Mr. Hawkins plainly shew that though they may be sufficiently obvious, they are not sufficiently attended to. He makes some valuable practical applications (or rather hints for the application) of his doctrine; it is capable of many, and those most important which an attentive reader may easily develope for himself. In the first place, some who perceive the indirectness and want of system in Scripture may object (however unreasonably) to the divine authority of a book, which in their judgment is so ill adapted to its purpose; and though this has been shewn to be no valid or sufficient objection, yet as it may nevertheless have weight with many minds, it is at least desirable that it should be answered. But secondly, it is probable that the objection of many persons to some of the great and characteristic doctrines of Christianity, may have been, if not produced, at least strengthened and supported, by the oblique and irregular mode in which those doctrines are delivered; though they may perceive (as every candid reader must) the obvious force of the expressions, they may still be unable to satisfy themselves that what is *so* taught, could be intended to be generally believed, as an essential part of the Christian revelation. To such persons, if they are but candidly disposed to receive the truth, this dissertation cannot but prove highly serviceable. Thirdly, it may prove a safeguard against the errors

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errors of those, who, while they distribute the Scriptures, neglect or reprobate the use of all other helps for those whom they would instruct. The author has very properly put in a caveat against the opposite error of undervaluing the Scriptures, and of 'deriving our notions of religion from human comments, to the neglect of the only authority on which they rest.' p. 68. And he has wisely abstained from entering into the controversies which have been so long and so unhappily agitated, between the different societies engaged in spreading religious knowledge; confining himself to the combating of the one error, (surely a great and dangerous one,) of those who fancy they are sufficiently propagating Christianity, when they are merely distributing the Bible.

Lastly, the application is most obvious and most important, to the duty of catechising, and to the responsibility of all who are made the depositaries of Christian tradition, (that is, of all who have themselves *received* it,) in communicating instruction as far as their abilities and opportunities extend, and in recommending their lessons by their lives.

Upon the whole, we strongly recommend this Dissertation to the perusal of our readers, as a specimen of clear, candid, and acute reasoning, upon a subject of great interest and importance. The arrangement is luminous, and the language in most parts neat and perspicuous, in some, not destitute of eloquence. But it possesses one merit not less valuable, and, it is to be feared, less common than any we have mentioned;—the mildness and truly Christian temper which pervades the whole. Since to maintain our own opinion, is virtually to impugn that of our opponents, it is a matter of some difficulty, in treating of any disputable point, to avoid a controversial air: but this difficulty is much greater when the subject is one which has been made the field of so much bitter controversy as the present. And as it is no where more difficult, so it is no where more important, to unite firmness with conciliation, 'in meekness instructing them that oppose themselves;' conceding no truth, yet giving no unnecessary offence,—and arguing forcibly, without destroying the practical effect by a harsh and hostile demeanour, which irritates those whom it is our business to persuade.

Art. IV.—1. *Promenade aux Cimetières de Paris, aux Sépultures Royales de Saint Denis, et aux Catacombes, &c.* Par M. P. St. A. Paris.

2. *Description des Catacombes de Paris, precédée d'un Précis Historique sur les Catacombes de tous les Peuples de l'ancien et du nouveau Continent.* Par L. Hericart de Thury, Maître des Requêtes,

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Requêtes, Ingénieur en chef au Corps Royal des Mines, Inspecteur-Général des Travaux souterrains du Département de la Seine. Paris.

THE Hydriotaphia of Sir Thomas Brown is one of the most beautiful works of that admirable author. There is perhaps no other writer either of our own or of any other country, whose intellect had so perfectly assimilated all its stores of learning. His feelings seem always to have ended in meditation; and his meditations, on the other hand, always bring with them a subdued but vivid feeling. 'The number of the dead,' he says, 'long exceedeth all that shall live. The night of time far surpasseth the day; and who knows when was the æquinox? Every hour adds unto that current arithmetic which scarce stands one moment. And since death must be the Lucina of life, and even pagans could doubt whether thus to live were to die,—since our longest sun sets at right descensions, and makes but winter arches, and therefore it cannot be long before we lie down in darkness, and have our light in ashes,—since the brother of death daily haunts us with dying mementos, and time that grows old itself bids us hope no long duration,—diuturnity is a dream and folly of expectation.—— To subsist in lasting monuments, to live in their productions, to exist in their names,—was large satisfaction unto old expectations, and made one part of their elysiums. But all this is nothing in the metaphysics of true belief. To live, indeed, is to be again ourselves; which being not only an hope but an evidence in noble believers, tis all one to lie in St. Innocent's church-yard, as in the sands of Egypt, ready to be any thing in the ecstacy of being ever, and as content with six foot as the moles of Adrianus.'

'Man,' says the same writer, 'is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave; solemnizing nativities and deaths with equal lustre, nor omitting ceremonies of bravery in the infancy of his nature.' It is indeed worthy of notice, that the Caffres are the only savages who have ever been found in so brutal a state as to forsake their dead; for even among the most degraded tribes, some funeral custom is observed, which is always decent, and generally respectful: and though among the Caffres burial is the exclusive privilege of the king, and all other bodies are thrown to the hyenas, this arises not from a disrespect to the dead. It is never their intention that any person shall die naturally, and they who breathe their last in any sudden access of disease, escape the miserable fate of being cast to the wild beasts while they are yet breathing. These people are led to the commission of such inhumanity by a superstition connected with death, believing that if it occurs in their habitations, it will draw on them a continuance of calamities: the reason therefore that they have no funeral ceremonies

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nies is, that by the general practice none are suffered to die among them. The Caffres, therefore, can hardly be considered as an exception to the fact that an awful or tender feeling of respect for the remains of the dead belongs* to human nature, and is retained even when many of its other instincts have been perverted or extinguished. No ruder savages have ever been discovered than those of New Holland: but even in that country Captain Flinders found skeletons placed upright in the hollow stumps of trees, and the skulls and bones painted or smeared partly red and partly white. So universal is this care, that although for the inhabitants of a maritime city, the most obvious and the easiest mode of disposing of the dead would be by committing them to the deep, no such method seems in any instance to have prevailed, because it would have the appearance of casting them away, rather than of depositing them in peace.

The Mahomedans pretend to shew the grave of Eve near Jidda; and a wild story has found its way into the Romish legends, that the bones of Adam were taken into the ark by Noah, and buried by him, after the waters had abated, on Mount Calvary, upon the very spot where the cross was placed. Leaving to such traditions as little credit as they deserve, it appears certain, that the earliest mode of disposing of the dead was by interment, and probably the earliest refinement that of having sepulchres in the rock. When nations have been desirous of doing honour to their dead, some have resorted to means for accelerating decomposition, others for preventing it. Cremation, by which the former object is best attained, fell into disuse in those countries where it once prevailed, partly because of the expense, fuel diminishing as population and agriculture increased, and partly, perhaps, because the early Christians may have thought it less congruous than interment, with the doctrine of the resurrection. According to Mr. Ward the missionary, who had opportunities of ascertaining the fact in India, the smallest quantity of wood which is sufficient to consume a hu-

* 'Civilians,' says Sir Thomas Brown, 'make sepulture but of the law of nations,' others do naturally found it, and discover it also in animals. They that are so thick-skinned as still to credit the story of the phœnix, may say something for animal burning. More serious conjecturers find some examples of sepulture in elephants, cranes, the sepulchral cells of pismires, and practice of bees, which civil society carrieth out their dead, and hath exequies if not interments.' A remarkable incident in the story of Sindbad the sailor seems founded upon this notion as it relates to elephants. This is mentioned because of a curious passage in the Transactions of the Missionary Society; speaking of these animals, Dr. Vanderkemp says, 'I was surprized that we never found skeletons or teeth of those that die spontaneously: but that they bury or hide their dead, I am now led to suspect by the following observation. One of our company killed an elephant, and went the next day unarmed with some of our women to take out its teeth. They found between fifteen and twenty elephants at work to take up the dead corpse with their tusks, but drove them away by their cries.'

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man body is about three hundred weight. Even this is a considerable bulk, and an expense beyond the means of the poor; for whom indeed it seems unlikely that burning can any where have been in general use. The last instance of it in any Christian country, is that of Henry Laurens, the first President of the American Congress. He desired in his will that his body might be burnt, and required the performance of the wish from his children as a duty. One of his daughters when an infant had been laid out as dead in the small-pox, and was revived by the fresh air from the window, which during her illness had been carefully kept closed. This circumstance made him dread the possibility of being buried alive; and he had some whimsical notions of the purifying nature of fire, which he supported by texts of Scripture no ways relevant in his application of them. Such a purgatory would be as much easier than the Romanists' as it is less plausible. He that hath the ashes of his friend, says Sir Thomas Brown, hath an everlasting treasure. Savages, who seem never to have thought of incineration, have religiously preserved the bones of their friends. Some of the Orinoco tribes fasten their dead by a rope to the trunk of a tree on the shore, and sink the body in the river, and in the course of four and twenty hours the skeleton is picked perfectly clean by the fish. The Tapuyas reduced the bones to powder, and mingled them as an act of piety with their food. Some of the Moxo tribes had a similar custom: they made their powder into cakes with a mixture of maize, and considered it the surest pledge of friendship to offer and partake of this family bread.

Whatever relation there may have been between the Egyptians and the ancient Hindoos, they differed widely in their treatment of the dead. The Hindoos regarded the body as a clog upon the immortal part of our nature,—a shell which the spirit was to burst before it could take wing. 'A mansion,' says Menu, 'with bones for its rafters and beams, with nerves and tendons for cords; with muscles and blood for mortar, with skin for its outward covering; —a mansion infested by age and sorrow, the seat of malady, harassed with pains, haunted with the quality of darkness, and incapable of standing long,—such a mansion of the vital soul let its occupier always cheerfully quit.' The Egyptians, on the contrary, thought that when the great cycle was complete, the soul would return to reanimate its fleshly mansion, and therefore they were at such extraordinary pains for keeping the old tenement in good repair;—though how the poor tenant was to be accommodated without the usual furniture of brains and intestines is a difficulty which might have puzzled them. Little did they foresee that the bodies which were so carefully embalmed for this purpose, and deposited in works of such

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such extraordinary labour as their catacombs, would one day become a regular article of trade with Europe, to be broken up and sold by the grain and scruple, and taken as medicine! When the old traveller, John Sanderson, returned to England, six hundred weight were brought home for the Turkey Company, in pieces. A preference was given to virgin mummy when this precious drug was in request. The virtue was certainly supposed to be more in the Egyptian than the spice. Fuller tells us, that in his days there were persons 'who maintained that the smelling to perfect mould made of men's consumed bodies is a preservative of life.'

The rudest mode of preserving the dead is that which Captain Tuckey found upon the Congo. 'Simmons requested a piece of cloth to envelope his aunt, who had been dead seven years, and was to be buried in two months, being now arrived at a size to make a genteel funeral. The manner of preserving corpses for so long a time is by enveloping them in cloth of the country, or in European cottons, the smell of putrefaction being only kept in by the quantity of wrappers which are successively multiplied as they can be procured by the relations of the deceased, or according to the rank of the person; in the case of a rich and very great man, the bulk acquired being only limited by the power of conveyance to the grave: so that the first hut in which the body is deposited becoming too small, a second, a third, even to a sixth, increasing in dimensions, is placed over it.' A custom somewhat resembling this was found in the province of Popayan, when first the Spaniards entered it: there the body was scorched over a fire before it was thus enveloped. A more loathsome custom prevails among the Caribs of Guiana. When one of their chiefs dies, his body is watched for thirty days by his wives, whose duty it is to keep close to it during that whole time, and not suffer a fly to alight upon it, while the insupportable stench attracts them by millions. At the end of that time it is buried, and one of the women with it, for a companion. The frequent custom among the American Indians of depositing food in their graves draws forth a curious remark from Pedro de Cieza: 'the devil makes them believe that they are to live again in a kingdom which he has prepared for them, and that they must take with them provisions for the journey, as if,' says the good Spaniard, 'hell were a long way off.'

The horrible manner in which the Parsees pollute the air with their dead, originates in a superstitious fear, which their sacred books inculcate, of polluting either Earth, Water, or Fire. Mr. Moore, therefore, in making his Guebre cast himself into the Fire which he adores, has committed as great a fault in costume, as if he were to represent Judas Maccabæus offering a sacrifice of swine

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in the temple of Jerusalem. 'Kamdeen Shapoor was sent into Persia from India, about one hundred and fifty years ago, to procure information concerning the rites and forms of the Parsees. He said, Teach me how to make a place of sepulture. The learned replied, The place on which it is to be made must be waste, and be far from dwellings; near it must be no cultivation; nor the business necessarily attending the existence of dwellings; no habitation nor population must be near it.' This was part of the evidence on a trial at Bombay in 1808. A custom precisely like that of the Parsees prevails in Thibet, and from thence the old Persians may possibly have derived it: for a custom so strange, and so revolting to the common feelings of human nature is more likely to have been derived from one people by another, than to have sprung up from some caprice of imagination in both. In the Peruvian Andes the dead were placed in towers, and not covered with earth; but from Herrera's account it appears, that these were family sepulchres, and not places of public exposure. It is said of the ancient Phrygians, that when a priest died they placed his dead body upon a high pillar, as if he were to continue to instruct the people from thence after his death.

The Jews have some remarkable fancies concerning their dead. They seem, indeed, to be as much distinguished from their ancestors by the childish and monstrous superstitions with which their literature is filled, as by their firm adherence to that law against which they rebelled so often before it was abrogated. So well, however, are they now persuaded of the resurrection, that the name which they give to a burial place is *the House of the Living*, an expression finely implying that it is the dead alone who can be said to live truly. The body according to their notion has a certain indestructible part called Luz, which is the seed from whence it is to be reproduced. It is described as a bone in shape like an almond, and having its place at the end of the vertebræ; and truly this is not more absurd than the hypothesis which assigned the pineal gland for the seat of the soul. This bone, according to the Rabbis, can neither be broken by any force of man, nor consumed by fire, nor dissolved by water; and they tell us that the fact was proved before the Emperor Adrian, upon whom they imprecate their usual malediction, 'May his bones be broken!' In his presence Rabbi Joshua Ben Chauma produced a *Luz:* it was ground between two mill-stones, but came out as whole as it had been put in; they burnt it with fire, and it was found incombustible: they cast it in water, and it could not be softened; lastly, they hammered it upon an anvil, and both the anvil and hammer were broken without affecting the *Luz*. The Rabbinical writers, with their wonted perversion of Scripture, support this silly

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silly notion by a verse from the Psalms; 'He keepeth all his bones so that not one of them is broken.' A dew is to descend upon the earth preparatory to the resurrection, and quicken into life and growth these seeds of the dead. During the pontificate of Urban VIII. a large burial-ground of the Jews at Rome was broken up to make room for some new fortifications; and the Jews were particularly anxious to collect all the bones, paying the labourers a dear price for them. But not a single specimen of the *Luz* could they produce to their enemy Bartolocci when he called for it upon so favourable an opportunity.

Another curious opinion is, that wherever their bodies may be buried, it is only in their own Promised Land that the resurrection can take place, and therefore they who are interred in any other part of the world must make their way to Palestine under ground, and this will be an operation of dreadful toil and pain, although clefts and caverns will be opened for them by the Almighty. It has been gravely objected to this notion, that although the bodies of the just, after the resurrection, will, according to the opinion of St. Thomas Aquinas, be endued with agility and penetrability, which would enable them to pass through any distance in the twinkling of an eye, and through any substance without experiencing resistance, yet this cannot be predicated of the Jews, whose bodies, they being to rise only for condemnation, will be gross and feculent. Whether it arose from this superstition, or from that love for the land of their fathers which in the Jews is connected with the strongest feelings of faith and hope, certain it is that many have directed their remains to be sent there. 'We were fraughted with wool,' says an old traveller, 'from Constantinople to Sidon, in which sacks, as most certainly was told to me, were many Jews' bones put into little chests, but unknown to any of the ship. The Jews, our merchants, told me of them at my return from Jerusalem to Saphet, but earnestly intreated me not to tell it, for fear of preventing them another time.' Sometimes a wealthy Jew has been known to import earth from Jerusalem wherewith to line his grave. This is a point of feeling, not of superstition: but superstition has made the Italians, in old times, import earth from the same country for whole churchyards.

The Persians are persuaded that if a true Moslem dies among the infidels, the angel of the grave will not suffer his body to remain in such bad company, but will transport it through the earth to a country of believers. The intolerance of Catholic superstition is not so harmless as this belief. The story of Young's Narcissa is well known.

> Oh, the curs'd ungodliness of zeal!—
> Denied the charity of dust to spread
> O'er

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O'er dust! a charity their dogs enjoy.
What could I do? what succour? what resource?
With pious sacrilege a grave I stole,—
More like her murderer than friend, I crept
With soft suspended step, and muffled deep
In midnight darkness whispered my last sigh.

It is not, however, generally known that the French have published a print of this midnight interment,—because, Talma and Madame Petit, a few years ago, searched for the remains of Narcissa, found them, and made a funeral for them; and the story has thus become a proof of the sensibility of the French character! And yet what Young so properly calls the cursed ungodliness of zeal, is as ready to display itself at this time as ever; and in more than one part of Europe the Catholic clergy have shewn that they consider a dead heretic as no better than a dead dog. It is said that Lady Hamilton was not only refused Christian burial in France, but that she was even refused a coffin, and buried in a sack; till an English gentleman, hearing of this brutal bigotry, interfered, and had the body taken up, placed in a coffin, and interred respectfully, though not in consecrated ground. A similar act of inhumanity has done some good in Switzerland, or rather prevented some evil. In that whole beautiful country there is no single spot more beautiful than the valley of Lungern with its little lake. The mountains at its head form a complete amphitheatre, and rise in three ranges one behind the other; first, the Brunig with its rocks and magnificent pine forest; next the bare line of the Scheideck, and behind all the snowy summits of the Wetterhorn, the Schreckhorn, the Eigir, and the Jungfrau, where Lord Byron's Manfred met the Devil and bullied him. Lungern lake is about the size of our Derwentwater; and the valley, which is of the happiest proportionate size, is as lovely as bright green fields, natural woods, and cottages, which have every appearance of comfort, and are, at the same time, picturesque in the highest possible degree, can make it. If there be in all Switzerland one spot which for its peculiar beauty fixes itself upon the memory more than any other, it is this. But the inhabitants have resolved to do all they can to spoil it by draining the lake. For this purpose they employed a German engineer, who brought his family with him, and began to work. His wife died; happily she was a Protestant, they refused her Christian burial, and the husband, with a natural and just resentment, left them in disgust. The lake, therefore, is still in existence, and perhaps when they find that strangers begin to frequent it, for its incomparable beauty, they may suffer it to remain.

Two remarkable instances of this bigotry are found in British history.

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history. Hugh, bishop of Lincoln, ordered the body of Fair Rosamond to be turned out of the quire at Godstow, forgetting her penitence, and the claim which, upon his own principles, she had to all the benefits which that place could procure for her. Jeremy Collier, with a kindred spirit, has recorded this fact to the bishop's honour! 'This,' he says, 'was done like a man of conscience and courage! This was like a primitive bishop, who was not afraid to censure vice, though under royal protection!' The other case occurred during the same age of rampant prelacy. Owen Gwyneth, the king of North Wales, was buried at Bangor. During his son's reign, Baldwin, the archbishop of Canterbury, came there to preach the crusade, and seeing his tomb he charged the bishop to remove the body out of the cathedral when he could find a fit opportunity, 'in regard that Archbishop Becket had excommunicated him heretofore, because he had married his first cousin, and that notwithstanding he had continued to live with her till she died. The bishop, in obedience to his charge, made a passage from the vault through the south wall of the church under ground, and so secretly shoved the body into the churchyard.' The question whether the dead are capable of being excommunicated or absolved has been discussed by Vigerius: the territory of the church, he says, is in this world, and the dead themselves are on the other side the border; but as their bodies still remain within the church's jurisdiction, the right remains of conceding to them church-burial, or depriving them of it. And in proof of this, St. Gothard once ordered all the excommunicated persons, who had been buried in his cathedral, to rise and walk out, which they accordingly did in the sight of the people. But the richest story in example of this doctrine is thus related by the Scotch historian Fordun.

'When the blessed Augustine, preaching the divine word to the gentiles, according to his custom, came to a village in the county of Oxford, six miles distant from a place celebrated at this time, and called Vudiflix* Cumentona; there came to him a priest of the same town saying, "Reverend father and lord, I inform your holiness that the lord of this property, though by me admonished with many exhortations, will never consent to pay to the holy church of God, the tithe of those things which the celestial bounty has conferred upon him. Moreover, having often threatened him with sentence of excommunication, I find him more rebellious and obstinate than before: let your holiness therefore see what is to be done." When St. Augustine heard this, he made the soldier be brought before him, and said, what is this that I hear of thee! O son,

* Long Compton seems to be the place designed, but it must be a lucky guess to discover what Vudiflix can stand for.

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wherefore do you refuse to render tythes to God, the giver of all good things, and to the holy church? Are you ignorant that they are not yours but God's? Therefore do thou with a ready and willing mind pay thankfully thy debt to Almighty God, lest the severe sentence of a rigorous judge should in the following year take from thee for thine obstinacy, that from whence thou shouldst pay it. At this the soldier being irritated, with the spur of anger, replied to the man of God: Who, said he, cultivated the land? who supplied the seed for it? who caused the ripe corn to be cut down? was it not I? All men therefore may know that he who has the nine sheafs shall have the tenth also. To whom St. Augustine, Speak not thus, my son! for I would not have thee ignorant, that if thou refusest to give thy tythes, according to the custom of the faithful, and the tradition of the holy fathers, without doubt I shall excommunicate thee. And this being said, he turned to the Lord's table, that he might celebrate divine service. And he said before all the people, with a loud voice, On the part of God, I command that no excommunicated person presume to be present at the solemnities of mass. Which when he had said, a thing marvellous and unheard of in former ages happened. For in the very entrance of the church a buried corpse arose, and going out of the cemetery stood there immovable, as long as the holy man was celebrating the solemnities of mass. Which when he had concluded, the faithful who were then present, being made almost beside themselves, came trembling to the blessed pontiff, and related what had befallen. To whom he said, Fear not! but let the standard of the cross of the Lord go before us, and holy water also, and let us see what this may be which is shown us. So the pious pastor preceding, the affrighted sheep of Christ went with him to the entrance of the burial place, and seeing the black and hideous corpse, he said, I command you in the name of the Lord, that you tell me who you are, and wherefore you come here to delude the people of Christ? To whom the corpse made answer, I have not come here to affright the people, neither to deceive them, most holy father Augustine; but when on the part of God you commanded, that no excommunicated person should be present at the solemnities of mass, then the angels of God, who always are the companions of your journeys, cast me from the place where I was buried, saying, that Augustine the friend of God had commanded the stinking flesh to be cast out of the church. For in the time of the Britons, before the fury of the heathen Angles had laid waste this kingdom, I was the patron of this town: and although I was admonished often by the priest of this church, yet I never would consent to give my tythes; but at last, being condemned by him in the sentence of excommunication, ah! me miserable! in the midst of these things

I was

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I was cut off, and being buried in the place from whence I have now risen, I delivered up my soul to the infernal demons, continually to be tormented with hell fires. Then all who were present wept when they heard this: and the saint himself plentifully bedewing his face with tears, and manifesting the great grief of his heart by frequent sighs, said to him, Knowest thou the place where the priest who excommunicated thee was buried? He answered that he knew it well, and that he had his grave in that same cemetery. Augustine said, Go before us then, and show us the place.

'The dead man then went before, and came to a certain place nigh unto the church, where there appeared no sign of any sepulchre, the bishop and all the people following him. And he said with a clear voice, Behold the spot, dig here if it please you, and you will find the bones of the priest concerning whom you ask. Then by command of the pontiff they began to dig, and at length they found a few bones, buried very deep in the ground, and by reason of the length of time turned green. But the servant of God inquired if these were the bones of the priest, and the dead man answered, Yes, father. Then St. Augustine, having poured forth a long prayer, said, To the end that all may know, that life and death are in the hands of our Lord, to whom nothing is impossible, I say unto thee in his name, brother, arise! We have need of thee! O marvellous thing, and unheard of by human ears! at the command of the devout priest, all they who were present saw the dust unite itself to dust, and the bones join together with nerves, and thus at last an animated human form raised from the grave. And the blessed man, when he stood before him, said, Knowest thou this person, brother? He made answer, I know him, father, and wish that I had not known him. The benevolent priest rejoined, Hast thou bound him with an anathema? I have bound him, he replied, and worthily, according to his deserts; for he was a rebel in all things against the holy church: he was always a withholder of his tythes, and moreover, a perpetrator of many crimes even to the last day of his life. Then the man of God, Augustine, groaned deeply, and said, Brother, thou knowest that the mercy of God is upon all his works! therefore it behoves us also to have compassion upon the creature and image of God, redeemed by his precious blood, who now for so long a time shut up in a dark prison has endured infernal punishments. Then he delivered to him a whip, and the corpse kneeling before him and asking absolution with tears, the dead man absolved the dead man, through the great bounty of the grace of God, for manifesting the merits of his servant Augustine. When he was thus absolved, the saint commanded him that he should return to the sepulchre, and there await the last day in peace. He forthwith returning to the place from whence he had been seen to rise, entered

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tered the grave, and quickly was resolved into dust and ashes. Then said the saint to the priest, How long hast thou lain here? He answered, An hundred and fifty years, and more. How, said he, hath it been with thee until this time? Well, he replied: I have been placed in the joys of our Lord, and present in the delight of eternal life. Wouldst thou, said Augustine, that I should pray to our common Lord, that you may return to us again, and sowing with us the seeds of the gospel, bring back to their Creator souls which have been deceived by diabolical fraud? Far be it from you, O venerable father, he replied, that you should disturb my soul, and make me return to this laborious and painful life. O great and entire confidence in the mercy of God! O glorious consciousness of a most excellent heart, which doubted not that God was so powerful, and merciful, and that himself had deserved so much, that he should deign by him to perform so magnificent a miracle! This, peradventure, may seem impossible to those who believe that any thing can be impossible to God: yet it can be a doubt to none, that unless it had been for great miracles, the stubborn necks of the English would never have submitted to the yoke of Christ. But the blessed Augustine, seeing that the priest would not consent to come again into the ways of this life, said, Go, dearest brother, and remain for a long term of years in peace, and pray for me, and for the universal holy church of God. And the priest entered into the sepulchre, and presently was turned into dust and ashes. Then the holy bishop, turning to the soldier, said to him, Son, how is it now? do you consent to render your tythes to God, or are you disposed to continue in your obstinacy? But the soldier fell at his feet, trembling, and weeping, and crying, and confessing his guilt, and imploring forgiveness. And having forsaken all other things, he cut off his hair, and followed the blessed Augustine all the days of his life, as the author of his salvation, and being thus made perfect in all purity of mind and body, he closed his last day, and entered the joys of eternal felicity, to live without end.'*

Such

* The Bollandists have inserted this story from Bromton's *Chronicon*, as an Appendix to Goceline's life of the British St. Augustine. '*Hic inter alia rem mirabilem* minimeque contemnendam *narrat, ut a vetustiori auctore scriptam; quem utinam nobis indicasset! eo enim plus fidei haberet, quo ille esset antiquior. Nunc in Auctoris ignoti fide quidquid est refero, cui an, et quatenus, credi possit, silente de re tum insigni Beda et hoc vitæ auctore Gocelino, lectori æstimandum relinquo.*' Thus the learned Editor introduces this lie of the first magnitude, and he endeavours afterwards to show that, though the narration involves some difficulties, they are not such as to invalidate it. He says, '*Experientiâ compertum, in excommunicatione mortuorum corpora non dissolvi, sed fœde intumescere, usque dum fuerit super eos absolutionis pronuntiata formula. Sed hæc animabus dumtaxat prodesse potest, quarum exitus in statu gratiæ fuerit, manentibus excommunicationis ecclesiasticæ vinculis, impedientibusque ne aut cælesti gloria, aut communione precum ac meritorum perfruantur. Quod si cum reatu æternæ damnationis obierent ii qui fuerant excommunicati, animis quidem eorum prodesse absolutio non potest, sed ut summum corporibus*

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Such legends as this are still circulated in catholic countries, with the sanction of the Inquisition, and of the ecclesiastical censors! There are other stories which represent the very earth as ejecting an excommunicated body.

> I have heard that there are places, by the abode
> Of holy men so holily possess'd,
> That should a corpse be laid irreverently
> Within their influence, the insulted ground,
> Impatient of pollution, heaves, and casts
> The abomination out.

But even if earth tolerated a reprobate tenant, the miserable inhabitant was believed to be by no means in secure possession of his grave. Charles Martel is said to have been carried off in a most miserable manner by some resurrection devils; and Matthew of Westminster refers to the authority of Pope St. Gregory for a similar story as proof that the tale of the Old Woman of Berkeley is not incredible. Yet if Fray Luys de Escobar be right, the tormenters might have spared themselves this unnecessary trouble. In reply to a question, wherefore the custom was instituted, of sprinkling the graves with holy water, he says there are two reasons: First, because the grave sometimes serves as a special purgatory, where soul and body suffer together, and in that case both derive relief from the pious ceremony; and secondly, which he thinks is more frequently the case, while the soul is in the common purgatory, and looking on to its deliverance, the devil knowing how dearly it loves the body wherein it is to rise again, gets at the grave to insult it for the purpose of afflicting the soul: now if he happens to be there when the grave is sprinkled, he cannot bear the holy water, and he therefore flies away directly. This, the friar observes, is only his opinion, but he knows no opinion in opposition to it, and it may hold good till some better reason be assigned.

Such superstitions, as might be expected, are often contradictory. It was for the sake of the protection which would be afforded them by consecrated ground, baptized bells, and relics, that bodies were interred round about the church at first: then in open places attached to the outward wall, which were called Galilees, and lastly within the church itself. St. Swithin, however, our English Aquarius, though entitled to a place of honour in his own cathedral, chose to be buried in the churchyard, that carrying his humility beyond the grave, he might be trampled upon by the people. Saints were not always so humble. His countrywoman

corporibus quatenus humo contineri et communi sorte dissolvi valeant, nisi forte alicui damnationis debitæ sententiam suspenderit Deus ex prævisis sanctorum orationibus meritisque ut resuscitato daret spatium pœnitentiæ; *cujus extraordinariæ clementiæ aliqua, sed rara, habentur exempla.*' And thus, after brushing away the gnat, he swallows the camel.

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S. Walburg did not chuse to be trodden on, even in the church itself, by the dirty feet of German boors. She appeared to the Bishop in a dream, and reproved him for suffering this indecency. And such was the impatience of this proud saint, that she enforced her remonstrance by throwing down part of the church. St. Dunstan used to say of the cathedral at Canterbury, that you could not set foot either in the church or the cemetery without treading upon the remains of some saints: they, however, were not offended, and burial-places acquired a fashion for containing such good company. In those ages it was a common and a gainful fraud to represent particular cemeteries as peculiarly holy, and endowed with special privileges. Thus St. David was shewn one by an angel, and assured that scarcely one person of all who should be buried there, having died in the faith, would fail of going to heaven. And in Ireland the ignorant Catholic, at this day, thinks himself surer of getting to Heaven if he secures a place in a privileged churchyard than he could be of getting to Dublin, if he took a place in the mail coach; almost every Irish saint having received a promise to this effect.

A human and respectable feeling has generally attached some degree of sacredness to the place wherein a fellow-creature is laid to rest. The burial-places in the Tonga islands are accounted so sacred, that if the deadliest enemies should meet there, they must refrain from all acts of hostility. By the Partidas, any place is made religious ground wherein a man is buried, whether slave or freeman, for the sacredness of death did away all accidental differences: but it was not so if it were the body of a criminal or of a traitor, or of one who had been banished from that country. And whoever gave permission that a corpse should be interred in his ground, lost the property of that ground, which, in being thus made sacred, immediately devolved to the church. Possibly some such forgotten custom of our common law may have occasioned the popular belief in England, that that road is made public over which a funeral has passed. Three motives have led to the violation of such places—revenge, avarice, and curiosity—motives which operate on different classes of society to this effect, and yet, as will presently appear, the vengeance which characterizes a savage people may be fearfully displayed in ages and countries which call themselves civilized. Much as the Tonga islanders respect their cemeteries, Mr. Mariner tells us that a dead body is sometimes taken up and exposed, as the worst indignity that can be offered to the relations. Some of the Tupi tribes delighted in opening the graves of their enemies, and breaking their bones when dead, as they had not been able to eat their flesh. Such is the ferocious temper of savage man! The folly of depositing things of value with the dead was seen to tempt those ruffians who are to be found in every class of civilized life, and

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and at a later time to bring about a more general violation of the sepulchres, in the changes to which all empires and dynasties are subject. Thus under Cæsar when the Romans began to rebuild Corinth, the soldiers, accidentally lighting upon a grave in which they found brazen and earthen vessels, broke open every grave in Corinth; for these things were highly prized, and in a short time Rome was filled with them as articles of sale.—*Νεκροκορινθιων επληρωσαν την Ρωμην, ουτο γαρ εκαλειν τα εκ των ταφων ληφθεντα.* Thus, too, in many parts of America, the Spanish conquerors found their richest booty in the habitations of the dead. And many are the secret robberies which have been committed wherever it has been the custom to inter the wealthy in costly apparel, or with any valuables about them. The grave of King John at Worcester was opened some years ago, and it was found that the body had been rifled.

It has been remarked above, that a savage spirit may sometimes impel men in a civilized age to vent their disgraceful anger upon the dead. The National Convention, in the year 1793, passed a decree, upon the motion of Barrère, that the graves and monuments of the kings in St. Denis, and in all other places throughout France, should be destroyed. Nor were they contented with this: but the graves of all the celebrated persons who had been interred at St. Denis were opened also, that the leaden coffins might be applied to the use of the republic!

The details of this barbarous exhumation are curious, and serve to heighten, if that be possible, our abhorrence for an act so abominable in every respect. The first vault which they opened was that of Turenne. The body was found dry like a mummy, and of a light bistre colour, the features perfectly resembling the portrait of this distinguished general. As Turenne did not happen to be an object of popular obloquy, some enthusiasm was felt or affected at the sight of his remains, relics were sought after with great eagerness, and Camille Desmoulins cut off one of his little fingers; the body was turned over to the person who held the sexton's place and he kept it in a chest for some months to make a show of it, till at the intercession of M. Desfontaines, it was permitted to be removed to the Jardin des Plantes. In 1799 it was twice transferred, by order of the Directory, first to the Museum of Monuments, (that most characteristic exhibition of French feeling and French taste,) and secondly to the Church of Invalids, which, according to the anti-Christian fashion of the day, was then called the Temple of Mars!

Henry the Fourth's grave was the next which was violated. His features also were perfect. The head had been opened and the cavity filled with tow dipped in an aromatic extract, so strong,

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that the odour was scarcely supportable. A soldier cut off a lock of the beard with his sabre, and putting it upon his upper lip, exclaimed *en termes énergiques et vraiment militaires*, says the French writer, *Et moi aussi, je suis soldat François! désormais je n'aurai pas d'autre moustache! Maintenant je suis sûr de vaincre les ennemis de la France, et je marche à la victoire!* In spite, however, of this fanfaronade, the body was placed upright upon a stone, for the rabble to divert themselves with it; and a woman, reproaching the dead Henri with the crime of having been a king, knocked down the corpse by giving it a blow in the face; after which it was left for some days to be the sport of these Yahoos, till it was thrown at last into the common pit prepared for the remains upon which their senseless vengeance was exercised. Madame de Vaunoz writes upon this subject with great truth and feeling.

J'ai vu les scélérats, tremblans à son aspect,
Frémir et s'arrêter, remplis d'un saint respect:
Mais bientôt rappelant leur audace première,
Par l'outrage et l'insulte aggravant leur fureur,
Ses ossemens trainés, souillés par la poussière.
O des trônes mortels Maître et Dispensateur
Des monarques parfaits si ta main est avare,
Si les jours fortunés que leur règne produit
Semblent de courts éclairs dans la profonde nuit,
Devais-tu de tels rois à ce peuple barbare?
C'est donc là ce Henri, fameux par sa bonté,
Qui nourrit de sa main son peuple révolté,
Et qui, forcé de vaincre, en pleurant sa victoire,
Fut, par tant de bienfaits, expier tant de gloire?
C'est lui! deux fois puni pour un règne si beau,
Vivant on l'assassine, on l'outrage au tombeau.

Louis XIV. was found in a state of perfect preservation, but entirely black. The body of Louis XV. was fresh, but red, lying bathed in a liquor formed by the dissolution of the salt with which it had been covered. In the coffin of Jeanne de Bourbon, wife of Charles V., a gilt distaff was found with the remains of a crown, bracelets, and embroidered shoes. The body of Louis VIII. was the only one which had been sewed up in leather: the leather was strong and thick, and retained all its elasticity; the body was almost consumed, as was the winding-sheet, but fragments of its gold embroidery were still existing. Dagobert and his Queen Nanthildes were in one coffin with a partition between them. The workmen were long before they could discover the vault of Francis I. and his family. It contained six leaden coffins deposited upon bars of iron: in all these the remains were in a state of liquid putrefaction, which made its way through the lead as they were removed, and the odour was almost insupportable. The bodies of many

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many of the latter Bourbons were also in a state of decomposition, and when the coffins were opened, they are said to have emitted a thick black vapour, which, though vinegar and gunpowder were burnt to prevent ill consequences, affected the wretches employed in this inhuman work with fevers and diarrhœas. Two large pits had been dug in front of the north entrance of the church, and quick lime laid in them; into these pits the bodies were cast promiscuously, and the entrails, which had been deposited separately in leaden vessels; this lead and the leaden coffins were then carried to a furnace which had been erected in the cemetery, and cast into balls 'destined to punish the enemies of the Republic,' and it was more than once proposed in the National Convention that the church itself should be totally destroyed!

A detestation of the spirit in which this measure originated and of the state of mind in which it was possible for men calling themselves philosophers and friends of humanity to pass an edict for an action so loathsome, and so disgraceful, is not the only feeling which a perusal of these details will excite. They lead to a natural reflection upon the folly of that preposterous pride which contends against corruption and will not allow the grave its victory. 'He,' says Osborn, 'that lies under the herse of heaven is convertible into sweet herbs and flowers that may rest in such bosoms as would shriek at the ugly bugs which may possibly be found crawling in the magnificent tomb of Henry VII.' When the coffin of good duke Humphrey was opened, so many persons, who had heard of dining with the said duke, were curious to taste the liquor in which he had been preserved, that in a little time he was drunk dry, and the body being left bare soon mouldered. His bones, perhaps, like those of Bishop Gardner, may yet be made one of those exhibitions by which our churches in some places are still disgraced. In the Lutheran church of St. Thomas, at Strasburg, the bodies of a Count of Nassau and his daughter are shown in full dress, each lying in a glass case, such as stuffed birds are kept in in museums. The girl's face is almost consumed by that kind of worm which attacks books and leather; the man's features were perfectly distinct two years ago, but the worms had then begun upon it, and the dust was lying about, as if it were from worm-eaten wood. These are loathsome instances. More curious examples of the same wretched vanity may be seen in some of the small catholic cantons in Switzerland, where the skull is sometimes placed upon a bracket with the armorial bearings of the family beneath, and sometimes has the name of its owner inscribed upon the forehead in gold letters!

The old Mahommedan traveller, whose account of India and China has been published by Renaudot, describes a remarkable mixture

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mixture of humiliation and respect in the royal funerals at Sarendib. When the King died, his body was placed upon a carriage in such a position that the head hung down to the ground and the hair dragged upon the ground; a woman followed and with a besom threw dust upon the head of the corpse. At the same time, a cryer proclaimed, with a loud voice, O men! behold your King! he was your master yesterday, but the empire which he possessed is passed away.—The dispenser of death has summoned his soul, and he is reduced to the state in which you now behold him. Depend not upon the uncertain things of life! After this spectacle had been exhibited for three days, the body was embalmed with sandal-wood, camphor, and saffron; it was then burnt, and the ashes scattered to the winds. The Abazas, a Circassian tribe, are said, by Ewlia Effendi, to have a strange way of procuring a natural embalment for their beys. They put the body in a wooden coffin, fasten it upon the branches of some high tree, and leave a hole at the head in order that the bey may look to heaven. Bees, who may be supposed to consider a dead bey as very like a dead lion, enter the coffin, take possession of it as they would of a hollow tree, and embalm the body by covering it with wax and honey. When the season comes, the people open the coffin, take out the honey and sell it: therefore, says Ewlia, much caution is necessary against the honey of the Abazas. It is much to be regretted that the travels of this true Turk should remain unpublished, full as they are of extraordinary stories, characteristic oddities, and information of every kind concerning the state of the Turkish empire in his time.

It is not unlikely that, detestable as the practice of embalming is, it may have led to the first knowledge of anatomy, and possibly have been introduced, or at least encouraged, by the priests in Egypt with that design; for the horror with which dissection is regarded by the common people must have been as prevalent then as it is now. Even in more enlightened times and countries, when the importance of the study was perfectly understood, men of such eminence and mental power as Tertullian and St. Augustine condemned it with their characteristic vehemence, and called it butchering the bodies of the dead. Boniface VIII. is said to have excommunicated the resurrection-men of his day, (so ancient is the fraternity!) and to have stigmatized anatomy as a practice abominable in the eyes both of God and man. If embalming originated in this intention, the artifice which made it general in Egypt would deserve to be called a pious fraud. An odd consequence may be traced to it with less uncertainty, for in all likelihood it was in the discovery of embalmed bodies that the Roman Catholic notion of the odour of sanctity began; and beginning in ignorance

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ignorance was easily continued by craft. Habington indeed, who was a catholic, accounts for this famous odour with a poet's feeling, in lines which ennoble the subject—

> 'What perfumes come
> From the happy vault? In her sweet martyrdom
> The nard breathes never so; nor so the rose
> When the enamoured spring, by kissing, blows
> Soft blushes on her cheek; nor the early East
> Vyeing with Paradise i' the phenix' nest.
> These gentle perfumes usher in the day,
> Which from the night of his discoloured clay
> Breaks on the sudden; for a soul so bright
> Of force must to her earth contribute light.
> But if we are so far blind we cannot see
> The wonder of this truth, yet let us be
> Not infidels; nor, like dull atheists, give
> Ourselves so long to lust, till we believe
> (To allay the grief of sin) that we shall fall
> To a loath'd nothing in our funeral!
> The bad man's death is horror; but the just
> Keeps something of his glory in his dust.

Mr. Hobhouse praises the Turks for the care with which they preserve the tombs of their kings. He describes the royal mausoleums as open at the top, having been so built that the rain may fall upon the flowers and herbs which are planted round the grave; but birds are kept out by a net-work of brass or of gilded wires. Did this fashion originate in a circumstance which Sir George Wheler relates? 'We observed one monument,' he says, 'in the fairest and largest street of Constantinople, with the cuppalo covered only with a grate of wire, of which we had this account, that it was of Mahomet Capriuli, father to the present vizier, who settled the government, during the minority of the present emperor very near destruction, through the discontents and factions of the principal hagas, and the mutinies of the Janizaries. Concerning whom, after his decease, being buried here, and having this stately monument of white marble covered with lead erected over his body, the Grand Signior and Grand Vizier had this dream both in the same night, to wit, that Capriuli came to them and earnestly begged of them a little water to refresh him, being in a burning heat. Of this the Grand Signior and Vizier told each other in the morning, and therefore thought fit to consult the Mufti what to do concerning it; who, according to their gross superstition, advised that he should have the roof of his sepulchre uncovered that the rain might descend on his body, thereby to quench the flames tormenting his soul. And this remedy the people, who smarted under his oppression, think he had great need of, supposing him to be tormented in the other world

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world for the tyrannies and cruelties committed by him in this.' Muley Ishmael, the Morocco tyrant, intended to have his coffin suspended by a chain from the roof of his mausoleum, disdaining perhaps to commit it to the earth. The Mahommedans, in general, discover better taste than the Christians both in their mausoleums and burial-places—they never bury in their temples, nor within the walls of a town.

An inhabitant of Louvain desired that this epitaph might be placed over his remains:—*Philippus Verheyen, Medicinæ Doctor et Professor, partem sui materialem hoc in cæmeterio condi voluit, ne templum dehonestaret aut nocivis halitibus inficeret. Requiescat in pace.*' The evil custom which he thus condemned grew out of the superstitious notions with which Christianity in the course of a few generations was corrupted. It had been forbidden in the pagan time; and Theodosius, after the triumph and establishment of Christianity, renewed the prohibition, upon the old and reasonable ground, that graves within the city were detrimental to the health of the living, and that monuments by the wayside presented salutary memorials to the traveller. The law was passed when the practices of burning and of interment were both in use:—*Omnia quæ supra terram urnis clausa, vel sarcofagis corpora detinentur, extra urbem delata ponantur; ut et humanitatis instar exhibeant, et relinquant incolarum domicilio sanctitatem.* Any person who should disobey this law was to forfeit the third part of his patrimony, and the undertaker who directed a funeral contrary to the prohibition was to be fined forty pounds of gold. The gradual introduction of the present practice is traced by Bingham with his usual erudition. It began in the respect paid to the remains of martyrs, which originated in a noble feeling, but soon degenerated into the grossest creature-worship, and produced frauds and follies innumerable,—and incredible, if the proofs were not in existence, and the facts themselves at this day to be seen, by those who have eyes and do not wilfully close them upon a fact so flagrant as the abominations of the Romish idolatry. Churches were first erected over the ashes or bodies of saints and martyrs, or the remains were translated to the churches. As the Devil began to act a greater part in hagiographic romance, it was thought good policy to be buried as near as possible to the remains of those great champions who had carried on the war against him with such heroism while they were living, and whose very dust and ashes he was believed to dread. Emperors and kings began by obtaining this protection for themselves,—most of them, indeed, in those ages having good reason to desire all the protection they could get: but they were contented with a place in the porch, or the galilee. In the sixth century, the common people were

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were allowed places in the churchyard, and even under the walls of the church. By the time of Charlemagne, they had got into the church; and an attempt was made at the council of Fribur, a synod held in his reign, to put a stop to the abuse. The rule which was made at that synod shows to what an extent the practice had prevailed: it said that such bodies as were already buried in the church might not be cast out, but that the pavement should be so made over the grave that no vestige of it should appear; and if this could not be done without great difficulty, because of the multitude of bodies which had recently been deposited there, the church itself was then to be unchurched, and turned into a *polyandrium* or cemetery, and the altars removed, and set up in some other place, where the sacrifice might be religiously offered to God. It appears, however, from this synod, that the clergy had established for themselves a privilege of lying in the church, for it is the burial of laymen there which is prohibited. In the year 900, the Emperor had repealed all former laws upon this subject: burial within the cities was then expressly permitted, and graves in the churches were soon allowed to all persons who could pay for them, though the saints made one effort to keep that ground for themselves. A son of Earl Harold was deposited in the church where St. Dunstan was laid, and the boy had been anointed as a catechumen before his death. The saint, who it seems stood upon his punctilios as pertinaciously when dead as he did when he was alive, made his appearance twice to complain that he could not rest in his grave, because of the stench of the young pagan: but other saints acquiesced in this breach of their privileges. From that time, the manifold evils of this senseless custom have been repeatedly exposed: it continues to prevail nevertheless, and will continue till the inconvenience of it becomes so great as to render an effectual change necessary.

In some countries, this preference for lying under cover of the church is carried to such an excess, that churchyards are not in use; and when the vaults are full, they are emptied in a manner shocking to humanity, though quick lime is, in many places, thrown upon the bodies to hasten their decomposition. Labat describes a funeral at which he was present in Tivoli:—coffins were seldom used there, because room for them could not be afforded! and when the vault was opened to receive the corpse of a woman, the body of a man was exposed, lying upon others, so closely packed that the uppermost completely filled the grave, and was in contact with the stone when it was in its place. The *becamorto* and his assistants deliberated whether they should close up that vault and open another; but they knew that every receptacle was equally full, an unusual mortality having prevailed that season;—they therefore

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therefore made room by actual pressure, though such poisonous exhalations were disengaged by the operation, that even these incarnate ghowls themselves were compelled to rush out of the church, and let the insupportable odour diffuse itself, before they could replace the stone. It is true, that nothing so indecent as this has happened or could be suffered in England; yet in large towns, and more especially in the metropolis, it has become more difficult to find room for the dead than for the living. The Commissioners for the Improvements in Westminster reported to Parliament in 1814, that St. Margaret's churchyard could not, consistently with the health of the neighbourhood, be used much longer as a burying ground, 'for that it was with the greatest difficulty a vacant place could at any time be found for strangers; the family graves generally would not admit of more than one interment; and many of them were then too full, for the reception of any member of the family to which they belonged.' There are many churchyards in which the soil has been raised several feet above the level of the adjoining street, by the continual accumulation of mortal matter; and there are others, in which the ground is actually probed with a borer before a grave is opened! In these things the most barbarous savages might reasonably be shocked at our barbarity. Many tons of human bones every year are sent from London to the north,* where they are crushed in mills contrived for the purpose, and used as manure. Yet with all this clearance the number of the dead increases in such frightful disproportion to the space which we allot for them, that the question has been started whether a sexton may not refuse to admit iron coffins into a burial place, because by this means, the deceased take a fee-simple in the ground which was only granted for a term of years! The patentee accordingly assures the public that, 'he has taken Dr. Jenner's opinion (of Doctors Commons) upon the point, which is that no legal objection can be made to the interment of dead bodies on account of the materials whereof the coffins in which they are deposited may be composed.' A curious expedient has been found at Shields and Sunderland: the ships which return to those ports in ballast were at a loss where to discharge it, and had of late years been compelled to pay for the use of the ground on which they threw it out: the burial grounds were full; it was recollected that the ballast would be useful there, and accordingly it has been laid upon one layer of dead to such a depth, that graves for a second tier are now dug in the new soil.

Fifty years ago a French writer said that the expenses of inter-

* 'The eagerness of English agriculturists to obtain this manure (human bones), and the cupidity of foreigners in supplying it, is such as to induce the latter to rob the tombs of their forefathers. Bones of all descriptions are imported, and pieces of half-decayed coffin attire are found among them.'—*Letter from Grimsby in Lincolnshire.*

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ment in London were greatly increased by the necessity of digging the graves deep, for the sake of security from the surgeons. Ames the antiquary, from some such feeling, was deposited in the churchyard of St. George's in the East, in what is called *virgin earth*, at the depth of eight feet, and in a stone coffin. A fatal accident occurred at Clerkenwell a few years ago in digging a grave to a greater depth than this; the sides fell in, and buried the labourer. Yet there has existed a prejudice against new churchyards! No person was interred in the cemetery of St. George's, Queen Square, till the ground was broken for Mr. Nelson, the well known religious writer: his character for piety reconciled others to the spot. People like to be buried in company, and in good company. The dissenters talk of 'the funeral honours of Bunhill Fields,' which are their Campo Santo. Messrs. Bogue and Bennet call it, 'that first of repositories of the dead in Christ, which will at the resurrection of the just give up so many bodies of the saints to be made like to the glorious body of the Redeemer.' John Bunyan was buried there; and 'so numerous,' says the Barrister, 'have been and still are, the dying requests of his idolaters to be buried as near as possible to the place of his interment, that it is not now possible to obtain a grave near him, the whole surrounding earth being entirely preoccupied by dead bodies to a very considerable distance.'

The excellent Evelyn regretted greatly that after the fire of London advantage had not been taken of that calamity to rid the city of its burial places, and establish a necropolis without the walls. 'I yet cannot but deplore,' says he in his Silva, 'that when that spacious area was so long a *rasa tabula*, the churchyards had not been banished to the north walls of the city, where a grated inclosure of competent breadth for a mile in length might have served for an universal cemetery to all the parishes, distinguished by the like separations, and with ample walks of trees, the walks adorned with monuments, inscriptions and titles, apt for contemplation and memory of the defunct, and that wise and excellent law of the Twelve Tables restored and renewed.' Such a funeral grove, with proper regulations and careful keeping, would have been an ornament and an honour to the metropolis, and might at this time have been as characteristic of the English as the Catacombs at Paris are of the French.

Wretchedly as London is provided with cemeteries, Paris was in a much worse state before its quarries were converted into receptacles for the remains of the dead. For many centuries that great city had only one churchyard, that of St. Innocent's, originally a piece of the royal domains lying without the walls, and given by one of the first French kings as a burial place to the citizens, in an age when interments within the city were forbidden. Philip Augustus

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Augustus inclosed it in 1186 with high walls, because it had been made a place of the grossest debauchery, and the gates were closed at night. About forty years afterwards the Bishop of Paris, Pierre de Nemours, enlarged it, and from that time no further enlargement of its precincts was ever made. The manner in which the dead were heaped there is noticed thus oddly by the old poet Jean Le Fevre, who lived in the reign of Charles V:

Car Atropos la male gloute
Je ne veuil pas qu'elle me boute
Avec ceulx de Saint Innocent;
Quatre-vingt-dix-neuf ou cent
On met tout ensemble sans faille;
Ils pourront bien faire bataille
Au jour qu'ils ressusciteront.

In 1440 the Bishop of Paris, Denis des Moulins, raised the burial fees, at which the people murmured, and resented the imposition, as they deemed it, so strongly, that they entered into a combination, and during four months no person was buried there, and no funeral service performed over those who died, a revenge for which the bishop excommunicated them all. This quarrel did not continue long, and as generations after generations were piled one upon another within the same ground, the inhabitants of the neighbouring parishes began to complain of the great inconvenience and danger to which they were exposed; diseases were imputed to such a mass of collected putridity, tainting the air by exhalations, and the waters by filtration, and measures for clearing out the cemetery would have been taken in the middle of the sixteenth century, if some disputes between the bishop and the parliament had not prevented them. To save the credit of the burial-ground a marvellous power of consuming bodies in the short space of nine days was imputed to it, as Hentzner tells us when he describes the place as *sepulchrorum numero et scelestis admirandum.*

The mode of interment was of the most indecent kind, not in single graves but in common pits. 'I am astonished,' says Philip Thicknesse writing from Paris, 'that where such an infinite number of people live in so small a compass, they should suffer the dead to be buried in the manner they do, or within the city. There are several burial pits in Paris, of a prodigious size and depth, in which the dead bodies are laid side by side, without any earth being put over them till the ground tier is full; then, and not till then, a small layer of earth covers them, and another layer of dead comes on, till, by layer upon layer, and dead upon dead, the hole is filled with a mass of human corruption, enough to breed a plague. These places are inclosed, it is true, within high walls; but, nevertheless, the air cannot be *improved* by it. The burials in churches too often

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often prove fatal to the priests and people who attend; but every body and every thing in Paris is so much alive that not a soul thinks about the dead.' Mr. Thicknesse was mistaken in one point, —there was no intermediate earth between the layers of the coffins: they were closely packed, one tier above another, in pits thirty feet deep and twenty square, and when the pit was full it was covered with a layer of soil, not more than a foot in thickness. These *fosses communes* were emptied once in thirty or forty years, and the bones deposited in what was called *Le Grand Charnier des Innocens*, an arched gallery which surrounded the burial-place, having been erected at different times, as a work of piety, by different citizens, whose names, and sometimes their escutcheons, were placed upon the parts which they had founded. One of these pits, which was intended to contain two thousand bodies, having been opened in 1779, the inhabitants of the adjoining streets presented a memorial to the Lieutenant-General of the Police; they stated that the soil of the burial-ground was raised more than eight feet above the level of the streets and the ground-floor of the adjacent houses, and represented that serious consequences had been experienced in the cellars of some of the houses. The evil indeed was now become so great that it could not longer be borne. The last grave-digger, François Pontraci, had, by his own register, in less than thirty years, deposited more than 90,000 bodies in that cemetery: for many years the average number of interments there had been not less than 3000, and of these from 150 to 200 at the utmost were all that had separate graves: the rest were laid in the common trenches, which were usually made to hold from 12 to 1500! It was calculated that since the time of Philippe Auguste 1,200,000 bodies had been interred there, and it had been in use as a cemetery many ages before his time.

A memorial upon the ill effects which had arisen, and the worse consequences which might be expected to arise from the constant accumulation of putrescence was read before the Royal Academy of Science, in 1783, by M. Cadet de Vaux, who held the useful office of *Inspecteur Général des Objets de Salubrité*. The Council of State in 1785 decreed that the cemetery should be cleared of its dead, and converted into a market-place, after the canonical forms which were requisite in such cases should have been observed: the archbishop, in conformity, issued a decree for the suppression, demolition and evacuation of the cemetery, directing that the bones and bodies should be removed to the new subterranean cemetery of the Plaine de Mont Rouge, and appointing one of his vicars-general to draw up the procès-verbal of the exhumation, removal, and reinterment; and the Royal Society of Medicine appointed a committee to explain the plans which should

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be presented for this extraordinary operation, and superintended a work as interesting to men of science as it would have been shocking to common spectators. It is well known that the substance which is denominated Adipocire was then scientifically re-discovered:—*re-discovered*, we say, because the existence of the substance had been known by Sir Thomas Brown, and a mode of preparing it by Lord Bacon; and *scientifically*, because the fact had long been familiar to the grave-diggers in Paris, and also among the lower classes in this country. We ourselves well remember the prejudice which existed among them against using spermaceti in medicine, before the discovery was made at Paris, because they said it was dead men's fat. At Paris it was believed that the transmutation took place only in the common pit where the dead were buried in masses; but it is evident that it occurs also in single graves; it is however very possible that the process may be contagious. And it cannot be doubted but that worse consequences than were actually experienced from the horrible accumulation of corpses in the cemetery of St. Innocent must have resulted if the bodies had not undergone this change.

The common people of Paris regarded this burial-place with so much veneration that some danger was apprehended, if any accident should provoke their irritable feelings during an exposure which no precaution could prevent from being shocking to humanity. Every possible precaution however was taken. The work went on by night and day without intermission, till it was necessarily suspended during the hot months; and it was resumed with the same steady exertion as soon as the season permitted. Religious ceremonies had not at that time lost their effect upon the Parisian mob: and the pomp with which some of the remains were removed, and the decent and religious care with which the bones and undistinguished remains were conveyed away, reconciled them to the measure. The night-scenes, when the work was carried on by the light of torches and bonfires, are said to have been of the most impressive character,—crosses, monuments, demolished edifices, excavations, and coffins,—and the labourers moving about like spectres in the lurid light, under a cloud of smoke. M. Robert, and other distinguished artists of that day, painted some of these scenes,—in French phrase, *avec la plus grande expression et l'harmonie la plus sentimentale.*

It fortunately happened that there was no difficulty in finding a proper receptacle for the remains thus disinterred. 'No great shock is wanting,' says Prudhomme, 'to throw down all the stones of Paris into the place from whence they were quarried. The towers and domes and steeples are so many signs which tell the beholder that whatever he sees above his head has been taken from under

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under his feet.' The quarries had been worked from time immemorial without any system, every man working where he would and as he would, till it became dangerous to work them farther; and it was only known as a popular tradition that they extended under great part of the city, till the year 1774, when some alarming accidents roused the attention of the government. They were then properly surveyed, and plans of them taken, and the result was the frightful discovery that the churches, palaces, and most of the southern parts of Paris were undermined, and in imminent danger of sinking into the pit below them. Could they have foreseen at that time in what manner the fabric of the government and of civil society was undermined also, how insignificant would the danger have appeared to that of the moral subversion which was at hand! A special commission was appointed to direct such works as might be required. The necessity of the undertaking was frightfully shown the very day that the commission was installed,—a house in the Rue d'Enfer having that day sunk down eight and twenty metres below the level of its court-yard! Engineers were now employed to examine the whole of the quarries, and prop the streets, roads, churches, palaces and buildings of all kinds, which were in danger of being engulphed! One set of workmen were employed in this curious service,—another in exploring the labyrinth of excavations, some of which were under the others, and opening galleries between them, that the extent of the peril might be known; and to prevent future evils of the same kind, all the quarries which were still in use in the environs of Paris were placed under the inspection of the commissioners, that they might be worked upon some safe system. Never had any men a more arduous or more important commission! The pillars which had been left by the quarriers in their blind operations, without any regularity, were in many places too weak for the enormous weight above, and in most places had themselves been undermined, or perhaps originally stood upon ground which had previously been hollowed. In some instances they had given way, in others the roof had dipt and threatened to fall; in others great masses had fallen in. The great aqueduct of Arcueil passed over this treacherous ground; it had already suffered some shocks, and if the quarries had continued to be neglected, an accident must sooner or later have happened to this water-course, which would have cut off the supply from the fountains of Paris, and have filled the excavations with water.

Such was the state of the quarries when the commission was appointed in 1777, under M. Charles Axel Guillaumot as inspector general. The thought of converting them into a necropolis originated with M. Lenoir, lieutenant-general of the police, and the proposal for removing the dead from St. Innocent's was

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the more easily entertained, because a receptacle so convenient, and so unexceptionable in all respects, was ready to receive them. That part of the quarries under the *Plaine de Mont-Souris* was allotted for this purpose,—a house known by the name of *La Tombe Isoire*, or *Isouard*, (from a famous robber, who once infested that neighbourhood,) on the old road to Orleans was purchased, with a piece of ground adjoining; and the first operations were to make an entrance into the quarries by a flight of seventy-seven steps, (the depth being seventeen metres,) and to sink a well from the surface, down which the bones might be thrown. Meantime the workmen below walled off that part of the quarries which was designed for the great charnel-house, opened a communication between the upper and lower vaults, and built pillars to prop the roof. When all these necessary preliminaries had been completed, the ceremony of blessing and consecrating the intended catacombs was performed with great solemnity, and on that same day the removal from the cemetery began. This work was always performed at evening; the bones were brought in funeral cars, covered with a pall, with priests in their surplices following and singing the service of the dead. When they reached the catacombs the bones were shot down the well; and M. de Thury speaks of the rattling and echoing which they made in their fall, *l'épouvantable fracas des ossemens desséchés, précipités et roulants avec un bruit que répetaient au loin les voûtes*, as a sound which, though it might be little remarkable in itself, and easily imagined, was, with all its circumstances, one of the most impressive that ever was heard by human ears.

All the crosses, tombstones and monuments which were not reclaimed by the families of the dead to whom they belonged were carefully removed, and placed in the field belonging to La Tombe Isoire: some among them were very curious. Many leaden coffins were buried in this field, one of them contained the remains of Madame de Pompadour, who, by her own desire, had been interred at the foot of what was called the cross of St. Innocent's. Thus far things had been conducted with the greatest decorum; but as the Revolution proceeded *La Tombe Isoire* was sold as a national domain, the leaden coffins were melted, and all their monuments destroyed; those which could not be sold, or applied to any purpose of use, being demolished for mere mischief. A *salle de danse* was then opened on the spot!

Fortunately there was nothing in the catacombs which could provoke the wretches whom the Revolution had let loose upon society: and when, in the progress of national frenzy, churches were demolished or deserted, the bones from them were removed to this general deposit by order of the government. The catacombs served also as convenient receptacles for those who perished

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rished in popular commotions or in popular massacres. The victims of the 10th August were deposited there, and those of the 2d and 3d September, for whom, since the Restoration, a yearly service has been celebrated on the place of their interment. But though these places were not destroyed during the miserable years of the Revolution, the works there were at a stand. The author of the *Promenade aux Cimetières* forgot this when he made the following notable remark,—*ce fut au moment où les Français se préparaient à la plus cruelle des révolutions; et pendant qu'ils se livraient à toutes les fureurs des factions, ils s'occupaient d'embellir ce monument. Cette réflexion peut-être démontre à certains détracteurs de notre nation que, dans les temps même de leurs plus coupables égaremens, les Français n'avaient point entièrement perdu cette sensibilité douce et touchante qui fit toujours leur caractère distinctif.* That sweet and touching sensibility was certainly not employed in ornamenting the catacombs during the Revolution: on the contrary, they were so much neglected that in many places the soil had fallen in, and choked the communications; water came in by filtration, the roof was cracked in many places, and threatened fresh downfalls, and the bones themselves lay in immense heaps, mingled with the rubbish, and blocking up the way. It was not till 1810 that M. de Thury was enabled to pursue his plans, and the workmen then had to make galleries through the bones themselves, which in some places lay above thirty yards thick. It was necessary also to provide for a circulation of air, the atmosphere not having been improved by the quantity of animal remains which had been introduced. The manner in which this was effected is singularly easy. The wells which supplied the houses above with water were sunk below the quarries, and formed in those excavations so many round towers. M. de Thury merely opened the masonry of these wells, and luted into the opening the upper half of a broken bottle, with the neck outwards: it is only necessary to uncork two, three, or more of these bottles when fresh air is wanted. Channels were made to carry off the water; steps constructed from the lower to the upper excavation, pillars built in good taste to support the dangerous parts of the roof, and the skulls and bones built up along the walls: those which bore marks of disease, or were otherwise remarkable for their formation, were set apart, and arranged in a cabinet. The whole range was then fitted up with ornaments and inscriptions. Among the ornaments is a fountain, in which four golden fish are imprisoned. They appear to have grown in this unnatural situation, but they have not spawned; three of them have retained their brilliant colour, but some spots have appeared upon the fourth, and it

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seems probable that exclusion from light may produce, though more slowly, the same effect upon them that it does upon vegetables.

The spring which rises here was discovered by the workmen, the basin was made for their use, and a subterraneous aqueduct carries off the waters. M. de Thury named it at first the 'Spring of Oblivion,' and inscribed over it these lines of Virgil.

'*Animæ quibus altera fato*
Corpora debentur, Lethæi ad fluminis undam
Securos latices et longa oblivia potant.'

This inscription has very properly been changed for the most apposite text which could have been found in Scripture:—'Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again: but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst: but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water, springing up into everlasting life.' A few exceptionable inscriptions still remain; such perhaps is the mutilated verse of Dante so fine in its proper place.

'*Lasciate ogni speranza voi chi entrate.*'

Such too are the verses which represent the miserable feelings of Mæcenas, and the wretchedness of that philosophy which has no hope beyond the grave.

'*Debilem facito manu,*
Debilem pede, coxâ,
Tuber adstrue gibberum,
Lubricos quate dentes;
Vita dum superest, bene est:
Hanc mihi, vel acutâ
Si sedeam cruce sustine.'

And the lines from the Troas of Seneca.

'*Quæris quo jaceas post obitum loco?*
Quo non nata jacent.'

The greater part however were well chosen.

The different parts of the Catacombs are named with strange incongruity from the author, or the purport of the inscription which was placed there. Thus there is, in the true French style, the *Crypte de la Vérité*, the *Crypte de la Mort et de L'Eternité*, and the *Crypte de Néant*, the *Allée de Job*, and the *Crypte de Caton*, the *Crypte de Résurrection*, and the *Crypte de Fontaine*. Virgil, Ovid and Anacreon have each their crypts as well as the prophets Jeremiah and Ezekiel. And Hervey, whose Meditations are as popular on the continent as they are among the attendants of the Tabernacle, takes his place with Horace, Malherbes, and Jean Baptiste Rousseau. The album which is kept there is not less characteristic of the French nation,—it contains a great many effusions

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effusions of sentiment, a few of devotional feeling, and not a few miserable witticisms, and profligate bravadoes.

But the Parisians, instead of making their quarries a general receptacle for the dead, as they ought to have done, were contented with emptying their cemeteries there. In the year 1790, the National Assembly passed a law prohibiting interment within the churches, and commanding all towns and villages to disuse their old burial-places, and form new ones at a certain distance from the dwellings. During the revolutionary tyranny which soon ensued, when it was proclaimed that there is no God, and that death is eternal sleep, men were buried like dogs, any where and any how, without any ceremony or memorial to mark the spot where they lay. But in the spring of 1800, an *arrêté* was published by the prefect of the department of the Seine, which ought to have been inserted in the *Promenade aux Cimetières*. It is curiously characteristic in all respects. The prefect begins by announcing that *Les institutions funéraires sont un des premiers besoins de la civilisation*. Those, he said, which had fallen into disuse in consequence of the revolution, surrounded the funerals of the rich with splendour, and accorded nothing to the poor but the melancholy emblems of misery and desertion. Those which were in use, treated rich and poor with the same neglect, and public opinion, in consonance with morality, condemned the nakedness of the actual mode of burial. It was worthy of the first city of the republic, to command by its example the decency of interment; and above all to consecrate the care of the burial of the poor as a duty of public piety. Three public cemeteries were to be inclosed for the use of Paris, of a certain extent, and at a distance of one mile from the walls. In the centre of each a *Luctuaire, ou Salle de Deuil*, was to be erected, destined to receive the funeral procession, and consecrated to the ceremony which might precede the act of interment. Six funeral temples were to be built in Paris, to serve as depots before the funeral. A mode of burial common to all was to be established. The Commune of Paris was to defray the expense for the poor, but in all other cases it was to be reimbursed for the expenses, and consequently was empowered to levy a burial-tax. Families might incur any additional expense that they pleased;—*il sera permis de consacrer des souvenirs dans les enclos de la sépulture publique, par des inscriptions, des cénotaphes, et autres monumens funèbres;* of course, in such cases, a price was to be paid for the ground. The use of public coffins was forbidden; that is, of those coffins which only served for carrying the body to the grave: for it appears that the bodies were often, perhaps most frequently, interred without one. The cos-

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tume of all the persons attached to this department was regulated with as much precision as that of the Directory themselves.

'*L'ordonnateur principal: habit long, veste et pantalon de drap violet; bottines; manteau court de drap noir; chapeau relevé de trois côtés, et garni d'un plumet noir.*

L'ordonnateur particulier: habit, veste et pantalon de drap noir; bottines; manteau court de drap violet: chapeau relevé par devant, et surmonté d'une aigrette violette; la forme du chapeau entourée d'un crêpe noir retombant jusqu'à la ceinture; bâton d'ébène, surmonté d'une urne d'ivoire.

Le gardien du dépositoire: habit, veste et pantalon de drap gris foncé; boutons noirs; chapeau relevé par devant.

Les porteurs: veste à manches, et pantalon de drap gris foncé; boutons et paremens noirs; bottines; manteau de drap gris descendant jusqu'au genou; collet et agraffe noirs; chapeau rond entouré d'un crêpe.

L'homme de service du dépositoire: veste à manches et pantalons de drap gris; paremens et boutons noirs; bottines.

Les conducteurs de chars: habit gris, collet, paremens et boutons noirs; gillet et pantalon noirs; bottines; chapeau rond entouré d'un crêpe.'

These regulations, apart from the foppery and irreligion which they exhibit, were in themselves good; but, like many laws from the same manufactory, they were in great part disregarded. Mr. Pinkerton, describing the funerals in the cemetery of Montmartre, at this time, says, 'On entering, you see to the left a sandy elevation of the natural soil, declining towards the west. The coffin is let down on the edge of this declivity to a shelf at a small depth, and covered with a few shovels-full of sand. A husband, wife, or relation, gives a parting look, sheds a few tears, and turns away. If the body came from an hospital, it is only inclosed in a sack, and borne by two men on a handbier, over which two half hoops support a linen cloth. Aware of the indecency of this slight inhumation, the sexton will not permit you to go so far as to command a view of the declivity, interspersed with coffins and sacks. But the smell is offended at the distance of forty or fifty yards, if the wind blow from the cemetery.' In 1804 an imperial decree was issued repeating the prohibition of interment in churches, or within the circuit of a town. High ground by this decree was to be chosen for cemeteries, and exposed to the north, and every corpse was to be interred in a separate grave, from a metre and a half to two metres deep, and the earth well trodden down. There was to be a certain distance between the graves, and they might not be re-opened till after five years. Another imperial decree in 1811 consigned the whole funeral business of the metropolis to one undertaker-general, arranged funerals into six classes, and appointed a

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tarif whereby the expense of every separate article and assistant was determined; the sum total in either class might not be exceeded; but might be diminished if the family of the deceased chose to strike out any thing in the list. The whole expenses of the first class amount to 4282 franks; of the second to 1800; of the third to 700: the fourth to 250, the fifth to 100, and of the sixth and last only to 16. The *tarif* will be considered hereafter as singularly precious, if posterity should be as curious concerning the costume of the present age as we are concerning the manners and costumes of our ancestors.

The *tarif* may probably be observed; but in spite of the wholesome part of these regulations, the huge common graves are as much in use in the new cemeteries as they were in the old, and the great men of Buonaparte's reign were interred in the crypts of St. Geneviève. But for the new cemeteries. 'In all other countries the churchyards are only ornamented with crosses, or at most with some tombs, covered also with simple stones, nothing which can recommend them to the curiosity of travellers. But those of Paris strike the stranger with astonishment!' 'Already in five and twenty years they figure among the most curious establishments of the capital:'—but the same high-flying panegyrist lets out the mortifying fact that already in five and twenty years, many of the best and costliest monuments are fallen to pieces, having, like so many other things in that country, been made for display, and not for duration. He observes that the architects appear to reserve their skill for erecting the habitations of the living, though those habitations are only intended for a time, and tombs are for a portion of eternity. Agreeing therefore with the grave-digger in Hamlet upon this point, he recommends that the police should interfere, and take care that those persons who expend large sums upon what he calls the luxury of tombs should not have the mortification of seeing the monuments which they had erected to pride or to grief, go to ruins in the course of a few years. Some other mortifying facts appear,—the bronze and the gilt copper with which the monuments are ornamented attract thieves; and great dogs therefore are kept to guard the burial-grounds. This would happen in the neighbourhood of London, or any great city: but it would hardly happen in the neighbourhood of London that we should have a Guide to the burial-grounds, as a fashionable promenade; that parties would be made to visit them; nor, though grief is proverbially dry, that taverns and drinking-houses should be established close beside them, for the accommodation not only of these parties of pleasure but of the mourners also! The very writer who says that a *sensibilité douce et touchante* was always the distinguishing charac-

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characteristic of the French draws this true and frightful picture of their insensibility.

'Eh bien! nous avons vu beaucoup de ces enterremens, et nous avons remarqué avec surprise, avec indignation, que les personnes qui y assistaient s'y rendaient presque toutes comme à une partie de plaisir. Nous avons même appris, que la coûtume était pour tous ces parens, ces prétendus amis du défunt de se rendre à la fin de la cérémonie funèbre, dans ces guinguettes, et là de célébrer à table, et dans un repas souvent commandé d'avance, les vertus et les qualités de la personne enterrée. Nous l'avouerons, nous ne connaissons rien d'aussi scandaleux que cette absurde coûtume, rien qui démontre mieux à nos yeux l'excès d'immoralité dans lequel est tombé le peuple Parisien, depuis notre fatale révolution. C'est surtout le dimanche que les habitans de la capitale se rendent aux différens cimetières qui l'entourent. Ils y vont comme à la promenade, et il n'est pas rare de lire et la joie et le contentement sur la figure de ceux qui les visitent.'

There is however one day in the year when, we are assured, the Parisians are led to those burial-places by genuine piety,—it is on All Souls' day, which is set apart in the Romish church for the commemoration of the dead, and whole families visit the graves of their relations. Women in mourning repeat the prayers for the dead over the grave, and men are seen prostrate on the ground. The Spaniards have a custom upon that day almost as loathsome as the feast of the dead among the North American savages,—they open the sepulchres in the churches and light them up! This is in the spirit of those Dominicans and Franciscans, who, in various parts of Europe, used to exhibit the dry bodies of their brethren ranged round the walls, and to line chapels with human skulls and thigh bones,—abominable spectacles! which tend to make men regard the end of this mortal life with horror, rather than with religious hope. With them the grave is the door of purgatory,—the most profitable fiction that was ever invented by priestcraft. One of our own poets (Donne) regards it with a finer and truer feeling, when he says:

> 'Church-yards are our cities, unto which
> The most repair that are in goodness rich;
> There is the best concourse and confluence;
> There are the holy suburbs, and from thence
> Begins God's City, new Jerusalem,
> Which doth extend her utmost gates to them.
> At that gate then, triumphant soul, dost thou
> Begin thy triumph!'

It appears that the bills of mortality at Paris hold out a tremendous lesson of morals to the Parisians, if, as may be fairly inferred, they agree in their results with the tombstones of the different cemeteries. In the burial-ground of Montmartre, which is the deposit for the gay part of Paris, the purlieus of the Palais Royal, the Rues St. Honoré,

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Honoré, Vivienne, Richelieu, and Montmartre, the Boulevards, and the Chaussée d'Antin, nine tombs in ten are to the memory of persons cut off in the flower of their youth. But in the burial-ground of Père la Chaise, which serves principally for the sober citizens of Paris, the inhabitants of the Marais, and of the Faubourg St. Antoine, nine out of ten record persons who had attained a good old age. In both cases this fact relates to subjects in easy or affluent circumstances, and the difference of mortality is solely attributable to the difference between a dissipated and a regular life. If nosological tables had been kept in different places, and in different parts of the world, with the same care as meteorological ones, how many more important results might have been deduced from them! It is said that insanity is seldom known in Spain, and rarely or never among private soldiers or sailors. The latter fact is easily explicable; military and naval discipline acts upon those who might be disposed to madness, like the perpetual presence of a keeper. To explain the infrequency of this dreadful malady in Spain would require a more intimate knowledge of the people than a stranger can possibly obtain. Something however may be ascribed to general temperance, and to the little use which is made of ardent spirits; and it should be remembered that convents often supply the places of madhouses, and that downright lunacy passes for high devotion and miraculous grace.

The monuments in the new Parisian cemeteries are generally in good taste, better than is usually found in England. The inscriptions are sufficiently French in sentiment. Two in this little volume are worthy of notice for a different cause. One is upon a person who was the most famous *réstaurateur* in Paris in his day, and it is said upon his tomb-stone that his whole life was *consecrated to the useful arts*. The other is upon one of Buonaparte's Generals, who is made to say

Dans toute ma vie
Je n'ai fait tort à personne.

One of these burial-grounds is planted with fruit trees, which is objected to as rendering the general effect *moins attristante*. We are told that a former possessor of Ermenonville planted dead trees in his gardens, *pour inspirer la philosophie*. But the oddest display of this kind was exhibited by a certain M. de Brunoi, who put his park in mourning for the death of his mother, and had barrels of ink sent from Paris that the *jets d'eau* might be in mourning also. Count Schimmelmann's monument for his wife was all that was wanting to make the scene complete: that nobleman placed the monument upon a spring, and made the water spout from an eye, that it might be a symbol of his excessive grief. It may still be

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be seen not far from Copenhagen, where it is known by the name of the 'Weeping Eye.'

The Parisians have committed no follies of this kind; but they have acted like themselves in making shew-catacombs and *cimetières ornés*. A becoming respect to human nature was manifested in removing the remains of the dead with decency, and preparing a receptacle for them; but it would have been better to put them out of sight and wall them up in the quarries, than to arrange them in patterns along the wall—skulls and thigh bones, like muskets and pistols in the small armoury at the Tower. Such exhibitions cannot have a salutary tendency; they foster that disease of mind in which melancholy madness has its foundation; they harden brutal natures, and are more likely to provoke the licentious to impious bravadoes than to reclaim them. Exposures of this kind originated in the spirit of monachism. They are unfeeling and unnatural. Public feeling would not tolerate them in Protestant countries. Earth to earth; ashes to ashes; dust to dust.

Burial grounds *à la pittoresque*, laid out for a promenade, are not more consonant to good feeling. This invention is indeed original in the people of Paris, for whom the author of the Promenade claims it with so much satisfaction; but he knows little of the customs of other countries, or he would not have said that a few crosses or tomb-stones are all that is to be seen in other places of interment. The beauty of the Mohammedan burial-grounds has been noticed by all travellers. The Afghauns call their cemeteries the Cities of the Silent; and hang garlands on the tombs and burn incense before them, because they believe that the ghosts of the departed dwell there, and sit each at the end of his own grave, enjoying the fragrance of these offerings. The churchyards in the Reductions in Paraguay were so many gardens. The graves were regularly arranged and bordered with the sweetest plants and flowers, and the walks were planted with orange-trees and palms. The Moravians in their missions observe the same regularity and decency: the name which they give to a burial-place is 'God's ground.' In many parts of Wales the graves are carefully planted with flowers; and the beauty of this custom is felt by all English travellers. In Gibson's additions to Camden it is noticed, that the custom of planting rose trees upon the graves, anciently used both among the Greeks and Romans, had been observed time out of mind at Okeley, in Surry, especially by the young men and women who have lost their lovers, so that the churchyard was full of them. The graves are planted with flowers in some of the Catholic cantons in Switzerland, and receptacles of water are placed beside, with bunches of hyssop, for sprinkling them; the sprinkling,

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sprinkling, however, is for superstition, not for watering the flowers.

We do not remember to have seen the Swiss churchyards noticed by any traveller. The monuments are of iron, with scrolls, hearts, darts, and crosses: those of the poor wholly black, except the epitaph; the others gilt and painted. At Schwartz they have little pictures of saints, and other religious or emblematic miniatures; gilt crucifixes are frequent upon these gay and hideous tombs: nothing can be more ugly by day or more ghastly by night. At Lungern and at Saxlen little portraits of the deceased are framed in these scrolls of iron, generally husband and wife together. A few years suffice to destroy these frail memorials; the colours disappear, the features themselves decay, and the perishing outline which remains bears the same resemblance to the picture that a skeleton does to the living body. There is something very frightful and very affecting at the same time in seeing these things in the different stages of the death and dissolution which they also undergo.

The Duc de Levis says, that old families in England usually have their own places of burial in their park. On the contrary, it is rather remarkable that there should be so very few. Wesley notices one in an uncharitable spirit, which, with him, was not usual; but the passage is curious.—'In our way to Bury,' he says, 'we called at Felsham, near which is the seat of the late Mr. Reynolds. The house is, I think, the best contrived and the most beautiful I ever saw. It has four fronts, and five rooms on a floor, elegantly, though not sumptuously furnished. At a small distance stands a delightful grove. On every side of this, the poor rich man, who had no hope beyond the grave, placed seats to enjoy life as long as he could. But being resolved none of his family should be *put into the ground*, he built a structure in the midst of the grove, vaulted above and beneath, with niches for coffins, strong enough to last for ages. In one of these he had soon the satisfaction of laying the remains of his only child; and two years after, those of his wife. After two years more, in the year 1759, having eat and drunk, and forgotten God for eighty-four years, he went himself to give an account of his stewardship.'

On the other hand, if private cemeteries are very unfrequent in England, there is no country in the world where those half madmen, who are styled humourists, have indulged themselves so frequently in what may be called funeral freaks. An old smoker, who died in a workhouse about ten years ago, at the age of 106, desired that his pipe might be laid in his coffin. An old fox hunter would be buried with a fox-pad in each hand; and had the huntsmen and whippers-in of all the packs with which he had hunted for his mourners. A stout electioneer gave directions that his coffin should

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should be painted blue, and the bearers wear blue ribbands. A chaise-driver, who had attained to great eminence in that profession, desired that he might be interred as near the turnpike road as possible, that he might enjoy the satisfaction, he said, of hearing the carriages pass. An odd fellow, in a higher rank of life, left one penny to every child that should attend his funeral, a guinea to seven old navigators (as canal-men are called in the midland counties), for puddling him up in his grave, and half-a-guinea to the ringers, to strike off a peal of grand bobs when they were putting him in. Some daring spirits have chosen to testify their contempt for the national church by rejecting the last of its fine services, testifying also that they rejected the Mediator and Redeemer, and died without hope like the beasts that perish. For souls like these, who would be contented with utter death, (a miserable faith, which proceeds far more frequently from the corruption of the heart than the aberration of intellect) Dante has imagined a tremendous destination—sepulchres in hell, wherein they shall be enclosed alive.

'Were the happiness of the next world,' says Sir Thomas Brown, 'as closely apprehended as the felicities of this, it were a martyrdom to live; and unto such as consider none hereafter, it must be more than death to die; which makes us amazed at those audacities that durst be nothing and return into their chaos again.—It is the heaviest stone that melancholy can throw at a man to tell him he is at the end of his nature, or that there is no farther state to come, unto which this seems progressional, and otherwise made in vain.'

We cannot close this article more appropriately than by a churchyard poem, written by a youth who soon afterwards was laid in the grave himself. His life had been eventful and unfortunate, till his extraordinary merits were discovered by persons capable of appreciating, and willing and able to assist him. He was then placed under a kind and able instructor, and arrangements had been made for supporting him at the University; but he had not enjoyed that prospect many weeks before it pleased God to remove him to a better world. The reader will remember that they are the verses of a school-boy, who had not long been taken from one of the lowest stations in life, and he will then judge what might have been expected from one who was capable of writing with such strength and originality upon the tritest of all subjects.

LINES
WRITTEN IN THE CHURCHYARD
OF
RICHMOND, YORKSHIRE,
BY
HERBERT KNOWLES.

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'It is good for us to be here: if thou wilt, let us make here three Tabernacles, one for Thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias.'—Matthew, xvii. 4.

1.

Methinks it is good to be here,
If thou wilt, let us build: but for whom?
Nor Elias nor Moses appear,
But the shadows of eve that encompass the gloom,
The abode of the dead and the place of the tomb.

2.

Shall we build to Ambition? Oh, no!
Affrighted he shrinketh away:
For see, they would pin him below,
In a small narrow cave, and begirt with cold clay,
To the meanest of reptiles a peer and a prey.

3.

To Beauty? Ah, no! she forgets
The charms which she wielded before;
Nor knows the foul worm that he frets
The skin which but yesterday fools could adore
For the smoothness it held, or the tint which it wore.

4.

Shall we build to the purple of Pride,
The trappings which dizen the proud?
Alas! they are all laid aside:
And here's neither dress nor adornment allowed,
But the long winding-sheet, and the fringe of the shroud.

5.

To Riches? Alas! 'tis in vain.
Who hid, in their turns have been hid:
The treasures are squandered again.
And here in the grave are all metals forbid
But the tinsel that shone on the dark coffin-lid.

6.

To the pleasures which Mirth can afford?
The revel, the laugh, and the jeer?
Ah! here is a plentiful board,
But the guests are all mute as their pitiful cheer,
And none but the worm is a reveller here.

7.

Shall we build to Affection and Love?
Ah, no! they have withered and died,
Or fled with the spirit above.
Friends, brothers, and sisters are laid side by side,
Yet none have saluted, and none have replied.

8.

Unto sorrow? The dead cannot grieve.
Not a sob, not a sigh meets mine ear,

Which

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Which compassion itself could relieve!
Ah, sweetly they slumber, nor hope, love, nor fear,
Peace, peace is the watch-word, the only one here.

9.

Unto death, to whom monarchs must bow?
Ah, no! For his empire is known,
And here there are trophies enow.
Beneath the cold dead, and around the dark stone,
Are the signs of a sceptre that none may disown.

10.

The first tabernacle to HOPE we will build,
And look for the sleepers around us to rise!
The second to FAITH, which insures it fulfill'd;
And the third to the LAMB of the great sacrifice,
Who bequeathed us them both when he rose to the skies.

ART. V.—1. *The Statutes of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland*, 58 *Geo. III.* Vol. VII. Part. II.

2. *An Analytical Digest of the Reports of Cases decided in the Courts of Common Law and Equity, of Appeal and Nisi Prius, in the Year* 1817. To be continued Annually. By a Barrister.

THE first of these books is the latest part of the Statutes at Large which has been published; and the second is intended as an Epitome of the whole body of Cases in Law and Equity reported within the year for which it appears; and they have been selected in order to bring under review the whole class of publications to which they respectively belong. Our object is to direct the attention of such of our readers as may be disposed to follow us, to the enormous magnitude which acts of parliament and law reports have already reached, and the rapidity with which they are continually increasing; to inquire into the causes of this increase, which we cannot help considering as an alarming public evil; and then to point out some of the consequences which must inevitably follow unless its progress be speedily arrested. To those of our readers who turn over the pages of a periodical work merely in search of amusement, we are aware that no allurement we can throw around the present subject will make it attractive; and by those whose station, studies or employments have led them to attach to it that importance which it eminently deserves, no adventitious recommendation will be thought necessary. We shall therefore, without further preface, proceed to the examination of the topics we have announced.

No maxim in jurisprudence is more firmly settled, than that every state ought within the limits of its own territory to exact, and its subjects to yield, obedience to all its laws. The foundation of this

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this obligation on the part of the people is, that the legislative authority on its part is presumed to have made the laws so clear and public, that every member of the community either knows them, or must be culpably inattentive if he does not. 'Leges sacratissimæ,' says the Roman law, 'quæ constringunt hominum vitas intelligi ab omnibus debent, ut universi, præscripto earum manifestius cognito, vel inhibita declinent vel permissa sectentur.'—*Cod.* lib. i. Tit. 14. § 9. This presumption is indispensably necessary in order to preclude the plea of ignorance which would otherwise be advanced whenever a question about breach of law occurred, but never was supposed to be justified by the fact. Even in the earliest stage of regular government it never happened that all the laws were known to all who were amenable to their jurisdiction. As civilization advances, and science, trade and wealth increase, the public and private relations of the different members of society become more complicated, and laws necessarily more numerous. At last, when refinement has been carried beyond a certain point, to understand the whole or even a branch of the system of law established in any state, becomes the business of a laborious life, and no skill or industry can then mould it into such a form as to make a thorough knowledge of it attainable even by persons of liberal education and pursuits. That we cannot however do all we wish is no reason why we should not accomplish all we can; and when it is recollected that obedience to enactments which affect the person, property, and reputation of every individual, cannot be reasonably required unless such enactments have received all practicable perfection and publicity, it appears to us that to carry these improvements as far as judgment and experience will permit, is not a boon which the government of a country may confer or withhold at pleasure, but one of the most urgent and sacred duties which it is called upon to discharge.

It is to be lamented that so few attempts of this kind have hitherto been made among ourselves, and it is difficult to be accounted for otherwise than by supposing that the extreme number of technical expressions which occur in the law of England, and the artificial form into which almost every part of it has been thrown, have prevented it from becoming so general a study as in an enlightened country peculiarly jealous of its rights and privileges we should expect to find it. In saying this we are far from intimating any desire that it should become a prevailing habit to intermeddle with the practice of courts of law or innovate in legislation. We only mean to urge that if a succession of men of cultivated and comprehensive minds, not lawyers by profession, and especially those filling or likely to fill seats in either House of Parliament, had made themselves more intimately acquainted with the details as well

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well as principles of our civil and criminal code, and had subjected every part of it to frequent and dispassionate private examination, it would have been highly honourable to themselves and beneficial to the nation. As an instance of the sort of knowledge for which a desire is here expressed, and of the advantage which would have resulted from its application, we refer to Earl Grey's Speech in the House of Lords in 1817, on Lord Sidmouth's Circular Letter, which shews how successfully an acute mind, not regularly trained to the study of the law, may prosecute the investigation of some of its most abstract doctrines.

If it is imagined that without any interest in the state of the law being manifested by the nation at large, the executive government for the time being, or those who are concerned in the administration of justice, will of their own accord take care to rectify or supply whatever is erroneous or defective in our jurisprudence, we apprehend there never was a more mistaken notion. The slightest historical retrospect will shew how rarely any point of general law has been taken up within the walls of parliament, unless attention has been previously directed to it from without. The officers of the crown seldom introduce any bills except such as are called for on the spur of the moment; and instructions for these are usually sent hastily to the solicitor of that department of the executive government to which they belong, or to the person usually employed by government in preparing acts of parliament, and as hastily thrown by them or by their clerks or pupils into the required form. And as to those who are engaged in the administration of justice, however singular it may seem, they are among the last persons from whom any amelioration of the law is to be expected. The judges, from the hour of their appointment, are too much occupied with the execution of the law as it is, to be able to devote much consideration to what in their judgment it ought to be, and contract with advancing life an increasing fondness for forms and practice with which they have become familiar, and an aversion to any alteration of them. Those on the other hand who have acquired great reputation and experience at the bar, are obliged to submit to a degree of labour even more severe than that of the judges, and tending still more to disqualify them for suggesting any legislative improvement. Their whole powers are exhausted in comprehending minute facts or in exertions to secure the success of the party by whom they are employed; and to suppose that under such circumstances they can bestow much reflection on the means by which law and equity might be more expeditiously or effectually administered, is almost the same thing as to expect that the human understanding should be contracted and enlarged at the same moment. Even the kind as well as degree of labour which they undergo seems unfavourable

to

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to any proposal of amelioration, and accordingly the bulk of legal practitioners never extend their views beyond the mechanical functions they are called upon to fulfill; and remain unconscious of the inadequacy of any of our judicial establishments to answer the ends for which they were instituted, until a precipitate but irresistible desire for sweeping reform has been loudly and generally expressed, some symptoms of which have already made their appearance. It is to avert any such extremity as this, and to supersede the necessity of any great and instantaneous change in the substance or administration of our laws, that we now solicit the attention of the public to their present size and condition, being firmly convinced that some remedy must at no distant period be applied, and that the longer it is delayed it will only be the more violent and its efficacy the more doubtful.

It is only to that part of the law which is composed of Reports and Acts of Parliament that our observations, as we have already mentioned, are at present meant to extend, and on each of these subjects we shall offer in succession such remarks as the attention we have paid to them enables us to suggest, beginning with the Reports of adjudged Cases in Courts of Law and Equity.

All reflecting men naturally desire to know what those who are distinguished for wisdom and experience have said or done in cases similar or analogous to those in which they themselves may be called upon to act or deliberate. This species of authority must be of peculiar value in law, where intuitive genius or a penetrating understanding without further assistance are of less use than in most other sciences, and especially where the decisions reported have been given by judges of exalted reputation, whose minds have been accustomed to unravel the distinctions and balance the conflicting facts and doctrines, which perplex the cases which are brought before courts of justice. If due allowance had been made for the arduous duty which devolves upon the judge, we apprehend the uncertainty of the law would not so frequently have been made the subject of ridicule and reproach. It is not in points of easy solution that such uncertainty usually prevails, but in cases where it is impossible to avoid pronouncing sentence in favour of one party and against another, and yet where the circumstances of the case, and the rules of law so cross and perplex one another, that it ought not to be matter of surprise if men of the greatest natural and acquired endowments should often arrive at opposite conclusions. Yet even in such instances, a judicious selection of reports of cases in which this discrepancy occurs, is of important service in advancing justice, and promoting uniformity of decision. It is making real progress in knowledge to compare two chains of rea-

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soning together, and to discover in what way an error has arisen or undue weight come to be attributed to any particular principles in the course of an abstruse discussion; and the inconsistency in the judgments of courts of law and equity would have been much greater than it is, if the judges who have presided there had relied upon their own abilities in applying a few abstract principles to every case which came before them, ignorant or regardless of what had been done or thought by their predecessors. If ever it was fit that memorials of solemn judgments should be transmitted for the instruction and guidance of future judges and advocates, the practice ought certainly not to be discontinued in the present times. For without detracting from the capacity or credit of those who have flourished in antecedent periods, it may safely be affirmed that the judgments pronounced in the different courts of law and equity within the last sixty or seventy years have never been surpassed either in this or any other country, in the comprehensiveness of the views of policy which they disclose, the soundness of the legal principles on which they have proceeded, or the closeness of the reasoning by which the conclusion is attained.

It will not therefore be supposed that we entertain any disposition to depreciate Reports, when published under reasonable restrictions with respect to number, length, and subject. It is only when carried to excess that they become blameable, and that such excess exists at present we think there will be no dispute. The following passage occurs in Lord Coke's preface to his Fourth Reports: 'To the former reports you may add the exquisite and elaborate commentaries of Master Plowden, a grave man and singularly well learned; and the summary and fruitful observations of that famous, and most reverend judge, Sir J. Dyer, Kt. late Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and mine own simple labours: then have you fifteen books or treatises, and as many of the reports, besides the abridgements of the common laws; for I speak not of the Acts and Statutes of Parliaments of which there be divers great volumes.' So that in Lord Coke's time a sufficient library for a lawyer consisted of something more than thirty volumes, with which if he was tolerably acquainted it is to be presumed that he was prepared for practice. In the present day, Reports alone amount to upwards of 200 volumes, exclusive of those which relate to Election, Admiralty, and Ecclesiastical law, and contain a mass of precedents far beyond the power of any man engaged in business to read, without making allowance for the time which ought to be spent in digesting them. But this is not all. The progressive rapidity with which they are increasing is an evil of a more alarming nature than even the bulk to which they have already reached.

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reached.* They amount together even now to 8 volumes a year, at which rate they will have swelled to 160 more in the course of the next twenty years, and 800 within the century. That such an accumulation can go on is impossible. The evil must speedily be arrested, or long before it has attained this height, a Digest will become indispensable, and another Tribonian must be selected to superintend its execution.

To produce this multiplicity of reports various causes have contributed. Lord Coke tells us, that from the time of Edward III. to Henry VII. 'the kings of this realm did select four discreet and learned professors of the law, to report the judgments and opinions of the reverend judges, as well for resolving of such doubts and questions, wherein there was diversity of opinion, as to fix the genuine sense and construction of such statutes and acts of Parliament as were from time to time enacted.' When this selection was discontinued, Plowden, Dyer, Coke, Raymond, and Croke, who supplied their place, and published lavishly enough perhaps for their times, were men of high rank and reputation, who did not print for emolument, but from a wish to perpetuate their name, or benefit the profession which they loved. This character reporters have now lost, and the practice of reporting is resorted to for the purpose of obtaining experience, instead of communicating it, as a source of emolument, and an introduction to practice. For the attainment of these ends, it is necessary to keep themselves as much in the eyes of the world as possible, and cases at nisi prius which never ought to have been received as authority at all, unimportant matters of practice, points perfectly settled, and speeches of counsel at full length, are detailed as laboriously as the most solemn determinations of the judges on the points in question. In fact their own interest, or that of their booksellers, induces the Reporters of the present day, instead of printing as little as they can, to print as much as the public will absorb. It ought at the same time in justice to be mentioned, that Reporters cannot now exercise their own discretion respecting what they publish. Where there are two concurrent Reporters, each is anxious to publish as much as he can, as he who publishes most is sure to have the greatest sale; and where one Reporter occupies the ground, he is afraid of raising a competitor if he does not publish enough. But

* Those periodically published are Swanston's Cases in Chancery, Wilson's in Chancery, Maddock's in the Vice Chancellor's Court, Barnewall and Alderson's in King's Bench, Dow's in the House of Lords, Daniell's on the Equity side of Exchequer, Buck's in Bankruptcy, Ball and Beatty's in Chancery in Ireland, Moore's in Common Pleas, Price's in Exchequer, Taunton's in Common Pleas; Starkie's at Nisi Prius in King's Bench and Common Pleas, and to complete this muster-roll of names, Chitty's points of practice in King's Bench, besides Cabbell's Election Cases, Dodson's in the Admiralty, and Phillimore's in the Ecclesiastical Court.

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however these considerations may operate as a justification of Reporters, they in no respect alter the case with respect to reports themselves. They still remain too numerous; speeches of counsel are given too much at length; and even the judgments of the court might frequently be abridged, and would appear to greater advantage if they were. Indeed it appears worthy of consideration whether the learned persons who preside in courts of justice, might not with advantage more frequently make use of extended notes in delivering their judgments than they have ever done, or read them entirely from a written paper. The practice of making these notes, or of writing them fairly out, would no doubt occasion much trouble to judges, especially to those who had not been in the habit of committing their thoughts to paper; but the obvious and important benefit resulting from the practice would greatly overbalance all the inconveniences attending it. No one who has heard Sir William Grant read a judgment, or Sir William Scott pronounce one believed to be written, can have any doubt of the value of such a sort of preparation. In cases of nicety at common law, and in the still more complicated ones which occur in equity, it is beyond any judge's power, whatever his abilities may be, to proceed regularly through an extended series of facts and legal principles, assigning to each its due place and importance, if he trusts to scattered remarks or extemporary recollection. Much that is irrelevant will be introduced, and more or less of what is important will be omitted; the greatest presence of mind will not be a sufficient security against wandering and repetition; the most logical reasoner will occasionally yield to thoughts which suggest themselves at the moment, and insensibly lead to positions palpably unsound; and the most correct speaker will not at all times use appropriate language, and that in matters where the exact terms and turn of expression employed are of material consequence. We are persuaded that to these sources of error, we owe many of the *dicta* and illustrations of judges, which they themselves never intended to have introduced, which perplex the argument in which they occur, and threaten to puzzle the bar and the bench in all time to come.

Having mentioned the vast increase of reports and the causes which produce them, we may now turn to the consequences to which it leads. The money which they cost, and the space which they fill, are themselves evils of no small magnitude: but a much more serious one is, that every volume of them which sees the light, immediately becomes authority, and must occasionally be consulted. In this respect they differ from every other species of publication. If a treatise on any branch of political economy, or polite literature makes its appearance, unless possessed of intrinsic merit, it will probably pass unnoticed, and never afterwards be disturbed by

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by reference or quotation. But reports however unworthy of encouragement from the selection of cases or manner in which they are detailed, if they contain an opinion on a single point on which none has till then been extant, cannot with safety be neglected. The latest and best will naturally be consulted most, but not one in the whole catalogue can be disregarded; and every addition that has been made to it from the year books down to the last blue covered number which has been carried round by the law-bookseller's boy, draws an unaffected sigh from the lawyer, because it extends the line of front along which he is obliged to fight. As the most persevering industry, with every help he can borrow from Digests and Indexes, will not enable him to become acquainted with all, to which is he to give the preference? Is he to betake himself to the earliest, the latest, or those generally esteemed the best, which very possibly may be neither the one nor the other? In the mean while every augmentation of the number more bewilders him, and feeling that they already exceeded what the mind could grasp, he gives up in despair all idea of searching for general principles to connect or controul them. Had this opinion been merely our own we should have hesitated in expressing it so decidedly, but we believe it to be very generally entertained, and have reason to know that several persons of high eminence in the law, and among others the late Justice Dampier and Sir S. Romilly concurred in it, and that Sir V. Gibbs, when Chief Justice of Common Pleas, repeatedly and strongly expressed himself to the same effect, both in words and writing. If the excessive accumulation of reports has so unfavourable an influence upon the bar, it is not less pernicious upon the bench, as it enables those who are placed there to give much greater latitude to their natural disposition or acquired habits of thinking and acting than they could have done before. The judge who is of a timid or contracted mind will do nothing, however consonant to reason and principle, if a case can be quoted to him in which it ever was decided otherwise; while another, who undervalues precedent, and wishes to make every thing bend to his own peculiar views, is supplied by the present inundations of reports with precedents whether right or wrong to support any change or strained interpretation of principle or practice.

We proceed now to Acts of Parliament, the number of which is swelling with as much rapidity as reports in courts of law.

In the edition of the Statutes at Large by Tomlins and Raithby, which is the most condensed of any hitherto given to the public, they form 16 volumes in quarto and two parts, from Magna Charta to the end of 1818, 5 volumes and a half of which comprise the acts from King John to the end of the reign of George

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II., the remaining 10 and a half being filled with those of the present reign. Since the Union with Ireland a huge closely printed volume has been published every two or three years, and the average number of public acts passed in each of the last 18 years amounts to 140. At this rate of accumulation, their size at the end of the present century will have swelled to 50 of such ponderous quartos, and the number of public acts to 14,000.—a suitable companion to the 800 or 1000 volumes of Reports which at that epoch are likely to grace a lawyer's library. If any person should take the trouble to verify this statement it will be found rather to fall below than to exceed the truth, and when the surprize which it is calculated to create has subsided, the first question we are irresistibly impelled to ask, is, Is all this mass of legislation necessary? If it is, it becomes our duty to submit to it with the silent resignation with which the inhabitants of the Alps survey a superincumbent glacier, which they perceive year after year increasing and descending, and which they are conscious must at last overwhelm them. For that this must be the inevitable effect of the present multiplication of laws if suffered to continue is incontrovertible. 'We,' says Lord Stair in the dedication to his Institutions of the Law of Scotland, as it stood in his time, 'are not involved in the labyrinth of many and large statutes whereof the posterior do ordinarily abrogate or derogate from the prior, that it requires a great part of a life to be prompt in all those windings without which no man can with sincerity and confidence consult or plead, much less can the subjects, by their own industry know where to rest, but must give more implicit faith to their judges and lawyers, than they need or ought to do to their divines.' But the necessity of so many enactments ought not to be hastily conceded. If there is any one subject on which experience, and the concurring streams of knowledge of every kind have given us an incontrovertible superiority over our ancestors, it is in that of legislation, and by the use of proper means, there can be no doubt that the evil complained of, if not entirely removed, might at least be greatly alleviated. Among the chief causes of the present size of the Statute law are the number of Revenue laws, the number of laws prohibiting or encouraging importation and exportation, the number of local and temporary laws, a love of legislation, and the inaccurate and slovenly manner in which the whole body of Acts of Parliament are drawn up. We shall make a few observations on each of these heads separately.

1. The number of Revenue Laws.—During each of the last eighteen years, the number of acts passed, which relate strictly to the revenue, has amounted to 40, and those which are connected with them indirectly, and but for them would never have existed,

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existed, to nearly 20 more. This comprises almost one-half of the whole laws annually enacted, and considering how many are now passed each session, it is surely a very large proportion. When we reflect too on the extraordinary rapidity with which fiscal law has sprung up in this country, it adds much to the regret and apprehension with which every one who values an intelligible system of law cannot fail to regard it. The great æra of taxation only began towards the conclusion of the American war, and when it is considered how many articles of trade and manufacture, and how many descriptions of private property are now subject to its regulations which were formerly exempt from them, no one can doubt the obnoxiousness of the present multiplied revenue acts, merely as a body of complicated law to which obedience must be paid. The revenue laws too, are, from their very nature, the most involved and incumbered with provisions of any in the Statute Book. When we take into account the difficulty of effectually securing to government a duty imposed for the first time; that fraud, ingenuity, and the gradual advancement of science open one loop-hole after another for the evasion of duties, which it requires a fresh act of Parliament to close; that new duties and penalties are added to old ones, and old ones totally or partially repealed; that it may become necessary to levy a tax formerly imposed by new officers, at a different place, or in a different manner; and that through the whole series of enactments introducing these alterations there is invariably inserted a clause of reference to all former acts on the same subject, it may easily be conceived what a chaos the Revenue law has now become. Of this clause of reference, which is the main cause of the confusion existing, take the following instance, out of thousands that might be offered: it is in the 46th section of the 43 Geo. III. c. 68. 'And be it further enacted, that every act of Parliament in force on and immediately before the 5th day of July, 1803, by which any rules, regulations, conditions, restrictions, were made, established or directed for the ascertaining the value of any goods, wares or merchandise, or for the remitting or allowing of any deduction of any duties on account of damage, or for the better securing the revenue of customs, or for the regular importation into, or exportation from Great Britain, or the bringing or carrying coastwise, or from port to port within Great Britain, or the entering, landing, or shipping of any goods, wares or merchandise whatever, except where any alteration is expressly made by this act, and all provisions, clauses, matters, and things relating thereto, shall and are hereby declared to be, and remain in full force and effect.' The clause of reference contained in every act by which Excise duties are imposed

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posed is of still more complicated nature. And when it is considered, that the acts now in force with regard to spirits alone amount to more than 140, and that others on the same subject, though either expressly or impliedly repealed, still stand on the Statute Book, and must be occasionally consulted in order to explain those which are in existence, it would be marvellous if the trader should not be foiled in his attempt to understand what it requires all the ingenuity of an exciseman, and the utmost skill of the barons of the Exchequer to unravel. The whole succession of Stamp Acts are connected in the same manner. Such indefinite references are no doubt convenient to those by whom Acts of Parliament are drawn up, and may be esteemed safe by the Exchequer; but must, of necessity, be harassing in the extreme to all who have to consult or act upon them. Indeed the exclusive attention of a professional life is scarcely sufficient for the attainment of a competent knowledge of any one branch of them.

Besides being objectionable on account of their intricacy and number, which are the only points of view in which they properly come under consideration here, it ought not to be overlooked that they materially abridge the subject in the controul and management of his own property. Soap, candles, and the distillery are under the Excise lock and key; and in almost every other exciseable manufacture, it is indispensably requisite for the manufacturer to give previous notice to the Excise officer of the different operations before they are begun. It is not only disagreeable and injurious to submit to this, because a man is not permitted to carry on the difficult steps of the process at the time and in the way that would be most advantageous to him, but sometimes spoils the perfection of the manufactured article, of which conclusive evidence as to glove leather was produced before the Committee of the House of Commons on the leather trade, which sat during the year 1814. The immoral tendency of the present system of Revenue Law presents objections of a still more weighty nature. The variety and high rate of duties at present imposed, offer such irresistible temptation to illicit trade, and every species of contrivance by which the King can be defrauded; penalties so exorbitant are incurred, that the offender calculates on their not being enforced; the sanctity of an oath is so grossly abused; and so much encouragement is given to that worst of all necessary evils—informers, that the depravation of character, and irregular habits occasioned by the extension of the Revenue laws to so many articles of trade and manufacture cannot be contemplated without feelings of the deepest sorrow. One always suspects the possibility of that being good as a measure of finance, which is so obviously hostile to good order and morality.

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The encouragement offered by the Revenue law to informers is one of its most objectionable parts. By 22 Geo. II. c. 36. not only the importer, but all subsequent sellers, and also the makers up of foreign embroidery, and gold and silver lace, are subjected to have the goods burnt, and pay a fine of 100*l.* for each piece discovered, the half of which is given to the informer. By 18 Geo. II. c. 26. and 7 Geo. III. c. 43. any person importing or selling, except for exportation, or wearing French lawn or cambric, is made subject to a penalty of 5*l.* for each offence: but if the wearer is prosecuted, and discovers upon oath the person from whom the same was purchased, he is relieved from the penalty. The 19 Geo. III. c. 19. which imposes penalties on persons who sell tea without having the words 'Dealers in Tea' painted over their doors, *and on those who buy tea of such persons*, indemnifies the seller, *if he informs against the buyer*. The 11 Geo. I. c. 30. imposing penalties on the seller of prohibited or run goods, and also on the buyers of such goods, or goods which the seller pretends to have been smuggled, exonerates the party *who shall first prosecute the other with effect*, from the penalties incurred by himself. By 4 and 5 William and Mary, c. 15. every person who insures prohibited or smuggled goods, and every person who agrees to pay any sum of money for such insurance, incurs the penalty of 500*l.*; but if the insurer discovers the fraud, he may keep the insurance money, is discharged from his own penalties, and is entitled to half the sum forfeited by the party making the insurance: or if the insured turns informer he is to receive back his insurance money, is discharged from his own penalties, and entitled to half the sum forfeited by the insurer. The most direful necessity can scarcely reconcile one to so revolting a method of effecting the intentions of the legislature, as thus to convert master and servant, buyer and seller into spies and informers against one another, in direct violation of some of the most sacred obligations by which society is held together.

We are aware it is too high a question for us to pronounce upon, but we cannot help thinking that although the indirect taxes imposed by the revenue laws accord with the most approved principles of political economy, yet when they embrace so many objects as they at present do in this country, and the duties enforced by them are so high, it becomes a matter of grave consideration, whether it would not be prudent to retrace our steps, and instead of continuing or extending those existing, whether it would not be better and cheaper for the government and easier and less corrupting to the people, to have the same sum raised by a few heavy taxes instead of many small ones. Should such a plan be ever deemed advisable in practice, it will at least have this recommendation, that

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that it will contribute more to restore the vigour and simplicity of the law than any other single measure which parliament has ever sanctioned.

2. Another set of laws which have greatly helped to swell the Statute book are those which grant bounties on exportation or importation, and those which prohibit exportation or importation for a limited or unlimited time.

It is foreign to our purpose to say any thing respecting the wisdom of the policy by which these enactments have successively been dictated. We only allege that their number has exceedingly incumbered the law, and that so many of them have been suspended, repealed, and re-enacted either in part or altogether, that those persons whose private interests lead them to consult them, cannot discover with reasonable certainty what the law was or is, with regard to almost any one commodity. The great law against importation is 3 Edward IV. c. 4. and is so excellent a specimen of the language used on subsequent similar occasions that we shall here insert it. 'Whereas in the said Parliament, by the artificers, men, and women, inhabiting and resident in the city of London, and other cities, towns, boroughs, and villages, within this realm and Wales, it hath been piteously shewed and complained, how that all they in general, and every of them be greatly impoverished, and much injured and prejudiced of their worldly increase, and daily living by the great multitude of divers chaffres and wares pertaining to their mysteries and occupations, being fully wrought and ready made to sale, as well by the hands of strangers being the King's enemies as other, brought into this realm and Wales from beyond the sea, as well by merchants, strangers, as denizens, and other persons, whereof the greatest part in substance is deceitful, and nothing worth in regard of any man's occupation or profit; by occasion whereof the said artificers cannot live by their mysteries and occupations, as they used to do in times past, but divers of them, as well householders as hirelings, and other servants and apprentices in great number be at this day unoccupied, and do hardly live in great idleness, poverty, and ruin, whereby many inconveniences have grown before this time, and hereafter more be like to come (which God defend,) if due remedy be not in their behalf provided,' &c. And then the remedy provided is the complete prohibition of the importation of almost every wrought article of use or ornament at that time known. In furtherance of the principle which introduced this law, we have since advanced step by step, until there is hardly one considerable branch of trade or manufacture that is not depressed or elevated by a prohibition or a bounty. The woollen manufacture, linen, cotton, beef, verdegrease, gunpowder, leather, silk, sail-cloth and cordage, chip and straw manu-

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manufactures, whale, cod, herring and pilchard fisheries, butter, cheese, lace, glass, sugar, and corn, have all with more or less constancy become the objects of parliamentary indulgence. There have been 194 acts passed, prohibiting importation and granting drawbacks and bounties on exportation; 54 respecting the cotton and linen manufactures: 113 relating to the fisheries; 23 relating to sail-cloth and cordage; 29 relating to the corn-trade, and so on with respect to other objects in proportion to their real or conceived importance.

It would be useless to enter into any general or particular examination of these statutes, but a few of them may be a little more narrowly examined to shew how little knowledge, foresight, and consistency Parliament has evinced in the enactment of them. The preposterous encouragement given to the woollen manufacture by the act of Charles II., which obliged all persons whether they could afford it or not to bury in woollen, is an instance of this, which would have remained forgotten, had it not been for the conviction, which unexpectedly took place a few years ago and caused its repeal by 54 Geo. III. c. 108. The linen trade was assisted in every way during almost the whole of the last century; it then got out of favour, and the bounties on English linen were repealed by 52 Geo. III. c. 96. Those on Irish linen had the good fortune to be continued by c. 69. of the same year. A bounty on Irish cotton was granted by 45 Geo. III. c. 18. and taken away by 55 Geo. III. c. 181. By 24 Geo. III. Sess. 2. c. 21. the exportation of British skins of certain sorts is prohibited for the purpose of encouraging the hat manufactory. One does not at first sight see what possible reason could have been alleged for this act, as it is not probable such skins would have found a better market abroad than at home. The 28 Geo. III. c. 38. for consolidating the acts prohibiting the exportation of live sheep, wool, and manufactures of wool slightly made up, appears to be equally unnecessary. Each of the articles prohibited would sell as well at home as abroad, and we are not aware such restriction should be laid on sheep and wool, either on account of their breed or quality. By 41 Geo. III. c. 99. there is a bounty given for bringing fish for sale to London, Westminster, and other places; and by 45 Geo. III. c. 64. it is enacted, that 'whereas 6000*l.* had been paid in respect of the first mentioned act into the Treasury of Ireland, and the whole of it had not been expended, the Lord Lieutenant is permitted to expend it on the improvement of harbours on the coast of that country'—a much wiser application of the money certainly, but it shews what absurd laws a rage for bounties may occasion. Several other instances of the same sort might here be enumerated, but they will find a more appropriate place under the head immediately following. It

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is unnecessary to say any thing of drawbacks, as they stand precisely in the same situation with bounties, and both of them afford opportunities for fraud in obtaining undue allowances, of the extent of which, and of the number, wealth, and general good repute of those who take advantage of them, we believe none but the officers of the Customs and Excise have any adequate conception.

The leading principle of these various enactments is, to prohibit the introduction of all foreign commodities if we can supply ourselves at home: if that is not practicable, then to limit the introduction to such articles as are unwrought, and impose a heavy duty on them on their entry, and as this unavoidably tends to make them dearer when manufactured, they have no chance of being sent abroad in that state, unless part of the price is paid to the manufacturer in the shape of a drawback or a bounty. Whether such a system is wise in the abstract, how far it may become necessary in one state in consequence of its adoption in contiguous ones, and to what extent it is possible to change it when once established, even though its injudiciousness is admitted, we believe to be some of the most difficult problems which occur in practical policy. The cursory examination of the Statute Book, which we have now been induced to make, has strengthened our suspicion, that such forcible means never answered their purpose, and that when the crafts and employments who have craved assistance from the legislature have received it, it has, like parish relief, proved baneful to themselves, and injurious to their less clamorous neighbours. Such acts may prolong the languishing existence of some manufactures; but they check the growth of others, and prevent capital and industry from running into those channels which time, accident, and fashion make it most profitable for them to take. Of the mischievous effect of such a system of legislation upon our law there can be no question. Whatever doubts there may be about its effects in other points of view, they are here sure and steady, and like the Revenue acts, of which they may justly be considered as a branch, one after another increases the perplexity of Statute Law, not in arithmetical but geometrical progression.

3. A third cause of the size of acts of parliament is the enactment of local, particular, or temporary laws, instead of general and permanent ones.

We are aware that there are a few acts, such as those for continuing certain duties, for punishing mutiny and desertion, for the payment of the army, and their quarters, and for the regulation of his Majesty's marine forces, while on shore, which continue, out of constitutional jealousy, to be passed from year to year. But even then it is not in itself an advantage to have these fundamental laws printed annually; and the circumstance affords no justification

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tion for the repetition of other classes of acts, which has lately taken place without any such necessity.

With respect to local acts—there have altogether been 50 passed for the recovery of small debts in different parts of the country, and 43 of them within the present reign. One does not perceive why a general one might not be framed to adapt itself to all parts of the kingdom. The local acts for the management of the poor are still more numerous; and though many of them are perhaps unavoidable, it shews the danger of suffering one questionable law to pass, as it may eventually bring a hundred others in its train. The 17 Geo. III. c. 11. is for the prevention of abuses in worsted manufactures in the counties of York, Lancaster, and Chester. The 24 Geo. III. Sess. 2. c. 3. extends the act to Suffolk, and the 31 Geo. III. c. 56. to Norfolk. According to this plan of legislation, if the worsted manufacture should hereafter prove prosperous, we may have this long and intricate act ten or twenty times repeated, which a little foresight would have saved. The 17 Geo. II. c. 8. relates to the packing of butter in New Malton, Yorkshire, a subsequent act to the packing of butter in the city of York, and we believe there is another, relating to the same matter for Ireland. It is not easy to discover reason for legislating on the packing of butter at all; but it is still more difficult to perceive why there should be two special acts on that subject for the city of York and town of New Malton. By the 9 Anne, c. 18. and five or six other acts, provisions were made of a local and partial nature to prevent injury to certain roads from excessive loads on waggons, which have at last met with the fate that ought always to attend so narrow a sort of legislation. After the usual process of *explaining, amending,* and *making more effectual* had been sufficiently repeated, these and a number of others relative to the highways of the kingdom were repealed, and a general act passed 37 Geo. III. c. 39 and 42. with which it would have been more creditable for Parliament to have begun than ended. In the same way almost every great river in the kingdom has a law of its own for the protection of salmon, with peculiar provisions for carrying it into execution, though there seems no insuperable obstacle to a general act, which should give to persons interested one effectual remedy instead of several ineffectual ones, and extend to all parts of the empire.

Other enactments, instead of being general, are particular. The 31 Geo. II. c. 40. prohibits brokers in hay and live cattle from buying and selling on their own account, which the 33 Geo. II. c. 27. extends to dealers in fish. Could any thing but transient clamour have subjected such brokers to greater restrictions than brokers in horses, corn, or any other commodity? The 9 Anne, c. 28.,

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c. 28., 12 Geo. I. c. 34. and 35., 22 Geo. II. c. 27., 6 Geo. III c. 28., 14 Geo. III. c. 44., and 36 Geo. III. c. 11., have been enacted in succession to prevent combinations among coal owners, woollen manufacturers, brickmakers, journeymen dyers, silk manufacturers, certain specified class of workmen, and manufacturers of paper. Surely it would not have been too provident to suppose, that combination existing among one set of men and in a manufacturing country might afterwards extend to others, and therefore that a general law should have been prepared applicable to all cases. The expediency of this was at last perceived, when much labour had been thrown away, and the 39 Geo. III. c. 81. was passed, and again amended by 39 and 40 Geo. III. c. 106. the provisions of which last act by 43 Geo. III. c. 86. communicate the same law to Ireland. But in the improved state in which we now find it, why is the prohibition against combination confined to workmen? Laws should be equal as well as wise, and a combination among masters to keep down wages is an offence just as criminal as a combination among workmen to raise them. That such combinations are not likely to happen is perfectly true, but no justification of the omission, because an act is now obviously imperfect, which may require hereafter to be amended by another, which the addition of a dozen words would have made perfect in the first instance. To the same class may be added 82 acts relating to insolvent debtors, 106 general acts relative to the poor, 35 in the latter part of the reign of George II. and beginning of that of George III. respecting the distemper of so much historical notoriety, which raged among the horned cattle; 50 relating to game, 17 to quarantine, 54 to linen and cotton manufactures, 113 to the fisheries, 46 during the present reign to the election of members of Parliament, 23 for enlarging the time for enrolling the wills of Roman Catholics, and the security of Protestant purchasers, and 66 for indemnifying persons for not qualifying themselves for offices and employments. If the subjects to which these classes of acts refer had been considered at the outset by the two Houses of Parliament in that enlightened and comprehensive manner, which a suitable regard to their own duty and dignity demanded, it could not have been requisite to amend, repeal, and re-enact them so frequently. The two heads last mentioned especially deserve attention. When any act is regularly renewed, it generally proves one of two things, either that the act itself is unwise, or that those ought to be punished to whom the execution of it is committed and by whom it has been neglected. The enrolment of the wills of Roman Catholics is now entirely superseded, after having needlessly incumbered the Statute book for half a century. The acts for indemnifying persons for not qualifying themselves for offices

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offices and employments, yet maintains its place in the annual list, though it stands in a still more unfavourable light. It is no doubt intended as a check upon individuals of suspected principles, should any such insinuate themselves into stations where the oaths may be exacted, without the least intention being entertained of generally enforcing them. Nothing can be more dangerous than such a course of proceeding. It is bad in itself and worse as a precedent. The law ought to exact no securities from public officers but those which are as far as possible really made available, otherwise the contempt which is felt for those which are trifled with, will soon extend itself to those on which reliance is substantially placed. Least of all ought the obligation of an oath to be so profaned; for whenever it is either taken or omitted as a matter of course, both good sense and decency require it to be discontinued.

A third sort of acts are temporary instead of being permanent. If crops fail, bad seasons occur, calamities happen to the mercantile world, or sudden changes take place in our external relations, it has been the practice in this country to endeavour to rectify the evil by means of acts of Parliament to continue for a limited time. Of this we shall adduce a few instances merely to make our meaning distinctly understood. The distemper among horned cattle has been already mentioned, and during its prevalence, the 23 Geo. II. c. 23. was made on a very curious subject, viz. against the killing of cow calves. Their high price at that time one should have thought would have been a sufficient cause of their preservation, and the few people that were foolish or obstinate enough to kill them, neither could nor ought to have been prevented. The same views seem to have dictated the 16 Geo. III. c. 41. giving a bounty on the importation of flax seed to Ireland, and 26 Geo. III. c. 2. and 28 Geo. III. c. 45. prohibiting the exportation of hay. Most probably neither of these enactments was required. The price of flax seed would naturally direct it to Ireland, and when there was a deficiency of hay in this country, where every article is so dear, no merchant of sane mind would ever have thought of exporting it. A still greater number of acts were passed to alleviate the scarcity in 1799, 1800, and 1801. The 39 and 40 Geo. III. c. 35. and 41 Geo. III. U. K. c. 13. gave bounties on the importation of oats and flour from America within specified periods. The 41 Geo. III. c. 17. prohibited the selling of bread, unless after being baked twenty-four hours: the same act c. 20. gave to the majority of the proprietors of common fields, greater powers than they possessed at common law, to enable them for a certain time to cultivate potatoes, and the making of starch from potatoes was prohibited by 42 Geo. III. c. 14. The benevolent intention of all these acts is unquestionable,

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ble, and yet it would probably have been wise for the legislature to have stood quietly by, and suffered time and private charity to effect the remedy. Bounties on importation are invariably superfluous, for commercial speculation will bring grain, or any other commodities with the utmost celerity to that market where there is a brisk demand for them. The selling of bread unless twenty-four hours baked, could scarcely be prevented from the difficulty of proving the facts, and the breach of the law must often have been more humane than its observance. The prohibition of the making of starch from potatoes, and cultivation of potatoes in common fields, were objects too trifling to require acts at all, and the last of them was also a suspension of the Common law, of the laws and of the rights of private property, which the occasion by no means justified. To the same class of laws may be referred the 33 Geo. III. c. 3. prohibiting the exportation of grain to France, during the severe dearth which prevailed there at the commencement of the Revolutionary war, and the 48 Geo. III. c. 33. to prevent the exportation of Jesuits bark, of which the French then stood in urgent need to stop the progress of a disease which prevailed in their army. That Great Britain had a right to make such enactments there can be no question; but looking at the exercise of it now when the hour of hostility and irritation is past, we hope that, as a great and magnanimous country, no other of a similar nature will hereafter appear upon its legislative records.

We have but one further remark to make, and it applies to the whole of the local, particular, and temporary enactments which we have been discussing, and it is this, that as they are supposed to affect only one part of the country, one description of persons, or to last for an inconsiderable period, they are not watched with that jealousy by members of parliament, with which they ought to be, but are suffered to receive the sanction of the legislature with dangerous facility, and frequently contain clauses in direct contradiction to the most important principles of common law and the general interests of the country.

4. A fourth cause of the increased size, if not of the number of acts of Parliament, is the want of care and accuracy with which they are drawn up.

On coming to this part of the subject, it at first occurred to us that it would be proper to select a few instances of the most frequent and glaring faults which occur in the language of acts of Parliament; but after considerable examination of the Statute book, it appears superfluous to attempt it. Take up whichever volume of it one will, at whatever page it opens, and however plain the subject may be to which the enactment relates, one is overwhelmed with a quantity of verbosity and tautology, of which it

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it is not easy to speak in terms of becoming moderation, and which, with all deference to the authority for such 'damnable iteration,' we believe to be quite unparalleled in any other book. If it were not impossible to entertain the suspicion, one would be tempted to think that instead of expressing its meaning with the utmost clearness, the legislature had some end to serve by involving it in the greatest possible obscurity. Indeed it would be unaccountable how men of such rank and education, as those of which the two Houses of Parliament are composed, should have so patiently suffered such undigested compositions to be so long ushered into the world under the sanction of their names, unless experience proved, that the most enlightened bodies frequently do that in their collective capacity without the least compunction, for which there is not a single individual among them that would be responsible in his private character.

These remarks on the language and arrangement of the clauses of acts of Parliament proceed from no love of grammatical criticism or fastidiousness of taste, but from a firm conviction that the unnecessary multiplication of words on the occasion, is a serious public mischief. If there is any one species of composition in which it is peculiarly desirable to expunge every word not indispensibly requisite to complete the meaning, and where propriety of expression is reasonably expected, we apprehend it to be in acts of Parliament. If due attention were paid to this, the different sections would be read and understood with infinitely greater ease and certainty than at present, and among other improvements we should be relieved from the endless repetition of 'he, she, and they,' 'him, her, and them,' 'person and persons,' 'all, and every body and bodies,' &c. and many other pleonasms, for which the words 'he,' 'him,' and 'them,' without any addition ought to be declared sufficient substitutes. As an example of prolix phraseology carried to the utmost possible extent, the 54 Geo. III. c. 56. for the encouragement of Statuaries and Bust-makers, may be referred to, which is the more liable to censure, as, both on account of the persons for whose benefit it was made, and because it is an amendment of a former act which it declares to have been insufficient, it ought to have been unusually perspicuous. It runs in the following terms: 'Be it enacted, &c. that from and after the passing of this act, every person or persons who shall make or cause to be made any new and original sculpture, or model, or copy, or cast of the human figure or human figures, or of any bust or busts, or of any part or parts of the human figure clothed in drapery or otherwise, or of any animal or animals, or of any part or parts of any animal combined with the human figure or otherwise, or of any subject being matter of invention in sculpture, as of any alto or basso relievo,

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representing any of the matters or things hereinbefore mentioned, or any cast from nature of the human figure, or of any part or parts of the human figure, or of any cast from nature of any animal, or of any part or parts of any animal, or of any such subject containing or representing any of the matters and things hereinbefore mentioned, whether separate or combined, shall have the sole, right, and property of all and in every such new original sculpture, model, copy, and cast of the human figure or human figures, and of all and in every such bust or busts, and of all in every such part or parts of the human figure, clothed in drapery or otherwise, and of all and in every such new and original sculpture, model, copy, and cast representing any animal or animals, and of all and in every such work representing any part or parts of any animal combined with the human figure or otherwise, and of all, and in every such new and original sculpture, model, copy, and cast of any subject being matter of invention in sculpture, and of all and in every such new and original sculpture, model, copy, and cast in alto or basso relievo representing any of the matters or things hereinbefore mentioned, and of every such cast from nature, for the term of fourteen years, from first putting forth or publishing the same,' &c. Now supposing this act had simply declared, 'That after the passing of this act, every person who shall make or cause to be made any piece of sculpture or model being matter of invention, or any original mould or cast of any objects animate or inanimate, or of any part or combination thereof, or who shall make any original copy of any such sculpture, model, mould, or cast, shall have the sole right and property to, and in the same for the term of fourteen years from first putting forth or publishing the same,' &c. it would have been much shorter, and perhaps have expressed the same meaning more distinctly. At least what appears to us to be the meaning of the act; for in spite of the profusion of words, we are not sure, after having read it twenty times over, that we fully comprehend it. There are no fewer than three questions which it leaves undetermined: whether if a sculptor invents a statue, and afterwards makes casts from it of the same size, such casts are protected for fourteen years against imitation, though it is probable that they are. 2dly, whether if a sculptor or moulder makes an exact resemblance of an ancient theatre or temple, which has never been copied before, reduced to a tenth of the real size, such copy or work of invention, is covered by the statute? And 3dly, whether it is unlawful again to reduce the copy, or only to make and vend a fraudulent fac-simile of it?

We have perhaps said more on this act than the subject required, but we thought it right to shew by an examination of the first example that presented itself, how unavoidably prolixity of language impairs

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impairs instead of promoting legal precision, while on the other hand we are anxious to guard ourselves against the supposition of recommending perspicuity or neatness at the expense of security. Another strong instance of the carelessness with which acts of Parliament are drawn, occurs in 56 Geo. III. c. 86. respecting aliens. By the 1st. 2d. and 3d. sections, aliens neglecting or refusing to obey proclamations for departing the realm, may, by warrant of the Secretary of State, be committed to a messenger, in order to their being conveyed out of the realm; but if such secretary has been informed that an excuse or reason for such neglect or refusal is alleged by the alien, he shall suspend the order till the same has been heard before the Privy Council. But by sect. 10. certain magistrates and officers of state, merely on suspicion that an alien is a dangerous person, may commit the alien; and one of the principal Secretaries of State, by warrant under his hand and seal, may direct such alien to be ordered out of the kingdom, without being heard by the Privy Council or any other person. We are far from supposing that any unnecessary severity was intended, but foreigners may perhaps think the laws of the country strange, if an alien merely suspected should be more harshly treated than one who has actually neglected or refused to obey a proclamation. The whole act bears marks of haste and unskilfulness.

If it is allowed, that acts of Parliament are framed in the faulty manner now described, it signifies little how the evil arises; whether they are prepared by the solicitors to the different public boards, by equity draftsmen or special pleaders, and whether it happens that want of time, skill, or adequate remuneration is the cause of their mal-formation. It is no consolation to the community suffering under any particular grievance, to be informed of the manner in which that grievance has arisen. Such explanation never can excuse its existence, much less its continuance, provided it is practicable to remove it.

5. The last and most powerful cause of the increase and imperfection of acts of Parliament arises from an excessive love of legislation. Weak men who have seats in either House are so apt to be pleased with their own noise and bustle; there are so many applications either to introduce or support bills for the benefit of districts or bodies of men, with whom members of Parliament are connected; and there is something so apparently meritorious in the attempt, however unavailing it may prove, to relieve the distress or difficulties under which our fellow-subjects suffer, that to abstain from introducing injudicious Bills, or Bills to promote private interest, requires no ordinary exertion of understanding and firmness. It is not therefore surprising, though not the less lamentable, that unceasing attempts should thus be made to alter and extend the re-

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straints of law by those very persons who would be the first to admit it to be generally true, that of all the excesses which a free government can commit, an excess of legislation is the most mischievous. Indisputable and supremely important as this principle is, a reference to the Statute book will shew, that it has never been more frequently or palpably disregarded than in recent times. It would be both tedious and unprofitable to wade through all the acts where this violation is perceptible. We shall content ourselves with the following specimen of regulating statutes, the whole of which have been passed in the present reign: 8 Geo. III. c. 17. for regulating the wages of taylors; 13 Geo. III. c. 68. empowering magistrates to regulate silk manufacturers; 28 Geo. III. c. 7. to improve gold and silver lace making; 28 Geo. III. c. 17. for the better regulation of making ounce thread; 32 Geo. III. c. 44. for regulating the wages of silk weavers; 36 Geo. III. c. 60. for regulating the making of buttons; 36 Geo. III. c. 85. for regulating corn mills; 44 Geo. III. c. 69. for regulating the linen manufacture of Ireland, and c. 87. of the same act for regulating the cotton manufacture of England; 46 Geo. III. c. 59. regulating the packing of butter in Ireland; 49 Geo. III. c. 109. regulating the woollen manufacture; and 53 Geo. III. c. 46. regulating the butter trade of Ireland. To the same class may be referred 28 Geo. III. c. 57. followed by several others, limiting the number of persons carried on the outside of stage-coaches; and an act in the beginning of the present reign, the exact date of which we cannot recollect, to prevent the depasturing of forests, commons, and open fields with sheep and lambs infected with the scab or mange; and 43 Geo. III. c. 56., 56 Geo. III. c. 114. and 57 Geo. III. c. 10. regulating the number of persons to be taken on board any vessel from this country to America according to its tonnage. If we remember right a bill for rendering steam-boats more safe for passengers was thrown out in the House of Lords two years ago. The Climbing Boys bill was thrown out in the same House during the present session; and Mr. Bennett immediately announced in the House of Commons his intention to introduce a bill for regulating climbing, as he could not abolish it altogether. Another has since been introduced for the regulation of country bakers; and a third has been printed, the object of which is to enable the grand juries in Ireland to present a sum sufficient to purchase a sword and dress to secure proper respect for the person of the coroners of baronies in that country. Two others, one for providing board and lodging for certain sorts of apprentices, and another for regulating the numbers on clocks and watches, have actually passed the Commons and been sent up to the Lords.

We do not think it would be altogether respectful to enter more minutely

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minutely into an examination of the recent proceedings of the legislature, although we may be permitted to remark, that it would be difficult to select a session in the whole course of our parliamentary history in which so great a number of public bills have made their appearance in the two Houses, and more especially in the House of Commons, where individual members appear in this respect to be too much relieved from that restraint which ought to be imposed upon them by the judgment and gravity of the assembled body. Many bills introduced bear unequivocal marks of never having been maturely considered either in their immediate or remote effects. They make their appearance in the House nobody knows how, and it seems a good deal to depend upon the accident of their attracting or escaping observation whether they are lost or carried. But it does not now seem to enter into the contemplation of any one, that the reputation of a member of parliament is intimately coupled with the character of the bills he proposes. Before this course of legislation proceeds farther, we beg leave respectfully but decidedly to protest against it. The shape in which it usually displays itself is that of *regulating acts*, and they involve almost every objectionable quality which public laws can possess. They begin by trenching more or less on the liberty of the subject, which nothing but great and unquestionable general good can justify, and in the end do nothing but produce some unmeaning forms, while their substantial enactments remain perfectly nugatory. They endeavour to insure that fair dealing between buyer and seller, master and servant, which they neither can nor ought to accomplish, because they would destroy that circumspection which every person should be obliged to exercise in the management of his own affairs: and they make the law of the land intricate and unequal, by subjecting one trade or occupation to restraint, while another, where there is the same reason for interference, remains unfettered.

Were Parliament in its paternal kindness to frame a separate set of rules for the regulation of every craft or employment, exercised in this rich and trading country, it would make our municipal institutions irksome beyond endurance, and produce infinitely more inconvenience, fraud, and oppression than they were intended to remove. On the ground therefore of acts of regulation being mischievous in themselves, and affording encouragement to others of the same sort, we feel an insurmountable objection to the whole order, without excepting even that which was introduced last year by Sir Robert Peel in favour of children employed in cotton manufactures, though it is by far the strongest case for interference which has yet occurred. The laws respecting passengers by coaches and ships are liable to the same observation. If the Common law was insufficient to insure the safety of the subject, why should not a

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general enactment have been made, declaring that the owners of coaches and vessels should be bound under certain pains and penalties to carry passengers in safety to their destination, according to the express or implied conditions entered into between the contracting parties, without prescribing the manner in which it is done, to which constant experience shews that little or no attention is paid? The laws respecting passengers to America are particularly worthy of attention, as illustrating what will always happen when Parliament exceeds its proper province. It is well known that these acts were occasioned by the insufficient accommodation of passengers, which, wherever emigration prevails, will now and then inevitably happen. By the first act on the subject, the captain was only allowed to take one passenger on board for every 2½ tons of the ship's burden. These 2½ were by the second act increased to 5, and by the third were reduced to 1½ for every adult, or 3 children under 14. So that in 1817, a ship-master was permitted to take on board 10 children under 14, where the year before he was permitted to take only 1. Which of these regulations is the best? Some of them must of necessity have been bad, and all of them together have probably aggravated the very distress they were meant to alleviate. The same remark applies to the acts in favour of Saving Banks. When these institutions first came into notice, greater expectations were raised, than, excellent as they are, they will probably be found, in every instance, to justify. Among their other patrons was the late Mr. George Rose, who mainly contributed to the passing of the 57 Geo. III. c. 130. which contains a complete plan for their management, to which they are all obliged to conform. Greater disservice it is feared could not have been done to them. The utmost that was required was, to put them on the same footing on which benefit societies were placed by 33 Geo. III. c. 54. sect. 10. giving them a preferable claim on the effects of any officer of the society, who died or became insolvent with any of the society's money in his hands. To do more for them was worse than letting them alone altogether. Nothing deadens interest so much as to take the management out of the hands of those to whom it naturally belongs, and the discussions which naturally take place among the members of such a society, respecting the management and disposal of its funds, are among the chief springs of that industry and economy by which the savings were originally effected. Indeed it may be remarked generally, that no greater mistake in legislation can be committed, than to treat the labouring or any other classes of society, as incapable of the superintendence of their own concerns: for they as well as their superiors, when guilty of thoughtlessness or vice, ought to be left to feel the consequences of their own misconduct.

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We are aware that this opinion will not meet with the approbation of many whose private character we respect, and the motives of whose public conduct we admire; but we cannot, upon any sound principle we have yet discovered, approve of the spirit of those laws, some of which have passed and others are in contemplation, by which the comforts of bankrupts, felons, and disorderly persons are to be increased and their punishment mitigated, and certain employments deemed noisome or unhealthy to be forcibly abolished by legislative interference. If these attempts to reform by kind treatment and the bestowment of additional comfort should ultimately succeed, we shall be among the number of those who will most unfeignedly rejoice at it; but the amendment of society, by relaxing the vigour of the law exactly in proportion as those who are amenable to it become degraded, is an expectation which neither experience nor reflection will suffer us to entertain. But as we do not approve of a rapid departure from the wholesome austerity of our ancient laws on the one hand, we beg it to be understood that we are not the advocates of indiscriminate and extreme rigour on the other. Experience and the change of times may shew considerable alterations of them to be necessary, but we cannot help entertaining alarm, when we observe that those by whom such alterations are most zealously promoted are persons more remarkable for excellence of intention than of understanding, and who instead of confining themselves to private acts of charity where kind affections cannot be too much indulged, step into the place of statesmen and legislators where such feelings are peculiarly apt to mislead them. Of all innovators in law, those who by way of distinction are denominated benevolent men, are the most dangerous because the most popular, while he who justly aspires to the character of a great legislator, must be content to be one of the most ill-requited of all the benefactors of his country. Like the influence of winter on the vegetable world, the salutary and fructifying nature of his measures will be abundantly disclosed in their ultimate effects, but the appearance they present at the moment of their adoption is almost invariably severe and uninviting; and those who delight in the sudden and transient changes produced by a more artificial and imposing system, reluctantly acknowledge their beneficence. His acts are all of a simple and unassuming kind, and he displays no quality calculated either to engage the admiration of the high, or the affections of the vulgar. He forces no new branch of trade, nor supports any declining manufacture, and however acutely on many occasions he may feel as a man for the partial or general distress of the country, his duty as a statesman may oblige him to withhold any legislative assistance. He is obliged to maintain the rights of the absent and unpretending, in opposition

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opposition to the present and importunate; to incur the hatred of powerful individuals and corporations, for resisting claims contrary to the good of the community at large; and will always prefer sure, steady, and progressive improvement to splendid but transient prosperity.

Even in seasons of scarcity, accidental or local calamity, or commercial difficulty, the pressure can scarcely ever be so great as to justify legislative interposition. If such cases exist, it is only when the safety of the whole political fabric is endangered, and even then consequences generally result from it, which the most penetrating mind could not have anticipated. More striking instances of this cannot be given than the 43d of Elizabeth for the relief of the poor, and the Bank Restriction act in 1797. It is possible that these laws, at the time they were passed, may have been absolutely necessary. On that point no opinion is here expressed, and they are only quoted to shew, that unless forced upon us by lawful necessity, there is hardly any temporary exertion or suffering which it would not have been wiser to undergo, than to pass laws which counteract the main springs which govern human conduct. The first of these laws, which is suggested, by the able author of the Letter to Mr. Peel, to have arisen from extreme distress, occasioned by the temporary inadequacy of the price of labour, has in the issue caused more legislation, litigation, national impoverishment, and individual misery, than perhaps any single law which ever was promulgated. The effects of the second, have in some respects, followed still more rapidly. During the 21 years the last has existed, including the acts for restricting cash payments by the Banks of England and Ireland, the suspension of the prohibition of the negociation of promissory notes under a limited sum, the permission to bankers in Scotland to issue notes under a certain amount, those respecting Bank tokens, and the selling of the gold coin of the realm for more than its nominal amount in Bank notes, all of which owe their origin to it, the Bank Restriction act has already been followed by 46 others. The full development of these two enactments has probably not yet taken place, but the effect they have already had on the affairs of the country, and laborious investigations they have occasioned both in Parliament and in print, forcibly recals Livy's observation of the Roman people, 'deinde ut magis magisque lapsi sint, tum ire cœperint præcipites, donec ad hæc tempora, quibus nec vitia nostra nec remedia pati possumus, perventum est.'

Having said so much of the love of legislation, and the alarming pitch to which it is now carried, we cannot quit the subject without observing that the evil could not have proceeded so far as it has if the two houses of parliament had faithfully discharged their duty.

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We are far from undervaluing the extraordinary talents and industry displayed by many of their individual members, but we cannot help thinking that the business of legislation is usually conducted with a degree of carelessness extremely criminal. Many bills of great general or local importance never receive any attention at all; and when they do, what is called *the principle* of the bill is commonly the only part of it which members deign to discuss, leaving any blunder in the detail or unconstitutional clause which it contains to be discovered out of doors, or afterwards detected when produced in courts of law. The fact mentioned by Lord Stanhope, in the House of Lords, on the 6th of April, 1814, that by a particular statute the punishment of fourteen years transportation was to be inflicted for a particular offence, 'and that upon conviction one half thereof should go to the informer and the other to the king,' is a strong illustration of it. The act has not come within our own observation; but if true, every one is aware how the circumstance must have happened. The original punishment was probably a fine, for which, in the last stage of the bill, some member suddenly substituted transportation, without he or any one else examining the bill to discover what subsequent alterations the previous one had rendered necessary. In the same way, the bill for facilitating dispatch of business on the Equity side of the Court of Exchequer passed in silence through both houses as a mere regulating act, though, considering what it was, and the precedent it may afford for future alterations in the courts of King's Bench and Common Pleas, it certainly deserved as much consideration as the bill for appointing a Vice Chancellor, which created so much discussion.* The 53 Geo. III. c. 160. respecting Unitarians, crept through in the same manner. We by no means wish to bring the principle of the bill into question, but may without giving offence be permitted to observe, that it is extremely singular and inconsistent, that the Test Act should remain unrepealed, and the claims of the Roman Catholics produce almost every year so keen debates in parliament without being granted, and yet that this act, which is perhaps more dangerous to various institutions in Church and State than both of them put together, should have passed through the two Houses of Parliament apparently unnoticed or disregarded, the Archbishop of Canterbury and Bishop of Chester

* Since writing the above this has actually taken place, and a bill has been introduced into the House of Commons to regulate the courts of King's Bench and Common Pleas, which, if we understand one of its provisions as it affects motions for new trials, would produce one of the most important changes in these courts which they have undergone since their institution. We are glad to find that it will not be pressed till next session, and by that means receive a degree of consideration which every important proposed change in the law ought to meet with.

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only declaring, when it was read the third time in the House of Lords at so late a period of the session as the 20th of July, 'that it was not called for by any pains or penalties sought to be inflicted by the Church of England.'—*Hansard's Debates*, vol. xxvi. p. 1222.

One cannot help perceiving that much of the precipitation and want of discussion here complained of, is caused or countenanced by the practice of the ministers of the crown. No reflection is here intended to be conveyed against any individual or particular administration. The mischief is of too great magnitude to be produced by any set of men, and nothing but a considerable alteration in the management of public business can remove it. Those who fill posts of high trust and confidence in this country have so many arduous duties to perform, especially during the sitting of parliament, that many of them are performed ill, and that of legislation infinitely the worst. A bill is scarcely ever brought in by government until it can be no longer postponed or avoided, and then it is passed so hastily that sufficient time for the examination of it is not afforded to the legislature. If it is asked why any particular enactment has not already been proposed, the reply usually is, that it will be time enough to legislate when the occasion calls for it, and when at last the occasion does call for it, the excuse for precipitation is that unless immediately passed, the public service will suffer. If there is no particular fault to be found with it all is well, if not, another act is passed the same or following year, to repeal, suspend, or amend it. In this way those who are in offices of responsibility shew an example of hurry and negligence, which those who have less excuse are not slow to follow, and if those who prepare bills are in haste to introduce them, the House often shews as great anxiety to get rid of them. The correction, amendment or rejection of legislative measures is often thought too unostentatious or tedious a task to be undertaken by those very persons who prodigally exhaust every faculty of mind and body in the examination and prosecution of the most trifling party question. In the House of Commons in particular, it has often been alleged that towards the conclusion of the session, it is possible for a member acquainted with parliamentary practice to carry a bill through the House almost before any notice can be taken of it, and that the Upper House is the only place, especially if it is a local or private one, where it has the least chance of undergoing candid examination. In this point of view it has always appeared to us that this latter branch of the legislature is of incalculable value. Bad as the state of our laws is, if it had not been for the interference of the House of Peers in checking the

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the hasty and capricious spirit of legislation occasionally shewn by the Commons, it would have been a great deal worse. In watching the bills that are in progress, the Lord Chancellor is supposed, from his office, to be particularly vigilant, which duty the extraordinary talents, industry and experience of the present possessor of that exalted office have enabled him to perform in a very admirable manner; and in so doing, he along with the late Duke of Norfolk, Lord Lauderdale, Lord Grenville, the late Lord Stanhope, with all his peculiarities, and some others, have done distinguished though unpretending service to their country, and well discharged the trust which as hereditary counsellors of the crown their sovereign had confided to them. We have said thus much for the purpose of paying our tribute of gratitude to a species of merit neither known nor appreciated as it ought to be, and which, as peculiarly becoming the dignity of the House of Peers, we should wish to see more generally displayed by that distinguished body. To the class of noble persons just mentioned, no adequate successors have hitherto appeared; and if when they are gone none should arise to supply their place, then one of those unperceived changes will have taken place which are gradually passing on all human institutions, by which its substance is materially altered while its appearance remains the same.

We have now concluded what has occurred to us on the present size of the statutes and reports in courts of law, and on the rate at which they are increasing. We trust we have done so without offence, without exaggeration, and without using any expression tending to bring into disrepute either the law or the legislature. Nothing at least could have been more foreign to the wishes and sentiments we entertain. A regular series of our acts of parliament and the reports of the most important judgments which have been given in our courts of law, we believe to be the most splendid and complete records of their respective kinds which any country, either in ancient or modern times, has ever yet possessed. It is our sincere and ardent admiration of them which has alone induced us to make these observations, with a view to remove ancient imperfections or at least to prevent the spread of modern abuses. We have anxiously abstained, especially with regard to reports, from proposing any plan by which in our opinion the evil may be rectified. Undigested proposals of this sort are more frequently detrimental than beneficial, and the first sure step to practicable reform is to draw the attention of the public to the alleged grievance, and to promote candid inquiry into its nature and amount. Of one thing, however, we are certain, that any alteration that might be adopted, would be preferable to the

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journals of the daily proceedings in all the courts of law and equity, which, in the shape of reports, are constantly issuing from the press, and if no better plan could be devised, it would be a great relief even to take back Lord Coke's 'four discreet and learned professors of the law,' to report, rather than keep 14, who are not likely to be all learned professors, and who would ruin their own trade if they exercised discretion. There is one class of persons peculiarly qualified in this respect to render service to the state, from whom we should have expected more than they have ever yet performed;—we mean ex-chancellors and judges, many of whom retain the most complete possession of their powers, and whose knowledge of business and experience of the world would enable them during a few years of retirement to confer more permanent benefit on the law than all their preceding course of active service. But from whatever cause it arises, whether from that necessity for repose which generally succeeds constant and severe exertion, whether habit disinclines them to an alteration of rules and practice with which they have become familiar, or whether it is that age freezes that activity and energy which are requisite to project and forward any amendment however cautious, the fact itself is indisputable. 'Young men,' says Lord Bacon, 'care not to innovate, which draws unknown inconveniencies, use extreme remedies at first, and that which doubleth all errors, will not acknowledge or retract them. Men of age object too much, consult too long, adventure too little, and repent too soon.'

Neither have we, in the course of the observations we have made on the size and intricacy of the Statute book, made any specific proposal by which in our opinion these objections to it might be removed. It is possible that some such general revision or arrangement of it as that which was contemplated by Lord Stanhope may hereafter be proposed, which it would be expedient to adopt, but we have no sanguine expectation of any such appearing. We rather think that a less adventurous course would lead more safely and expeditiously to the desired object, and that instead of throwing the Statute law all at once into a new form, it would be better to recast it gradually, by taking care that all the enactments which hereafter receive the sanction of the Legislature, should be as *permanent*, *general* and *intelligible as possible*. If this rule in drawing up acts of parliament were rigidly observed, and none but such as possessed this character were suffered to pass, all well grounded complaints against them would speedily disappear. The perpetual enactment, suspension, repeal, and re-enactment of laws is equally discreditable to the legislature

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and inconvenient to the subject. A stronger instance of this cannot be given than the Irish Grand Jury Presentment Bill, which is evidently one of the most important measures ever tried affecting that country, and about which no vacillation after it was once determined on ought to have been evinced. That bill, however, was passed in 1817, suspended last session of parliament till the end of that session, and notice of a further suspension again given in the beginning of this, thus leaving it doubtful how many more suspensions may yet take place, or whether the bill may not eventually be abandoned altogether. On *particular* enactments instead of *general* ones we have already delivered an opinion, and cannot help repeating our unqualified disapprobation of the prevailing practice of legislating in detail instead of in the gross. A statute can scarcely be too general in its application to the subjects to which it relates, or too complete in itself, so as to supersede all necessity of recourse to antecedent ones. By this means whenever the subject of Insolvent Debtors, Fisheries, Election of Members of Parliament, Quarantine, or any such general head of law, came under consideration, the various provisions which lie scattered in the Statute book would be repealed, and one systematic enactment substituted in their stead. This has to a certain extent been done in the Revenue Consolidation Act, 27 Geo. III. c. —, 28 Geo. III. c. 38, for consolidating the acts respecting the exportation of live sheep and unwrought wool, and 52 Geo. III. c. 143, for reducing into one act the offences against the revenue punishable with death. The game laws again brought before parliament this session afford one of the best possible opportunities of exemplifying such a plan of legislation. The subject of game is one where the various subsisting enactments are exceedingly numerous and intricate, where no precipitation is required, and where a country-gentleman of liberal mind and industry would do great credit to himself and benefit to the country by incorporating them into one act, the whole provisions of which should at once be deliberately settled by the legislature. We regret that Mr. Brand's bill should have disappointed the expectation which the occasion naturally excited, and that if it had passed it would have left all the complicated regulations on poaching, and other branches of the subject, in the same unsatisfactory state in which they now are.

It is unquestionably true that it would require much time and caution to frame such general acts so as neither to fall short of their intention nor exceed it; but that is precisely one of the chief benefits we should expect to result from the enactment of laws of this description. More time and talents would be required to draw them; attention to the subject in all its bearings would be enforced, and an

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an end put to the passing of acts as temporary expedients, which is the chief cause of all the mischief. If only one of these passed every single or alternate session it would be a great step towards the object in view, and the Statute book would thus, like a troubled fountain, gradually work itself clear. With whatever is done we shall rest satisfied, provided it really tends to simplify and methodize the laws under which we live, and to continue the practice of them in the rank of a liberal profession, which if things go on as they now do it cannot long remain. The task is so difficult and important that we should be sorry to see it fall into the hands of inadequate and bold projectors, who quote from every code ancient and modern, whatever suits their own views, without reference to the existing institutions or circumstances of the country, and whose views are materially influenced by the clamour created by newspaper speculations, the chief writers in which frequently express themselves with a degree of dogmatism and arrogance unequalled in any other publications. That public feeling, when unequivocally conveyed through such a channel, deeply deserves attention, there can be no dispute; but it did not require the confirmation which the recent history of the Insolvent Act affords to convince us, that those changes of feeling are so rapid as to deserve far less weight in questions of legislation than in any other instance. Those upon whom so difficult and important a duty naturally devolves are men of acknowledged rank and established reputation, whose minds have been enlarged by study and corrected by experience; and it is to be hoped that if upon a full and fair inquiry into the subject which we have now brought under review, such persons should be satisfied that the country demands their assistance, the claim will not be made upon them in vain.

ART. VI.—1. *Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de la Révolution de Saint Domingue.* Par le Lieutenant Général Baron Pamphilé de Lacroix, &c. Tom. II. Paris. 1819.

2. *History of the Island of St. Domingo, from its First Discovery by Columbus to the present period.* London. 1818.

3. *Réflexions sur les Noirs et les Blancs, la Civilization de l'Afrique, le Royaume d'Hayti, &c. Relation de la Fête de S. M. la Reine d'Hayti, &c.* Par le Baron de Vastey, Secrétaire du Roi au Cap Henry.

4. *Almanach Royal d'Hayti.* 1818.

THE abolition of negro slavery, and the civilization of this long oppressed race of human beings, will probably, in after-ages, be

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be considered to date from the era of the French Revolution. In the midst of all the mischief and misery occasioned by the eruption of that volcano of the moral world, the first germ of negro emancipation was unintentionally planted in the island of St. Domingo, where it originated, and from whence it can hardly fail to spread its roots, in the course of no very distant period, through the whole of the archipelago of the Antilles: nor is it likely to confine its growth to the islands of the western hemisphere, when the commerce of Hayti shall cross the Atlantic in Haytian ships, and open a communication with the native soil of the negro race.

Without meaning to undervalue the exertions that have been made for abolishing the odious traffic in human beings, we may yet be permitted to doubt whether much real benefit has been experienced in Africa, from any of the measures adopted in Europe. The abolition of the slave-trade by us, while other countries were permitted to carry it on, was, in every respect, a positive aggravation of negro suffering. The wise and humane regulations of the English trade had softened the evils of the middle passage; but the total abolition, without materially diminishing the numerical amount of slavery, added immeasurably to its misery. Under the regulated trade, one in ten perhaps died on the middle passage; in that which has succeeded to our abolition of it, scarcely one in ten survives it. The instances of atrocity in the avaricious and merciless traffickers, engaged at present in this abominable trade, are shocking to humanity: in one of them now before us, it is stated that Sir George Collier, the commander of a squadron now on the coast of Africa, boarded a Spanish schooner bound for the Havannah, five days from the river Nazareth, situated a *few minutes* to the southward of the line, just enough to legalize the traffic. Her burden was only ninety tons, and she had on board *two hundred and fifty slaves!* These miserable beings were wedged together between the decks, in a space barely *thirty-two inches high*, the males ironed; and such was the heat and horrible stench, that the English officer, who attempted to examine into their state, could not remain there one minute, from the apprehension of being suffocated. This was not all. There was no rice on board, nor any means of subsisting them beyond forty-eight hours; and they were then on an allowance of water of one pint a day, served out half in the morning and half in the evening. What would become of the poor creatures it was impossible to conjecture; the vessel was not far, it is true, from Annabon, but this miserable island affords nothing for subsistence.

Neither has humanity gained any thing by the transfer of the slave-trade from the prohibited northern latitudes, to the *legalized* southern latitudes:—In fact, however, the transfer itself is merely *nominal;* for it is notorious that it continues to be vigorously car-

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ried on, under the very muzzles of the guns of our forts, by French, Spanish, Portugueze, and above all, by Americans; and were it not so, the difference in the march of a coffila from the interior to any part of the western coast, whether north or south of the line, will throw but little impediment in the way of the native slave-dealers. The loss of a few days or weeks in point of time, or of a few lives from fatigue or sickness, is not of much consequence to these dealers, who will soon accommodate themselves to the new channels into which the trade is turned; and it is well known that every negro chief is perfectly ready to second their efforts, in smoothing the difficulties which the interference of this country may have occasioned.

It is in vain therefore to hope for any progress in the civilization of Africa, so long as the slave-trade shall be permitted to any nation, either to the north or the south of the line. It may even admit of a doubt whether the complete abolition of that trade would produce the happy effect of bettering the condition of the negro population. It is much to be feared that, as soon as the slave shall cease to be an object of traffic, he will again become the object of superstition; and that the brutal and inhuman rites of the country will require as great a number of victims for the sacrifice of life, as the trade has demanded for that of liberty. To civilize the Africans, therefore, it will be necessary to redeem them from their superstitions as well as from slavery; and this, we conceive, can only be effectually done by means of their emancipated brethren of St. Domingo, and by the introduction of the Christian religion (without which there can be no hope) through missionaries of their own caste sent, as they unquestionably will be sent, from that island. Though not yet ripe for this purpose, the present condition of the negro and mulatto population of this beautiful spot, compared with what it recently was, affords one of the most interesting and instructive lessons ever offered to the contemplation of mankind.

By a fortuitous concurrence of circumstances, a negro population of half a million of souls has received the blessings of liberty and independence; and their conduct in this new condition has, after a fair experiment, completely set at rest that long disputed problem of negro inferiority, by evincing the fallacy of those theories, which would place him in the lowest link of the chain of human being, or in the highest of the family of monkeys. Such idle dreams ought long since to have vanished. It is now indeed well known to comparative anatomists that there is nothing in the structure of the negro to constitute a specific difference, and that all mankind exhibit but one primitive type; that the colouring matter of the epidermis, which is but skin-deep, is owing chiefly to climate and habits of life; and that a change of that climate and those habits, with

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with three or four crossings, will, in the course of a century, untwist the negro's hair, and lengthen his nose, and pare down his lips, and blanch his skin; just as the Portugueze of Congo and Loango, in about the same lapse of time, is converted into a negro. The ex-bishop Gregoire in his treatise 'De la Littérature des Nègres,' has brought forward a multitude of examples to shew that the intellectual faculties of the negro race are by no means inferior to those of the whites; but these being individual cases will perhaps be considered as exceptions only. We have now, however, incontrovertible proof, that the negro is not, in general, wanting in the higher qualifications of the mind; and that, with the same advantages of liberty, independence and education as their white brethren of Europe or America, the race 'would not be found deficient in hearts pregnant with heroic energies, and hands capable of wielding the sword of war, or swaying the rod of empire.' These are truths which the history of the last thirty years of St. Domingo has fully established; and blind indeed must those be who foresee not the important consequences that must result from them to the West India islands, in the first instance, and, in due succession of time, to the world at large.

It would seem, however, that we are exceedingly disposed to shut our eyes to what is passing on that island, which has resumed its original name of *Hayti*. We hear of a negro king, who calls himself Henry I.; of a negro nobility, with titles (not, perhaps, in the very best taste, though taken from the names of districts) such as Limonade, Marmalade, and Terrierrouge, at which we are apt to smile; of negro generals and a negro clergy, appearing to our distant view like the dramatis personæ of a mock tragedy. A closer inspection, however, will convince us that in all these things they are but imitating us; and a dispassionate survey of what has passed, and is now actually passing in St. Domingo, will probably change our feelings of contempt into those of respect. The works, whose titles are placed at the head of this article, will enable us to take such a survey. We have no intention, however, to enter into a detail of the murderous transactions which, in the struggle for liberty on the one hand, and the efforts for rivetting the chains of slavery on the other, were too frequently indulged in, to the disgrace of both parties, but merely to offer such a concise narrative of events, as may serve to elucidate the characters of those negroes who have acted the most distinguished parts on the great theatre of this extraordinary revolution; to bring down, to the present time, the history of their progress in literature, and the arts, and to exhibit the state of society as it exists at this moment in St. Domingo.

When the French revolution broke out, the colony of St. Domingo had attained the summit of prosperity: all ranks and condi-

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tions and colours were living in luxury, except the labouring negroes, whose state underwent no change; but from the moment that the madness of the National Assembly of Paris reached the city of the Cape, a correspondent frenzy seized on the minds of the more wealthy part of the colonists. In the midst of a population of slaves, which outnumbered the rest of the inhabitants in the proportion of seven to one, they planted the Tree of Liberty, pulled down the legitimate authorities, and set up the pernicious doctrines of equality and the Rights of Man. They mounted the national cockade, and constituted themselves into a sort of military government in imitation of the national guard of France: 'it was no longer enough,' says the Baron de Lacroix, 'to be simply an officer, a colonel, a general; every commandant of the national guard in the towns expected to have, and actually took, the title of *captain-general*.' In the midst of this military mania, a ridiculous report of three thousand blacks being assembled on the hills which command the city, with a view to pillage it, called forth a detachment of the national guard, which, after a fatiguing march, returned with a volunteer mortally wounded,—not indeed by the revolted negroes (whom they never saw, because they did not exist) but by his own comrades. The extreme folly of this expedition was fully experienced when, at the moment of the actual insurrection of these people, it was discovered that those who had served as guides on the occasion, were the chief instigators and leaders of the revolt.

The madness of the white colonists, however, seemed to create but little or no sensation among the negroes; but the people of colour, who were already free, and at least equal in numbers to the white population, soon set up their claim to an equality of rights for their whole class. A mulatto of the name of Lacombe presented a petition to the proper authorities, 'in which he demanded, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost,' all the rights and privileges of man. The patriots of the colony, composed chiefly of what were called *petits-blancs*, or the overseers of estates, shopkeepers, and tradesmen, who hated the people of colour, voted the petition to be the act of an incendiary, and the mulatto was condemned to the gallows. At Petit-Goave, a respectable planter was torn in pieces, without trial, for having presented a petition in favour of the persons of colour; and all who had signed it were banished from the colony.

These violent measures against a wealthy, and in general a respectable, body of men, were followed by a declaration on the part of the self-constituted general assembly of whites, 'that they would rather die than participate their political rights with a bastard and degenerate race.' This race, however, had powerful advocates of their own cast in France, who through the means of Brissot, Fayette,

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Fayette, and Robespierre, the leading members of the society called L'Amie des Noirs, ultimately procured the decree of the 15th of May, 1791, by which 'all people of colour resident in the French colonies, born of free parents, were entitled to, as of right, and should be allowed the enjoyment of, all the privileges of French citizens.' It was on this occasion, that Robespierre uttered that memorable exclamation, which at once seemed to put an end to all the hopes and the intrigues of the colonial planters resident in Paris —'Perish the colonies rather than sacrifice one iota of our principles!' There had been in Paris the preceding year a young man of colour, of the name of Vincent Ogé, whose widowed mother held a coffee-plantation in St. Domingo. This youth determined, by force of arms, to cause the rights of citizenship for his class to be respected. He landed secretly at the Cape, reached his mother's dwelling, and was joined by about 300 of his own colour. They were, however, soon dispersed or made prisoners by a superior force; Ogé, together with his second in command, a mulatto of the name of Chavanne, and a few others, escaped with difficulty into the Spanish part of the island, but were basely given up to their enemies, by whom they were secretly tried for creating an insurrection, and condemned to suffer death. The sentence was as follows:

'The court condemns the said Vincent Ogé, a free *quarteron*,* of Dandon, and Jean Baptiste Chavanne, a free quarteron, of La Grande Rivière, to be brought by the public executioner before the great door of the parish church of that city (the Cape), and there uncovered, and in their shirts, with ropes about their necks, on their bare knees, and bearing each in his hand a burning torch of wax of the weight of two pounds, to confess their crime, and declare in a loud and distinct voice, that wickedly, rashly, and ill-advisedly they have been guilty of the crimes of which they are convicted, that they repented of them, and asked pardon of God, of the King and of justice. This being done, they are then to be taken to the *Place d'Armes*, and to the opposite side of that appropriated for the execution of white people, and have their arms, legs, thighs, and ribs broken, alive, upon a scaffold erected for that purpose, and placed by the executioner on wheels, with their faces turned towards heaven, there to remain as long as it shall please God to preserve life; after this, their heads to be severed from their bodies and exposed on stakes, and their goods confiscated, &c.'

Two days after this, Jacques, the brother of Ogé, with one of his companions, shared the same fate; twenty-one were hanged, and thirteen condemned to the galleys for life. These judicial massacres created the utmost horror among the people of

* A quarteron, according to the system of Franklin, is a mulatto who may have from ninety-six parts of white and thirty-two of black blood, to seventy-one parts white and fifty-seven black.

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colour, and, by changing the guilty into martyrs of liberty, separated for ever the class of mulattoes from that of the creoles; their common interests as proprietors gave way to fixed hatred and vows of vengeance, and even the ties of family connections were from that moment totally dissolved. The news of this event in Paris contributed mainly to the decree above mentioned, and the complete overthrow of the colonial committee of planters.

If, however, the legitimate authorities on the island and the creole population had not followed the example of the mother-country, in promoting civil discord among themselves, engaging in ferocious and sanguinary contests, seducing the king's troops from their allegiance, and indulging in all manner of licentiousness, the people of colour might still have remained tranquil; for when they perceived the popular fury acting against the constituted authorities, to whom alone they looked for protection; when they beheld the soldiers murdering their officers, and the reinforcements sent from France join the popular party, while the government wanted the power to enforce the decrees in their favour, they gave themselves up to despair. Thus depressed, the creoles conceived that all danger had ceased with the dispersion and submission of those who had taken up arms in consequence of the barbarous punishment of Ogé—but, to use the expression of Mirabeau, 'they were sleeping on the margin of Vesuvius, and the first jets of the volcano were not sufficient to awaken them.' From long habit they considered the negroes as unworthy of notice. The negroes, however, had not been unmindful of the late transactions in the colony, nor did they fail to inquire with anxiety into the cause of the strange commotions that were passing around them.

The first transaction in which they were concerned was about the middle of August 1791, when a fire broke out at a plantation in the north, and at the same time one of the slaves on a neighbouring plantation made an attempt on the life of his bailiff. Without further inquiry, every negro that could be laid hold of, belonging to these plantations, was deemed a criminal, and made the victim of creole justice. Many days, however, did not elapse before it was discovered that they were acting in concert; that the whole of the northern part of the island was in flames; and that all the whites who fell into their hands had been put to death, without distinction of sex or age. Those who escaped fled into the town, where a general consternation prevailed. The domestic blacks were locked up, and a general cry of indignation was raised against the mulattoes, as the supposed instigators of the insurrection; and numbers of innocent men of this class were put to death. The population flew to arms, and all hands were employed in fortifying the town, which the negroes approached in detached parties, carrying

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carrying fire, and pillage and massacre over all the surrounding country, which, in the course of four days, exhibited only heaps of ashes. 'The fire,' says Lacroix, 'which they set to the plantations of canes, and all the buildings, the dwelling-houses and stores, covered the face of the heavens during the day with volumes of smoke, and in the night the horizon blazed with the appearance of the aurora borealis, which, to a great distance, threw a reflection as of so many volcanoes, and communicated to every object the livid tint of blood.'

The white population deemed it expedient to imitate the conduct of the blacks, by torturing and massacring every negro, whether innocent or culpable, that fell into their hands. 'Frequently,' says Lacroix, 'did the faithful slave, who presented himself with confidence, perish by the hands of an irritated master, whose protection he had sought.' It is indeed gratifying to find, that amidst the horrid atrocities committed by this enslaved and uneducated race, on the first bursting of their chains, they soon began to distinguish their enemies, and to shew compassion on the helpless women and children of the planters who fell into their power. Neither were instances wanting of self-devotion and gratitude to their former masters. When Colonel de Mauduit had been basely murdered by his own troops, a black servant, of the name of Pierre, collected his scattered limbs, gave them that burial which had been refused to them by the soldiers, and, having watered them with his tears, made, says Lacroix, that tomb his own funeral pile, which had been raised by his piety. Bryan Edwards relates a story of the extraordinary fidelity and attachment of a negro slave, who, although he had joined the insurgents, was determined to save the lives of his master and his family. He conducted them by night to a place of safety, and in the day returned to the revolters; and thus continued for nineteen nights, during which they were entirely fed by the exertions of this faithful negro.

The colonists were at length induced to try the effect of conciliatory measures. The governor, M. de Blanchlande, issued a proclamation most earnestly entreating them to lay down their arms and return to their duty; but it was too late: they were already well organized under two principal leaders, named Jean-François, who had taken the title of grand-admiral of France, and his second, named Béassou, generalissimo (as he styled himself) of the conquered districts. To this proclamation they replied in a letter to the governor, signed 'All the general and chief officers who compose our army.' It stated that they entertained all possible respect for the representative of the person of the king; but that those who should have been to them as fathers, after God, were tyrants, monsters who had rendered themselves unworthy of the fruits of their

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labours; 'and will you,' they add, 'brave general, that we should be like sheep, and throw ourselves into the jaws of the wolf? No, it is too late. God, who fights for the innocent, is our guide; he will never abandon us; thus then behold our motto,—"To conquer or die."'

The fortifications being now completed, a feeble attack was made on the main body of negroes, who soon drove the detachment back into the town. When the whites were able to oppose them with increased numbers, the practice of the blacks was to stand their ground no longer than to receive and return a single volley; and as soon as one party was dispersed or cut off, another appeared, and thus, by their superior numbers, they succeeded in harassing the whites, and spreading desolation in every quarter.

'In this terrible war, human blood was poured forth in torrents. It was computed that, within two months after the revolt first began, upwards of two thousand white persons, of all conditions and ages, had been massacred; that one hundred and eighty sugar-plantations, and about nine hundred coffee, cotton and indigo settlements had been destroyed (the buildings thereon being consumed by fire); and one thousand two hundred Christian families reduced from opulence to such a state of misery, as to depend altogether for their clothing and sustenance on public and private charity. Of the insurgents it was reckoned that upwards of two thousand had perished by the sword or by famine, and some hundreds by the hands of the executioner.'—*History*, p. 148.

The time seemed now to be arrived for the men of colour to avenge the martyrdom of Vincent Ogé. A general rising took place in the west; joined by the negro slaves, they set fire to the coffee plantations, and continued to burn and lay waste the country to an extent of thirty miles round Port-au-Prince. The chiefs, however, of this caste intimated that they had no objection to treat with the white inhabitants of Port-au-Prince, and accordingly a treaty was signed called the *concordat*, the conditions of which were, an amnesty for the past, and an engagement on the part of the whites to admit in full force the national decree of the 15th May.* They further permitted the formation of certain free com-

* On concluding this concordat, a transaction occurred of a most disgraceful nature. About two hundred negro slaves had been embodied and trained with the mulatto troops. To return these to the plantations was considered as a step pregnant with mischief. Their masters were therefore indemnified out of the public treasury, and a ship hired to transport the men, as a recompense for their services, to the Mosquito shore, there to be landed on some desert spot, with three months provisions, their arms, and a few husbandry utensils. The captain, however, landed them clandestinely in Jamaica. Commodore Affleck caused them to be carried back to St. Domingo. The Colonial Assembly sent them in irons on board a hulk in the roadsted of the Môle St. Nicolas. In this situation, about sixty of these poor creatures were in one night butchered, and their bodies thrown into the sea; the rest were left to perish in extreme misery.

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panies of mulattoes, to be commanded by their own officers; but these concessions came too late, and the flame, which had only been smothered, soon burst out again with redoubled fury. It happened, that almost at the same moment in which the decree of the 15th May was acknowledged by the colonists, its repeal was actually voted in the National Assembly in Paris. On the news of this reaching St. Domingo, the mulattoes, believing themselves betrayed by the whites, flew instantly to arms, and the most sanguinary conflicts ensued.

Three commissioners had been sent from France with an armed force to regulate the affairs of the colony, and to see the decrees of the National Assembly carried into effect. Their arrival caused the utmost terror, suspicions having arisen of a design to declare a general emancipation of the negro slaves. They acted in the most arbitrary manner, cashiered no less than three governors, and finally quarrelled among themselves. All was confusion and uproar. Galbaud, the last governor, had been seized and sent on board a ship; but his brother, a man of spirit and enterprize, gained over the militia, landed twelve hundred seamen, and being joined by a considerable body of volunteers, attacked the government house, where the commissioners were assembled under the protection of the regular troops and the men of colour. The conflict was fierce and bloody; Galbaud's brother was taken prisoner, and the son of Polverel (one of the commissioners) fell into the hands of the governor's party. The latter sent a flag to the commissioner, proposing an exchange of the brother for the son; but this sturdy jacobin rejected the proposal, declaring that his son knew his duty, and was prepared to die in the service of the republic.

Terrified at the passing scenes, and apprehensive of the yet more dreadful ones, to which these seemed the prelude, thousands of persons of all descriptions embarked with the wreck of their fortunes on board the vessels in the roadsted, and made their way to the United States. Many of the planters repaired to England; and in consequence of their representations and entreaties an expedition was sent from Jamaica under Colonel Whitelocke, to occupy such parts of St. Domingo as should be willing to put themselves under British protection. On the 19th September, 1793, he took possession of the town and harbour of Jeremie, and a few days afterwards of the fortress and harbour of St. Nicholas; but the town refused to submit, and joined the republican army raised by the three jacobin commissioners. This army consisted of the troops brought from France, the national guards, and the militia, constituting altogether a body of fourteen or fifteen thousand whites; to which were added a motley band of slaves who had deserted their masters, and negroes from the gaols, making in

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in the aggregate an effective force of twenty-five thousand men. Not considering this army sufficient to repel the attack of the British, the Commissioners resorted to the desperate step of proclaiming the total abolition of negro slavery; the consequence of which was, that upwards of one hundred thousand blacks fled to the mountains, and possessed themselves of the natural fastnesses of the interior; and a desperate band of thirty or forty thousand armed negroes and persons of colour ravaged the whole of the northern districts, more intent on plunder than in opposing the progress of the English forces, who, after several skirmishes, became masters of the western coast of the island.

On the capture of Port-au-Prince by the English, the republican commissioners retired towards the mountains, with about two thousand persons in their train, and a large booty; but finding the people of colour and the blacks in possession of the heights, under the mulatto general Rigaud, and a negro of the name of Toussaint L'Ouverture, they took the first opportunity of escaping from a colony, of which their conduct had completed the ruin. General Lacroix is pleased to say, that the agents of the cabinet of St. James's, well versed in the scale of venality, and acting treacherously towards France, offered a bribe of three million livres to Rigaud, the chief of the mulattoes, while they offered only one hundred and fifty thousand to the Count de Laveaux, governor of the colony, because he was a white man, and the whites were cutting each other's throats. Colonel Whitelocke did, we believe, offer the French general five thousand pounds to surrender Port de Paix, which he rejected with becoming indignation.

It should be mentioned to the credit of this incorruptible chief, that he was the first to discover, and duly appreciate the admirable talents of that extraordinary character, Toussaint L'Ouverture, who, after being a slave for nearly fifty years, became the governor and captain-general of the whole colony, which, by his excellent measures, was brought to a state of prosperity little inferior to that which it enjoyed previously to the revolution.

As our object is to exemplify the character of the negroes, rather than to detail the history of St. Domingo, we shall be excused for dwelling a little on that of Toussaint L'Ouverture. He was born in a state of slavery in or about the year 1745, on the plantation of the Count de Noé. His early life was marked by a sedateness and patience of temper, which nothing could ruffle or disturb, and by a peculiar benevolence towards children and the brute creation. At the age of twenty-five, he attached himself to one negro woman, by whom he had several children, and whom he treated with the most affectionate tenderness and regard. By the kindness of the bailiff of the plantation, M. Bayou de Libertas, as some say, but by his own

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own unassisted efforts according to others, he learned to read and write, and made some progress in arithmetic. These acquirements being noticed by M. Bayou, he took him from the field, and made him his postilion. Toussaint was not ungrateful for his kindness. When the insurrection of the negroes broke out in 1791, he refused, for some time, to join in the revolt: the plantation, however, was about to be ravaged by the infuriated blacks, and Toussaint immediately set about the means of rescuing his master from the impending destruction. He procured a passage for him to North America, embarking at the same time a considerable quantity of sugar to support him in his exile; he then joined his countrymen in arms, and by possessing some little knowledge of simples, was constituted physician to the forces of the king under Jean François. After this he became aide-de-camp, then colonel, next brigadier general, to which rank he was elevated by the governor Laveaux, for his services in reducing the blacks to order, and recovering from the Spaniards the northern parts of the island; and for his successful opposition to the British army. In an insurrection under Villate, a mulatto, Laveaux had been seized and thrown into prison at the Cape. Toussaint, on hearing this, immediately appeared at the head of ten thousand blacks, and released him from his perilous situation; for this, Laveaux appointed him his lieutenant-governor, and declared that for the future he would be guided solely by his advice. 'It is this black,' said he, 'this Spartacus, predicted by Raynal, who is destined to avenge the outrages committed against his whole race.' From this moment, the condition and the conduct of the blacks were sensibly changed for the better, and the most perfect order and discipline established among them; and it is even admitted by de Lacroix, who is not particularly friendly to the blacks, 'that if St. Domingo still carried the colours of France, it must be allowed it was solely owing to an old negro, who seemed to bear a commission from heaven to reunite its dilacerated members.'

The French continued to send out commissioners, but Toussaint directed all their movements, and on the return of General Laveaux to France, the Commissioner Santhonax was prevailed on to nominate him Commander-in-Chief. General Rochambeau, who had been sent out in this capacity, finding himself a mere cipher, began to complain; upon which Toussaint ordered him on board a corvette in the roads, and sent him home; and nearly at the same time he got rid of Santhonax, by making him the bearer of dispatches to the Directory. Aware, however, that the reports of these persons could not fail to make an unfavourable impression on the French government, he sent two of his sons to be educated in France, to prove (as he said) his confidence in the Directory, by placing his children in their power, at a moment when the complaints

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plaints made against him, however groundless, might render his sincerity doubtful.

It was impossible however for the Directory to behold, without jealousy, the rapid career of this extraordinary man, and General Hedouville was sent out to observe his conduct and restrain his ambition. Toussaint, at the first interview, affected to complain of the burden of his command; on which the captain of the ship, meaning to pay him a compliment, observed, 'how much it would flatter him, after having brought out General Hedouville, to carry back General Toussaint L'Ouverture.' 'Your ship, sir,' replied Toussaint hastily, 'is not large enough for a man like me.' One of Hedouville's staff having hinted to him that he ought to retire to France, and end the rest of his days in repose, 'That (said he) is what I intend, as soon as this (pointing to a small shrub) shall be large enough to construct a vessel to take me there.' In short, this general, like Rochambeau, soon found that Toussaint was every thing in the colony, and himself nothing; he therefore determined at once to quit it. There still remained two men of whom it was necessary to get rid in order to insure the general tranquillity; these were the mulatto generals Rigaud and Petion. Jealous of Toussaint and of the increasing power of the blacks, they headed an insurrection of the people of colour against his authority, and carried on for some time a civil war: but when Buonaparte, now become First Consul, had sent out the confirmation of Toussaint as Commander-in-Chief, the adherents of the mulatto chiefs deserted their cause, and the two leaders embarked for France. The most dangerous and troublesome of his opponents, however, were the English, whose departure he hastened by his consummate skill in diplomacy. General Maitland, on finding the reduction of the island to be utterly hopeless, and that one reinforcement after another wasted away by fatigue, sickness, and desultory skirmishes with the blacks, availed himself of the 'bridge of gold,' which Toussaint made for his little army, and signed a treaty for the evacuation of all the posts which he held. The negro chief then paid him a visit, and was received with military honours. After partaking of a grand entertainment, he was presented by General Maitland, in the name of His Majesty, with a splendid service of plate, and put him in possession of the government-house which had been built and furnished by the English.

General Maitland, previous to the disembarkation of the troops, returned the visit at Toussaint's camp; and such was his confidence in the integrity of his character, that he proceeded through a considerable extent of country full of armed negroes, with only three attendants. Roume, the French commissioner, wrote a letter to Toussaint on this occasion, advising him to seize his guest as an act

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act of duty to the republic: on the route, General Maitland was secretly informed of Roume's treachery, but in full reliance on the honour of Toussaint, he determined to proceed. On arriving at head-quarters he was desired to wait. It was some time before Toussaint made his appearance; at length, however, he entered the room with two open letters in his hand. 'There, general,' said he, 'before we talk together, read these; one is a letter from the French commissary—the other is my answer. I could not see you till I had written my reply that you might be satisfied how safe you were with me, and how incapable I am of baseness.'

General Lacroix bears testimony to the order and regularity established in the island among all ranks by the influence and example of this singular man; the duties of morality and religion were strictly enforced, and the decencies of civilized life sedulously studied. His public levees were conducted with the utmost decorum, and his private parties might vie with the best regulated societies of Paris. Surrounded by the officers of his guards, all magnificently dressed, and living in the utmost profusion, he preserved the strictest sobriety: a few cakes, bananas, or batatas, with a glass of water, were his ordinary food. He was particularly attentive to the means of reforming the loose and licentious manners of the females; and would suffer none of the white ladies to come to his court with the neck uncovered. He once threw his handkerchief over the bosom of a young girl, observing in an angry tone to her, that 'modesty should be the portion of her sex.' His maxim was that women should always appear in public as if they were going to church.

Never, says Lacroix, was an European army subjected to a more severe discipline than that which was observed by the troops of Toussaint. Every officer of rank in it commanded with a pistol in his hand, and had the power of life and death over his subalterns. He set about the restoring of the public finances with wonderful address. The ancient proprietors of estates had almost wholly disappeared, and frequently all trace was lost of the direct or collateral successor to them. In such cases he established a sort of co-proprietorship, by which the cultivators received a certain portion of the produce, and the rest was appropriated to the public revenue. By this device, the negroes were induced to return cheerfully to the labours of the field, and to submit to regulations under the black officers, more severe (says Lacroix) than those of their ancient masters. Under the new system the colony advanced as if by enchantment towards its ancient splendour; cultivation was extended with such rapidity, that every day made its progress perceptible. All appeared to be happy, and regarded Toussaint as their guardian angel. In making a tour of the island, he was hailed by the negroes

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groes with universal joy. Nor was he less a favourite of the whites, whose confidence he studied to gain, and who were always invited to his private parties.

The general enthusiasm which he had excited was sufficient to inspire vanity into the strongest mind; and he had some excuse for saying that 'he was the Buonaparte of St. Domingo,' and that 'the colony could not exist without him.' It is said that no one left his presence dissatisfied, though his request was not granted. Sometimes a negro, or a man of colour, would ask to be appointed a magistrate or a judge, 'You shall,' he would say, 'because I presume you understand Latin'—'No, general.' 'How! wish to be a magistrate without knowing Latin!' and then he would pour forth such a torrent of Latin words which he had got by heart out of his psalter, that the black candidate retired with the satisfaction of believing that he might have obtained his object had he understood the language, and the conviction that the general was a portentous scholar.

Such was the man to whom the island was indebted for its prosperity; which, however, was unfortunately not of long continuance. No sooner was the peace of Amiens definitively settled, than Buonaparte, urged on the one hand by the expelled planters, and on the other by mercantile speculators, and probably more strongly than either by his own ambition, which could not suffer a rival, though the Atlantic rolled between them, determined on the recovery of the colony, the reinstatement of the former proprietors, and the subjugation of the emancipated slaves.

On the arrival in the bay of Samana of the French fleet, having on board twenty-five thousand men, the flower of the French army, under the command of General Le Clerc, the brother-in-law of Buonaparte, Toussaint hastened to the spot to reconnoitre its movements. Having never before seen so numerous a fleet, 'We shall all perish,' said he to his officers; 'all France is come to St. Domingo.' The division under Rochambeau having effected a landing at Fort Dauphin, the negroes who had assembled in crowds to behold the strange sight, were charged with the bayonet, and numbers of them killed on the spot; but the main body of the fleet and army, on preparing to land at Cape François, received a message from General Christophe, prohibitory of any disembarkation of troops without the orders of his commander-in-chief. Le Clerc, on this, sent a letter to Christophe, with mingled expressions of conciliation and menace, to which Christophe replied, with great firmness and moderation, that he was responsible for his conduct only to the governor and commander-in-chief, Toussaint L'Ouverture; that if he attempted to carry his threats into execution, he should know how to resist as became a general officer;

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cer; and that he accounted those troops which he threatened to land as so many pieces of card, which the slightest breath of wind would dissipate. Le Clerc had sent on shore printed copies of a proclamation drawn up by Buonaparte, in which the same insidious mixture of cajoling and threatening was used to seduce or intimidate the blacks. 'Inhabitants of St. Domingo,' it commenced, 'whatever be your origin or your colour, you are all French; you are all free, and all equal, before God, and before the republic;' and it concluded, 'Rally round the captain-general; he brings you peace and plenty. Whoever shall dare to separate himself from him will be a traitor to his country, and the indignation of the republic will devour him as the fire devours your dried canes.'

This menace, backed by such an overwhelming force, shook the allegiance of the white inhabitants to Toussaint; Christophe perceived the disaffection, and knowing the town not to be defensible, set fire to it in several places, retreating in good order, and carrying off with him above two thousand of the whites as hostages, not one of whom was injured, in the confusion and massacres which followed. This spirited measure, and the active preparations making by Toussaint in the interior, induced Le Clerc to make trial of a scheme which, if resorted to previous to the commencement of hostilities, might have been successful. He had brought out with him the two sons of Toussaint, whom the father was to be permitted to see, in the hope that, through them, he might be prevailed upon to acquiesce in the wishes of the First Consul. From the smoking ruins of Cape François, Coisnon their tutor was dispatched with his pupils to Toussaint's country residence. The interview was affecting: and the artful pedagogue employed all his eloquence to prevail on Toussaint to relinquish the chief command, and become the lieutenant-general of Le Clerc; but it was too late. Toussaint had made his arrangements to oppose the French army, and, after an interview of two hours, left his two sons to decide between their father and their adopted country. In the *History* it is stated that the sons returned to General Le Clerc, and were never heard of more; but Lacroix says that the mother succeeded in detaining them, and that one of them was afterwards entrusted with the command of a body of insurgents.

When Le Clerc found that Toussaint was inexorable, he issued a proclamation, declaring the generals Toussaint and Christophe to be put out of the protection of the law, and ordering every citizen to pursue and treat them as rebels to the French republic. The war now raged with great violence, and every artifice was practised by Le Clerc to procure the defection of the black troops, in which he was but too successful. The black generals La Plume and Maurepas went over with their forces to the French: and what

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what was their recompense? Lacroix confirms, to the letter, what King Henry has stated in his able manifesto of September 1814.

'Maurepas, a man of mild and gentle manners, esteemed by his fellow-citizens for his integrity, had been one of the first to join the French, and had rendered them the most signal services; yet this man was suddenly carried off to Port de Paix, and put on board the admiral's vessel, then at anchor in the roads, where, after binding him to the main-mast, they, in derision, with nails such as are used in ship-building, fixed two old epaulettes on his shoulders, and an old general's hat on his head. In that frightful condition, these cannibals, after having glutted their savage mirth, precipitated him, with his wife and children, into the sea. Such was the fate of this virtuous and unfortunate soldier!'

Toussaint, however, had under his immediate command a well disciplined army; and Dessalines, one of the most courageous, enterprising and skilful of all the negro generals, held the strong fortress of Crête-pierrot, which had been built by the English. The French army laid siege to this place, which, after a brave defence, was evacuated by Dessalines, who carried off every thing that was valuable, leaving a small detachment to follow him in the morning. Intoxicated with the successful issue of the siege, the French committed all manner of cruelties on the unfortunate negroes who fell into their hands; and Le Clerc, with equal baseness and folly, publicly restored to the proprietors of estates all their ancient authority. The consequence was such as might have been foreseen; all the blacks who had adhered to the French now deserted them, and again took up arms. Le Clerc perceived his error, and had once more recourse to the delusion of proclaiming 'liberty and equality to all the inhabitants of St. Domingo, without regard to colour;' with the reservation, however, of the approval of the French government. The negroes, tired of the war, again deserted their leaders; and at length Christophe negociated in behalf of himself, his colleague Dessalines, and Toussaint the general in chief, a general amnesty for all their troops, and the preservation of the respective ranks of all the black officers. Le Clerc was too happy to grant these conditions; and a peace was accordingly concluded, by which the sovereignty of France over the island of St. Domingo was acknowledged by all the constituted authorities.

Toussaint had liberty to retire to any of his estates which he might please to make choice of. He selected that called by his own name, L'Ouverture, situated at Gonaives; there, in the bosom of his family, he entered upon the enjoyment of that repose of which he had so long been deprived. The secret instructions however of Buonaparte were now to be obeyed; and Le Clerc lost

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lost no time in putting into execution an act which has entailed everlasting disgrace on his memory. In the dead of night, a ship of the line and a frigate anchored near Gonaives, and landed a body of troops; they surrounded the house of Toussaint, when Brunet, a brigadier-general, entered the chamber where he slept, with a file of grenadiers, ordered him to surrender without resistance, and hurried him and his whole family on board the Hero of seventy-four guns, which proceeded immediately with them to France. Two negro chiefs of the neighbourhood, who attempted to rescue him, were taken, and Le Clerc ordered them to be shot. He then caused about one hundred of the confidential friends of Toussaint to be arrested, and sent to the different ships of the squadron: none of them were ever heard of afterwards; and it is supposed that they were thrown overboard.

Toussaint on the passage was kept a close prisoner, and separated from his wife and family; and on the arrival of the ship at Brest, he was merely allowed to see them once and take leave of them for ever. He was conducted to the castle of Joux in Normandy, with a single negro to attend on him; his wife and children were conveyed to Bayonne, and nothing more was ever heard of either. On the approach of winter, Toussaint was subsequently removed to Besançon, and there immured in a cold, damp, gloomy dungeon, which became, as doubtless was intended, his sepulchre, —the floor being actually covered with water. Thus did this great and good man perish, by the foul machinations of that remorseless and bloody tyrant who, instead of expiating his numberless cruelties in a living sepulchre, like that to which he consigned the negro chief, is now (amidst the wailings of Opposition) *enjoying his angry gods* on the salubrious and romantic heights of St. Helena!

It would appear from Lacroix, that the story of Toussaint's buried treasure had been transmitted to France; for he tells us that Buonaparte sent Cafarelli repeatedly to question the prisoner—most probably by the torture—as to the place where it was concealed; but that the only answer he could ever get from him was, 'The treasures I have lost are very different from those which you seek.' Lacroix does justice to the character of Toussaint L'Ouverture, as a general and politician; but he accuses him of hypocrisy in matters of religion and morality: he may be correct; but he brings no proof of it: and it is certain that Toussaint never publicly outraged either the one or the other. We are not disposed to quarrel with his observation, that, 'in the fate of the first of blacks, as in that of other powerful men who have since fallen, we may recognize the finger of Providence, which is pleased sometimes to humiliate the idle dreams of human pride.'

The atrocious outrage on the person of their favourite chief

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opened the eyes of the blacks to the real designs of the French government. Dessalines, Christophe, Clerveaux, and other negro generals, finding themselves deceived and betrayed, flew to arms with a determination to expel the invaders, or perish in the attempt. Charles Bellair, a chief of the Congo race, with his heroic wife, spread slaughter and devastation among the French; who were prevented from offering any effectual opposition by the excessive heat of the summer of 1802. Le Clerc and most of his officers were attacked with disease; and all the reinforcements sent from France caught the pestilence in succession. Yet they continued to exercise the most horrid barbarities against the unhappy negroes. Many thousands of them, lest their putrid carcasses should infect the air, were taken on board the ships in the road, bound together, and thrown into the sea. 'Some of these atrocities were committed so near the land, that multitudes of the corpses were driven in by the tide, and cast upon the shore.' A pack of blood hounds was procured from the island of Cuba, with which the blacks were hunted down with unrelenting fury; and sometimes, it is confidently stated, publicly thrown to them alive.

In the midst of these scenes of horror General Le Clerc died, and the command devolved on General Rochambeau, who fought several battles with the blacks with varied success; but the losses sustained in these actions, and the still greater by disease, reduced the French to the necessity of shutting themselves up within their strong holds, while the forces of the blacks were daily increasing in numbers and confidence. It is said that not fewer than 40,000 Frenchmen had perished by the end of the year 1802, which may well be, as we are told by Lacroix that reinforcements to the amount of twenty thousand men had arrived from time to time.

Dessalines, now commander-in-chief of the negro army, advanced to the plain of the Cape, with a view to lay siege to the head-quarters of the French army. Rochambeau determined to give him battle. A dreadful encounter took place, in which neither could claim the victory, but multitudes were killed, and many prisoners taken on both sides. The French are said to have tortured their prisoners, and then put to death about five hundred of them. As soon as this was known, Dessalines caused five hundred gibbets to be erected, and after selecting all the French officers in his custody, ordered the number to be made up with private soldiers, and the whole to be hung up at break of day in sight of the French army. The breaking out of the war in May, 1803, between Great Britain and France; the arrival of an English squadron before Cape François; and the blockade of the town by Dessalines, completed the misery of the remnant of the French army. Rochambeau, in describing its wretched condition, says, 'they are pressed almost to death by absolute

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absolute famine, and striving to appease the desperate calls of hunger by feeding on their horses, mules, asses, and even dogs'—those very dogs which they had procured for hunting down and devouring the negroes!

Towards the end of the year, Rochambeau capitulated; but as he appeared to be meditating some act of treachery, Dessalines threatened to sink the whole squadron (with the troops on board) which was yet in the roadsted; and would have carried his threat into execution, had not the English commander, into whose hands the ships had fallen, with the greatest difficulty prevented it. Dessalines immediately declared the independence of St. Domingo, and promised protection and security to the inhabitants of every complexion; at the same time permitting all who were disposed to follow the French army to do so. A general proclamation, signed by him, Christophe, and Clerveaux, thus commences: 'In the name of the black people and men of colour—The independence of St. Domingo is proclaimed. Restored to our primitive dignity, we have asserted our rights; we swear never to yield them to any power on earth. The frightful veil of prejudice is torn in pieces; be it so for ever. Woe be to them who would dare to put together its bloody tatters!' This is not in the best style; what follows however is more to the purpose: they invite the return of those proprietors who had left the island in times of trouble, and took no part against their brethren; but as for those (say they) who in the pride of their hearts foolishly imagined they were 'destined by heaven to be our masters and our tyrants, let them not approach the land of St. Domingo; should they venture hither, they will meet only with chains or deportation.'

On the 1st of January 1804, the generals and chiefs of the army signed a formal declaration of the independence of the people of Hayti; and bound themselves by a solemn oath to renounce France for ever. At the same time they appointed Jean Jacques Dessalines governor-general for life, with power to enact laws, to make peace and war, and to nominate his successor.

The first act of Dessalines was to encourage the return of those negroes and men of colour, who, with their masters, had taken refuge in the United States of America; he also offered the merchants of Jamaica to open his ports for slave-ships. The object was, no doubt, that of recruiting his forces, which, by his own account, had been greatly reduced in the long and arduous contest. He asserted that, in the inhuman massacres of the French, 'more than sixty thousand of his brethren had been drowned, suffocated, shot, hanged and otherwise put to death.' To excite the blacks to avenge these murders on those whom he describes as having 'delighted to bathe themselves in the blood of the innocent children of

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Hayti,' he pronounced a frantic discourse, in which he proved but too well how he had profited by the bloody instructions which he had received. It led (as the orator probably intended it should) to a horrible massacre of the whites, which took place on the 28th April, and was followed by another act of the most flagitious perfidy as well as cruelty. A proclamation was issued stating, that justice had now been satisfied for the crimes committed by the French, and inviting those who had escaped to appear on the parade to receive tickets for their future protection. Many hundreds made their appearance, and were instantly led away to the place of execution, and shot.

Having thus got rid of all whom he conceived to be his enemies, Dessalines, on the 8th of October, 1804, procured a Capuchin missionary to crown him Emperor under the name of Jacques I. On this occasion he signed a constitution, declaring the empire of Hayti to be a free, sovereign, and independent state. It then proceeded to decree the abolition of slavery—the equality of rank—the equal operation of the laws—the inviolability of property, the adoption of the general name of *Blacks* for all Haytian subjects, whatever might be their colour. It further declared that no one should be considered worthy of the name of Haytian who was not a good father, a good son, a good husband, and a good soldier. The powers of the emperor were very extensive, restricted however by a code of laws apparently well suited to a people just emerging from a state of slavery and barbarism. All religious worship was tolerated; marriage was declared a civil contract; and the houses of citizens were to be held inviolable. The estates belonging to French proprietors were confiscated to the state; but such mulattoes as could trace their relationship to white proprietors were admitted as heirs. The labouring slaves, as under Toussaint, received one-fourth of the produce of the estates on which they worked, and confinement was the only punishment for idleness. Under these and other regulations, the island rapidly advanced to a state of great prosperity. Dessalines, with all his crimes, had many good qualities. He encouraged the ministers of religion, and enforced a general attendance on public worship. He established schools in most of the districts; and the negroes, seeing the ascendancy of their countrymen who had received the advantage of education, were exceedingly anxious for the instruction of their children, so that the young Haytians were very generally taught to read and write.

This encouragement was the more meritorious, as Dessalines himself could do neither. At the time of the insurrection, in 1791, he was the slave of a negro, whose name he took in addition to that of Jean Jacques. This man, who was a tiler, lived to see his former slave become his sovereign. Dessalines retained a great

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a great affection for him, and appointed him to the office of his chief butler, which, he said, was that of all others the old man wished for; and in this capacity he made up for the abstemiousness of Dessalines, who drank nothing but water. This first sovereign of Hayti was short in stature, but strongly made; of great activity and undaunted courage. In military talent he was considered superior to Toussaint, but in all other respects far below him. His personal vanity led him to a ridiculous splendour in his dress, and he wished to be thought an elegant dancer. His wife was one of the most handsome and accomplished negresses in the West Indies; she had been the favourite mistress of a rich planter, at whose expense she was educated; her disposition was highly amiable, and she used on all occasions her best endeavours to soften the natural ferocity of her husband, though, unhappily, not always with success.

This transatlantic Robespierre proceeded in his career of blood till the 17th October, 1806, when he perished by the hands of the mulatto soldiers of Petion. Christophe was now called to the head of the government, and to introduce a constitution which should guarantee the safety of persons and property. A proclamation at the same time denounced the crimes of which Dessalines had been guilty; and among other things, accused him of having robbed the public treasury of twenty thousand piastres for each of his twenty mistresses. Christophe, however, deplored the fate of Dessalines, who, he said, had been put to death by the men of colour without inquiry into his conduct. The blacks, always jealous of the men of colour, attacked Petion, who, with his people, narrowly escaped into the southern and western districts, where a new constitution was prepared; and on the 27th December, 1806, Petion was proclaimed president of the republic of Hayti. A civil war now sprang up between the partizans of the two chiefs, till at length, by a sort of tacit agreement, the mulatto president fixed himself in the south and west, while Christophe established himself in the north, where, on the 2d June, 1811, the royal crown was placed on his head, and he was proclaimed Henry I., king of Hayti.

We have now advanced to that part of the narrative in which we propose to give some account of the character of the two chiefs, under whose rule this beautiful island was divided, and the present state and condition of the people, under their opposite governments. Petion, the president of the republic of Hayti, a native mulatto of St. Domingo, was educated at the Military Academy of Paris, where he distinguished himself as a man of very considerable talents, but of shy and reserved manners. His disposition, however, was gentle and conciliatory, and such was the confidence of his own caste in his ability and integrity, that, almost without exertion,

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he had not only the merit of keeping together and thus saving the remains of the people of colour, but of establishing with about ten or twelve thousand of that caste, a complete controul over a population of 250,000 blacks; more, it is said, by the seasonable application of the two fascinating words, liberty and equality, than by the introduction of them into real practice.

The death of Petion, which took place in 1818, was universally lamented; and his funeral was attended by almost the whole population of Port-au-Prince, all exclaiming that they had lost a father and a friend; and when his successor, General Boyer, pronounced his funeral oration, the whole multitude burst into tears. An English merchant residing at Port-au-Prince, says, 'I have been on intimate terms with the President for years, and a more virtuous and amiable man I never knew. He is the idol of the people, and their confidence in him is unbounded.' It was supposed that he was a Frenchman in his heart, and would betray that part of the island over which he ruled to the emissaries of Louis; but his conduct on that occasion shewed his sincerity. The moment he heard of the mission, he caused every preparation to be made for setting fire to all the houses on the coast, and torches to be placed in all the arsenals ready to be lighted. 'If,' says the English merchant above alluded to, 'a suggestion is whispered at the government-house as to the policy of the measure, the answer is, "Look at Moscow."' It would appear, if Lacroix be correct, that he just died in time to save his reputation; that, disgusted with the things of this world, he had fallen into an absolute apathy, and no longer possessed that activity of mind, so necessary for the founder and the director of a political system; that, finding he could not advance the fabric he had reared according to his philanthropic views, annoyed at the idea of being fixed to a spot of the earth where the surrounding mass was so barbarous as not to comprehend those views, he launched forth into the imaginary world of Plato; and, in the aberration of his faculties, had nevertheless preserved a sufficient degree of firmness to suffer himself to die of hunger.

Christophe, now Henry I., king of Hayti, was born a slave in that island of the West Indies from which he takes his name, and was still a slave in St. Domingo in the year 1791. The early friend and the faithful adherent of Toussaint, he bore a considerable resemblance to him in character. His military talents were very respectable, and his courage unshaken; his disposition humane and benevolent. In the exercise of all the social virtues he has been eminently distinguished; he is a good husband, a good father, a steady friend, and strict in the observance of all the duties of religion and morality. Contrary to the common custom among his black

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black countrymen, he attached himself in early life to one woman, whom he never forsook; and that woman is now queen of Hayti, beloved by all ranks and conditions. Henry is said to possess a propriety and dignity of manner seldom attained by an uneducated man. Gifted with strong natural talents, he soon acquired the habit both of speaking and writing well. His proclamations, said to be generally dictated by himself, are compositions of which the most civilized cabinets of Europe might not be ashamed. Of his good faith and moderation, the British merchants resident under his protection have had frequent and ample proofs. Even Lacroix, who bears no great affection to him, admits that his manners are engaging, and his morals pure. His colour and features are completely negro; but his countenance is represented as very intelligent, agreeable and expressive. In person and appearance, he is said to bear a strong resemblance to our venerable sovereign, and the respect felt for him by the British merchants is not, on that account, diminished; his common dress, which is that of the Windsor uniform, but without lace or star, adds to the likeness.

When commander-in-chief of Cape François, he used to give public dinners, to which the officers of the British navy were frequently invited; and on these occasions his conversation was in the English language, in which he expresses himself with great ease. At the head of all his public institutions he is ambitious to place Englishmen, professing his cordial detestation of every thing French. Dr. Stuart has the care of his military hospital, which is constantly visited by the king, who goes round daily and talks with the patients, most of whom he knows by name and character: to some he gives good advice, others he scolds, and with others he laughs and jests, and they all appear happy to see him. His good-humoured disposition is manifested by the number of orphans, children of deceased officers, whom he keeps in his palace, and whom he suffers to run about him and feel his pocket for *bons-bons*, which he carries with him for the gratification of the little urchins.

The two governments, under the superintendence of the negro king and the mulatto president, have proceeded in very different ways, and without any common principle, in the progress of civilization, the cultivation of their respective territories, and the general improvement of the people. Petion, the late president, endeavoured to adhere to the revolutionary government of France, under which he received a part of his education. While every thing was apparently carried on by tribunals or departments, the president in fact was invested with absolute power; he was the Buonaparte of Hayti, surrounded by inefficient and useless machinery. The lands in the republic are partitioned among the officers and public

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functionaries, according to a fixed scale; and the negroes may work on hire, or live in idleness, as they feel disposed. Henry, on the contrary, lays claim to all the vacant lands, and partitions them out among his generals and other officers as he thinks fit; and a kind of feudal system is established, each having on his estate a set of retainers, who receive one-fourth of the produce for their labour, and are generally soldiers by profession. The administration of affairs in the republic is conducted by a president, three secretaries of state, thirty representatives in the commons, and twenty-four senators. These affect to ridicule the acts of Henry, by saying, that 'his hands are less fit to wield the sceptre, than the frying-pan at the inn of the Cape,' where he was formerly a slave; while Henry contents himself with publishing every year the whole organization of the two governments in the 'Royal Almanack' of Hayti, and tempts the republicans by shewing the vacancies he has to dispose of in the civil and military functions of the monarchy. All honours flow from the crown, which is hereditary in the family of Christophe, who affects to trace his pedigree to the house of Dahomey in Africa. His hereditary nobles consist of two princes, exclusive of the blood royal, eight dukes, eighteen earls, thirty-two barons, and eight *chevaliers*. Six grand marshals of Hayti, eight lieutenant-generals, fifteen field-marshals, six major-generals, and one hundred field officers, compose the staff of the army. There is besides a royal and military order of St. Henry, which confers personal nobility on those who are decorated with it: in 1818 it consisted of six grand crosses, sixteen knights-commanders, and 165 knights-companions.

The staff of the army of the republic is less numerous, consisting only of six generals of divisions, and nine brigadier-generals; there are of course no honours or distinctions but what are conferred by offices. Lacroix seems to think that the republic is more firmly established, because property is more divided, and because there are more points of contact between authority and obedience, and consequently a greater number interested in maintaining the present government. Both, however, depend solely for internal tranquillity and repelling external attack on force of arms. If you will preserve yourselves free, said Toussaint, be careful to preserve your arms. Petion inculcates the same sentiment; and the Baron de Vastey re-echoes it, in lamenting the fate of the ancient inhabitants of the island, who were exterminated because ignorant of their use. The following energetic invocation to their arms is no bad specimen of negro eloquence, from the pen of a self-taught slave.

'O terre de mon pays! en est-il un sur le globe où les malheureux habitans aient éprouvé plus d'infortunes? Partout où je porte mes pas, où

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où je fixe mes regards, je vois des débris, des vases, des ustensiles, des figures qui portent dans leurs formes l'empreinte et les traces de l'enfance de l'art; plus loin, dans les lieux écartés et solitaires, dans les cavernes des montagnes inaccessibles, je découvre en frémissant des squelettes, encore tout entiers, des ossemens humains, épars et blanchis par le tems; en arrêtant mes pensées sur ces tristes restes, sur ces débris qui attestent l'existence d'un peuple qui n'est plus, mon cœur s'émeut, je répands des larmes de compassion et d'attendrissement sur le malheureux sort des premiers habitans de cette île! Mille souvenirs déchirans viennent affliger mon cœur, une foule de réflexions absorbent mes pensées, et se succèdent rapidement. Il existait donc ici avant nous des hommes! Ils ne sont plus! Voilà leurs déplorables restes! Ils ont été détruits! Qu'avaient-ils fait pour éprouver un aussi funeste sort?—Ces malheureux n'avaient point d'armes, ils ne pouvaient se défendre; à cette pensée, je saisis les miennes.....O armes précieuses! sans vous, que seraient devenus mon pays, mes compatriotes, mes parens, mes amis? Fils de la montagne, habitans des forêts, chérissez vos armes, ces clefs précieuses, conservatrices de vos droits; ne les abandonnez jamais, transmettez-les à vos enfans avec l'amour de la liberté et de l'indépendance—comme le plus bel héritage que vous puissiez leur léguer.'—*Système de Colonisation, par de Vastey*, p. 533.

The regular army of King Henry consists of about 25,000 men, of which 4,600 form the royal guard: they are of all arms, exceedingly well, indeed splendidly, dressed and equipped in all respects, and in an excellent state of discipline. According to the testimony of several British officers, no European troops are better trained than the black regiments of Hayti. Among them are about 4,000 blacks from the coast of Africa, formed into separate companies, which bear the name of 'Royal Dahomeys.' They are placed under officers of tried attachment to the king, and are in fact the national guards, to whom the general police of the country is entrusted; and such, according to Lacroix, is the strictness of this police, that the cultivators are not permitted to leave their houses without a written permission from the commanding officer of the Dahomeys.

The army of the republic is also about 25,000 men, of which 3,600 men compose the president's guard. They are not so well dressed nor disciplined as the king's army, and the greater part are placed in cantonments among the planters. The police of the towns is not so strict in the republic as in the monarchy; the people of colour, who are chiefly in power, are more difficult to bring under subordination than the blacks. They are more loose in their morals, particularly the women, who transact almost all the business of the towns. The bonds of marriage can scarcely be said to exist in the republic. Henry, on the contrary, compels his soldiers to marry, and woe be to him that violates the nuptial tie!

Aware

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Aware that much depends on appearances, Henry suffers no one to appear before him who is not decently clothed; and the consequence is that, instead of naked blacks of both sexes strolling about the streets as heretofore, every one now puts on a becoming habit. The republicans are less attentive in this respect; but here too the natural vanity of the blacks has induced them to clothe themselves better than heretofore. Petion himself affected an indifference to dress, but his great officers made as brilliant an appearance as those of Henry. 'By a singular fate,' says Lacroix, 'dresses of velvet magnificently embroidered, which not long ago arrayed the senators of the most powerful empire of the world, have found their way to Hayti, and now clothe the senators of this little republic.' 'This circumstance,' he adds, 'insignificant in itself, is a new example of the nothingness and the decay of human grandeur in the age of revolutions in which we live.'

The population of the two governments, according to Lacroix, consists of 480,000 blacks, 20,000 persons of colour, and 1,000 whites, chiefly Germans, making all together 501,000 souls; of whom 261,000 are republicans, and 240,000 royalists. Each may be considered to consist of three classes. The first embraces all the civil and military officers, who possess a great part of the property of the island. The second class is composed of those who exercise the various mechanical arts, the trades-people of the towns, and the soldiers. The third is composed of the actual labourers of the estates, or the husbandmen, who are mostly blacks. These people are in fact but a little removed from their former condition of slavery, being completely at the mercy and caprice of the civil and military authorities of the two governments.

The finances of each are stated to be so flourishing that, after paying all expenses, there is a surplus of at least fifteen millions of livres, entirely disposable by the king and the president. The system of policy is the same. The king and the president have both declared, that on the first appearance of an enemy on the coast, every town shall disappear, and the whole nation take up arms. 'The last of the Haytians,' says King Henry in his manifesto, 'will breathe out his last sigh sooner than renounce his independence. Free by right, and independent in fact, we will never renounce these blessings; nor witness the subversion of the edifice which we have raised and cemented with our blood. Faithful to our oath, we will rather bury ourselves beneath the ruins of our country than suffer the smallest infringement of our political rights.'

The sentiments of Petion were strictly in unison with these of the king. We have strong suspicions, however, of the integrity of his successor, Boyer; he is lavishly praised by Lacroix as 'a good Frenchman,'

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Frenchman,' and we perceive that in answer to a proposal made in the chamber of deputies to send a naval armament and blockade the coasts of the 'rebel chiefs,' the minister replied that negociations of a very delicate nature were in train—but what confirms our suspicions of Boyer being a traitor to the cause is that, to our knowledge, there is at this moment a squadron of frigates prowling among the least frequented of the West India islands, believed to be carrying on a secret correspondence with some part of Hayti—if it related merely to the pecuniary indemnification of the ancient proprietors, which, it has been said, was offered by Henry to the amount of 20,000,000 dollars, provided England would be the guarantee, there could be no cause for concealment. Lacroix too encourages the idea of a naval blockade, and partial disembarkations, to carry destruction to the new and flourishing estates, which he thinks would create internal disturbances, and, by threatening the authority of the chiefs, make them tremble for their own existence. Both governments, however, seem to be prepared for any attempts that may be made on the part of the French; a regular system of defence has been established by fortifying the crests of the hills, and the defiles of the interior; the means of subsisting the troops have been provided for by carrying on cultivation in the vicinity of their strong holds and places of arms; and the fort and citadel of Henry at Sans-souci are said to yield to none of the fortresses of Europe in strength. In this fortress are from three to four hundred brass cannon regularly mounted; and it is seen from the sea towering like another Windsor Castle. France, it is to be hoped, will recollect the fate of General Leclerc's army before she embarks in another expedition hostile to St. Domingo. 'Of the 35,131 men,' says Lacroix, 'carried out, more than 25,000 had fallen before Le Clerc into the grave. At his death, 2,200 only were fit to bear arms; about 7,500 sick crowded the hospitals.' 'These wrecks,' he continues, 'and 20,000 other victims landed on St. Domingo, in the last thirteen months of our agonising dominion, as well as the unfortunate creole population, perished after the death of General Le Clerc in proportions still more deplorable than those which are presented in the following mournful table.' This table gives a total of those who were destroyed by a violent death during the command of General Le Clerc, amounting to 62,481!

Under every point of view, any fresh attempt of the French government to disturb the island would deserve the reprobation of mankind. The progress made by the inhabitants in agriculture and all the arts is quite extraordinary, but more particularly in education and general literature. Of this we have an interesting account given by the Baron de Vastey in his 'Political Reflexions on certain French Journals

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Journals concerning Hayti,' printed at the royal printing press at Sans-Souci. 'Five and twenty years ago,' says this intelligent black, 'we were plunged in the most complete ignorance; we had no notion of human society, no idea of happiness, no powerful feeling; our faculties, both physical and moral, were so overwhelmed under the load of slavery, that I myself who am writing this, I thought that the world finished at the spot which bounded my sight; my ideas were so limited that things the most simple were to me incomprehensible, and all my countrymen were as ignorant and even more so than myself, if that were possible.' 'I have known many of us,' he continues, 'who have learned to read and write of themselves without the help of a master; I have known them walking with their books in their hands, inquiring of the passengers and praying them to explain to them the signification of such a character or such a word, and in this manner many, already advanced in years, became able to read and write without the benefit of education.' 'Such men,' he adds, 'have become notaries, attorneys, advocates, judges, administrators, and have astonished the world by the sagacity of their judgment; others have become painters and sculptors from their own exertions and have astonished strangers by their works; others again have succeeded as architects, mechanics, weavers; in short, others have worked mines of sulphur, fabricated saltpetre and made excellent gunpowder, in mills and establishments similar to those of Europe, with no other guides than books of chemistry and mineralogy.' And yet he continues, the Haytians pretend not to be a manufacturing and commercial people—'like the Romans, we go from arms to the plough, and from the plough to arms.' But he contemplates the time when they shall call to their assistance the mechanical arts, the employment of machines, of animals, and of the natural agents, air, fire, and water, and put in practice those means, 'which,' says he, 'will render our country the most beautiful, populous, and flourishing, and its inhabitants, heretofore so unfortunate, the happiest people in the world.'

Parochial schools have been established on the Madras system, in every part of Henry's dominions, and primary schools at all the principal towns, under the direction of English instructors; in these the English language is taught, and is now read and written by the children of all the functionaries of the government. A royal college has also been established, and annual prizes given to the most distinguished students. Henry has also endowed an academy for music and painting, and built a regular theatre. All these are erected at Sans-Souci, the royal residence, which, we understand, for elegance, and chasteness of design is not inferior to many of the palaces of Europe. Here too he has established various

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rious manufactories, and among others that of carriages. Three gaudy ones purchased for him in this country gave him great offence; and he asked if the English considered him as a king of Congo?

The Catholic religion is declared to be that of the state: the hierarchy consists of an archbishop, three bishops, and a rector in each parish. At Sans-Souci there is a royal and parochial church. It was erected by Henry, and is mentioned in the Royal Almanack as 'a monument of his royal munificence and piety.' The archbishop, whom the pope has hitherto refused to consecrate, has a chapter, a seminary and a college attached to the metropolitan see, all well endowed. He has also three archi-episcopal palaces assigned to him; and the bishops have each a chapter and a seminary, endowed with considerable revenues.

Schools are also established in the republic, over which are placed four or five Frenchmen as professors of languages, mathematics, &c. At Port-au-Prince there is also a college of physicians, and several French medical men are employed to superintend it. The church establishment, like all the rest in the republic, wears a more humble character, being confined to an apostolical prefect with curates under him; but, as we before observed, the duties of religion and morality sit looser on the republicans than the royalists.

Such is the present state of the northern part of Hayti. It presents in truth, an imposing and an awful spectacle; and very firm must be the nerves of that politician who can contemplate it *siccis oculis*, whether for good or for evil. We do not wish to despond; and it is yet, we fear, too early to triumph: but we cannot conceal from ourselves how much depends upon the personal character of the future rulers of this emancipated race. A third, worthy of Toussaint L'Ouverture and Henry I., the Numa and the Ancus of Hayti, may not arise in immediate succession; and we have yet to learn whether habits of obedience, and a love of order and discipline, will succeed to the influence of individual character, and perpetuate the action of that admirable system of polity which these two wonderful men have constructed and set in motion. Spain yet retains the larger and, we believe, the more fertile part of this noble island; but she retains it as an unproductive desert. We know not with what composure she contemplates the state of things beyond the immense *llanos* that separate her from a free and active population; but it becomes ourselves not to forget that the blue mountains of Jamaica are visible from St. Domingo. We would not, and indeed cannot, anticipate what is yet in the womb of time; but in the lap of peace and security it may not perhaps be unwise to meditate on an event which sooner or later must surely come

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come to pass—we speak of the general emancipation of the negro race. With timely precautions, such a circumstance would not, in our humble opinion, be very deeply to be deprecated: and one of the most effectual of those precautions would be the extension of the present humane and judicious plan of giving the slaves some kind of education, and imbuing their minds with the principles of our holy religion. They would then be in a favourable state of preparation for the adoption of that system by the planters which has so happily succeeded in the two governments of Hayti, and might cultivate the soil as free labourers, receiving, from the proprietor, one fourth of the produce. However this may be, we cannot but rejoice in the good which has already been wrought, and express our ardent hopes that no attempts will be made to rivet afresh the chains of this meritorious people, and that the independence which they have conquered at the expense of so many sufferings will descend unimpaired to their posterity.

ART. VII. 1.—*Laon and Cythna, or the Revolution of the Golden City. A Vision of the Nineteenth Century, in the Stanza of Spenser.* By Percy B. Shelley. London. 1818.

2. *The Revolt of Islam. A Poem, in Twelve Cantos.* By Percy Bysshe Shelley. London. 1818.

THIS is one of that industrious knot of authors, the tendency of whose works we have in our late Numbers exposed to the caution of our readers—novel, poem, romance, letters, tours, critique, lecture and essay follow one another, framed to the same measure, and in subjection to the same key-note, while the sweet undersong of the weekly journal, filling up all pauses, strengthening all weaknesses, smoothing all abruptnesses, harmonizes the whole strain. Of all his brethren Mr. Shelley carries to the greatest length the doctrines of the sect. He is, for this and other reasons, by far the least pernicious of them; indeed there is a naiveté and openness in his manner of laying down the most extravagant positions, which in some measure deprives them of their venom; and when he enlarges on what certainly are but necessary results of opinions more guardedly delivered by others, he might almost be mistaken for some artful advocate of civil order and religious institutions. This benefit indeed may be drawn from his book, for there is scarcely any more persuasive argument for truth than to carry out to all their legitimate consequences the doctrines of error. But this is not Mr. Shelley's intention; he is, we are sorry to say, in sober earnest:—with perfect deliberation, and the steadiest perseverance he perverts all the gifts of his nature, and does all the injury, both public and private, which his faculties enable him to perpetrate.

Laon

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Laon and Cythna is the same poem with the Revolt of Islam—under the first name it exhibited some features which made 'the experiment on the temper of the public mind,' as the author calls it, somewhat too bold and hazardous. This knight-errant in the cause of 'a liberal and comprehensive morality' had already sustained some 'perilous handling' in his encounters with Prejudice and Error, and acquired in consequence of it a small portion of *the better part of valour.* Accordingly Laon and Cythna withdrew from circulation; and happy had it been for Mr. Shelley if he had been contented with his failure, and closed his experiments. But with minds of a certain class, notoriety, infamy, any thing is better than obscurity; baffled in a thousand attempts after fame, they will still make one more at whatever risk,—and they end commonly like an awkward chemist who perseveres in tampering with his ingredients, till, in an unlucky moment, they take fire, and he is blown up by the explosion.

Laon and Cythna has accordingly re-appeared with a new name, and a few slight alterations. If we could trace in these any signs of an altered spirit, we should have hailed with the sincerest pleasure the return of one whom nature intended for better things, to the ranks of virtue and religion. But Mr. Shelley is no penitent; he has reproduced the same poison, a little, and but a little, more cautiously disguised, and as it is thus intended only to do the more mischief at less personal risk to the author, our duty requires us to use his own evidence against himself, to interpret him where he is obscure now, by himself where he was plain before, and to exhibit the 'fearful consequences' to which he would bring us, as he drew them in the boldness of his first conception.

Before, however, we do this, we will discharge our duty to Mr. Shelley as poetical critics—in a case like the present, indeed, where the freight is so pernicious, it is but a secondary duty to consider the 'build' of the vessel which bears it; but it is a duty too peculiarly our own to be wholly neglected. Though we should be sorry to see the Revolt of Islam in our readers' hands, we are bound to say that it is not without beautiful passages, that the language is in general free from errors of taste, and the versification smooth and harmonious. In these respects it resembles the latter productions of Mr. Southey, though the tone is less subdued, and the copy altogether more luxuriant and ornate than the original. Mr. Shelley indeed is an unsparing imitator; and he draws largely on the rich stores of another mountain poet, to whose religious mind it must be matter, we think, of perpetual sorrow to see the philosophy which comes pure and holy from his pen, degraded and perverted, as it continually is, by this miserable crew of atheists or pantheists, who have just sense enough to abuse its terms, but neither

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ther heart nor principle to comprehend its import, or follow its application. We shall cite one of the passages to which we alluded above, in support of our opinion: perhaps it is that which has pleased us more than any other in the whole poem.

'An orphan with my parents lived, whose eyes
Were loadstars of delight, which drew me home
When I might wander forth, nor did I prize
Aught (any) human thing beneath Heaven's mighty dome
Beyond this child; so when sad hours were come,
And baffled hope like ice still clung to me;
Since kin were cold, and friends had now become
Heartless and false, I turned from all, to be,
Cythna, the only source of tears and smiles to thee.

What wert thou then? a child most infantine,
Yet wandering far beyond that innocent age
In all but its sweet looks, and mien divine;
Even then, methought, with the world's tyrant rage
A patient warfare thy young heart did wage,
When those soft eyes of scarcely conscious thought
Some tale or thine own fancies would engage
To overflow with tears, or converse fraught
With passion o'er their depths its fleeting light had wrought.

She moved upon this earth, a shape of brightness,
A power, that from its object scarcely drew
One impulse of her being—in her lightness
Most like some radiant cloud of morning dew
Which wanders through the waste air's pathless blue
To nourish some far desert; she did seem
Beside me, gathering beauty as she grew
Like the bright shade of some immortal dream
Which walks, when tempest sleeps, the waves of life's dark stream.

As mine own shadow was this child to me,
A second self—far dearer and more fair,
Which clothed in undissolving radiancy
All those steep paths, which languor and despair
Of human things had made so dark and bare,
But which I trod alone—nor, till bereft
Of friends and overcome by lonely care,
Knew I what solace for that loss was left,
Though by a bitter wound my trusting heart was cleft.'—p. 42.

These, with all their imperfections, are beautiful stanzas; they are, however, of rare occurrence:—had the poem many more such, it could never, we are persuaded, become popular. Its merits and its faults equally conspire against it; it has not much ribaldry or voluptuousness for prurient imaginations, and no personal scandal for

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or the malicious; and even those on whom it might be expected o act most dangerously by its semblance of enthusiasm, will have tout hearts to proceed beyond the first canto. As a whole, it is nsupportably dull, and laboriously obscure; its absurdities are not f the kind which provoke laughter, the story is almost wholly de- oid of interest, and very meagre; nor can we admire Mr. Shelley's node of making up for this defect—as he has but one incident vhere he should have ten, he tells that one so intricately, that it akes the time of ten to comprehend it.

Mr. Shelley is a philosopher by the courtesy of the age, and has theory of course respecting the government of the world; we vill state in as few words as we can the general outlines of that heory, the manner in which he demonstrates it, and the practical consequences, which he proposes to deduce from it. It is to the econd of these divisions that we would beg his attention; we de- pair of convincing him directly that he has taken up false and per- nicious notions; but if he pays any deference to the common laws of reasoning, we hope to shew him that, let the goodness of his cause be what it may, his manner of advocating it is false and un- sound. This may be mortifying to a teacher of mankind; but a philosopher seeks the truth, and has no vanity to be mortified.

The existence of evil, physical and moral, is the grand problem of all philosophy; the humble find it a trial, the proud make it a stumbling-block; Mr. Shelley refers it to the faults of those civil institutions and religious creeds which are designed to regulate the conduct of man here, and his hopes in a hereafter. In these he seems to make no distinction, but considers them all as bot- tomed upon principles pernicious to man and unworthy of God, carried into details the most cruel, and upheld only by the stupidity of the many on the one hand, and the selfish conspiracy of the few on the other. According to him the earth is a boon garden needing little care or cultivation, but pouring forth spon- taneously and inexhaustibly all innocent delights and luxuries to her innumerable children; the seasons have no inclemencies, the air no pestilences for man in his proper state of wisdom and li- berty; his business here is to enjoy himself, to abstain from no gratification, to repent of no sin, hate no crime, but be wise, happy and free, with plenty of 'lawless love.' This is man's na- tural state, the state to which Mr. Shelley will bring us, if we will but break up the 'crust of our outworn opinions,' as he calls them, and put them into his magic cauldron. But kings have introduced war, legislators crime, priests sin; the dreadful conse- quences have been that the earth has lost her fertility, the sea- sons their mildness, the air its salubrity, man his freedom and happiness. We have become a foul-feeding carnivorous race, are

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foolish enough to feel uncomfortable after the commission of sin; some of us even go so far as to consider vice odious; and we all groan under a multiplied burthen of crimes *merely conventional*; among which Mr. Shelley specifies with great *sang froid* the commission of *incest!*

We said that our philosopher makes no distinction in his condemnation of creeds; we should rather have said, that he makes no exception; distinction he does make, and it is to the prejudice of that which we hold. In one place indeed he assembles a number of names of the founders of religions, to treat them all with equal disrespect.

> 'And through the host contention wild befell,
> As each of his own God the wondrous works did tell;
> *And Oromaze and Christ and Mahomet,
> Moses and Buddh, Zerdusht, and Brahm and Foh,
> A tumult of strange names,' &c.—p. 227.

But in many other places he manifests a dislike to Christianity which is frantic, and would be, if in such a case any thing could be, ridiculous. When the votaries of all religions are assembled with one accord (this unanimity by the bye is in a vision of the *nineteenth* century) to stifle the first breathings of liberty, and execute the revenge of a ruthless tyrant, he selects a Christian priest to be the organ of sentiments outrageously and pre-eminently cruel. The two characteristic principles upon which Christianity may be said to be built are repentance and faith. Of repentance he speaks thus:—

> 'Reproach not thine own soul, but know thyself;
> *Nor hate another's crime, nor loathe thine own.*
> It is the dark idolatry of self
> Which, when our thoughts and actions once are gone,
> Demands that we should weep and bleed and groan;
> O vacant expiation! be at rest—
> The past is death's—the future is thine own;
> And love and joy can make the *foulest* breast
> A paradise of flowers where peace might build her nest.' p. 188.

Repentance then is selfishness in an extreme which amounts to idolatry! but what is Faith? our readers can hardly be prepared for the odious accumulation of sin and sorrow which Mr. Shelley conceives under this word. 'Faith is the Python, the Ogress, the Evil Genius, the Wicked Fairy, the Giantess of our children's tales;' whenever any thing bad is to be accounted for, any hard name to be used, this convenient monosyllable fills up the blank.

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* 'And Oromaze, Joshua and Mahomet.' p. 227. *Revolt of Islam.* This is a very fair specimen of Mr. Shelley's alterations, which we see are wholly prudential, and artfully so, as the blasphemy is still preserved entire.

Beneath

'Beneath his feet, 'mong ghastliest forms, represt
Lay Faith, *an obscene worm*.'—p. 118.

——————— 'sleeping there
With lidless eyes lie Faith, and Plague, and Slaughter,
A ghastly brood conceived of Lethe's sullen water.'—p. 220.

'And underneath thy feet writhe Faith and Folly,
Custom and Hell, and mortal Melancholy.'—p. 119.

'Smiled on the flowery grave, in which were lain
Fear, Faith, and Slavery.'—p. 172.

Enough of Mr. Shelley's theory.—We proceed to examine the manner in which the argument is conducted, and this we cannot do better than by putting a case.

Let us suppose a man entertaining Mr. Shelley's opinions as to the causes of existing evil, and convinced of the necessity of a change in all the institutions of society, of his own ability to produce and conduct it, and of the excellence of that system which he would substitute in their place. These indeed are bold convictions for a young and inexperienced man, imperfectly educated, irregular in his application, and shamefully dissolute in his conduct; but let us suppose them to be sincere;—the change, if brought about at all, must be effected by a concurrent will, and that, Mr. Shelley will of course tell us, must be produced by an enlightened conviction. How then would a skilful reasoner, assured of the strength of his own ground, have proceeded in composing a tale of fiction for this purpose? Undoubtedly he would have taken the best laws, the best constitution, and the best religion in the known world; such at least as they most loved and venerated whom he was addressing; when he had put all these together, and developed their principles candidly, he would have shewn that under all favourable circumstances, and with all the best propensities of our nature to boot, still the natural effect of this combination would be to corrupt and degrade the human race. He would then have drawn a probable inference, that if the most approved systems and creeds under circumstances more advantageous than could ever be expected to concur in reality, still produced only vice and misery, the fault lay in them, or at least mankind could lose nothing by adventuring on a change. We say with confidence that a skilful combatant would and must have acted thus; not merely to make victory final, but to gain it in any shape. For if he reasons from what we acknowledge to be bad against what we believe to be good; if he puts a government confessedly despotic, a religion monstrous and false, if he places on the throne a cruel tyrant, and at the altar a bigoted and corrupt priesthood, how can his argument have any weight with those who think they live under a paternal government and a pure faith, who look up with love and

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gratitude to a beneficent monarch, and reverence a zealous and upright priesthood? The laws and government on which Mr. Shelley's reasoning proceeds, are the Turkish, administered by a lawless despot; his religion is the Mohammedan, maintained by servile hypocrites; and his scene for their joint operation Greece, the land full beyond all others of recollections of former glory and independence, now covered with shame and sunk in slavery. We are Englishmen, Christians, free, and independent; we ask Mr. Shelley how his case applies to *us*? or what *we* learn from it to the prejudice of our own institutions?

His residence at Oxford was a short one, and, if we mistake not, rather *abruptly* terminated; yet we should have thought that even in a freshman's term he might have learned from Aldrick not to reason from a particular to an universal; and any one of our fair readers we imagine who never heard of Aldrick, would see the absurdity of inferring that all of her own sex were the victims of the lust and tyranny of the other, from the fact, if it be a fact, that young women of Greece were carried off by force to the seraglio of Constantinople. This, however, is the sum and substance of the argument, as far as it attempts to prove the causes of existing evil. Mr. Shelley is neither a dull, nor, considering all his disadvantages, a very ignorant man; we will frankly confess, that with every disposition to judge him charitably, we find it hard to convince ourselves of his belief in his own conclusions.

We have seen how Mr. Shelley argues for the necessity of a change; we must bestow a word or two upon the manner in which he brings that change about, before we come to the consequences which he derives from it. Laon and Cythna, his hero and heroine, are the principal, indeed, almost the sole agents. The latter by her eloquence rouses all of her own sex to assert their liberty and independence; this perhaps was no difficult task; a female tongue in such a cause may be supposed to have spoken fluently at least, and to have found a willing audience; by the same instrument, however, she disarms the soldiers who are sent to seize and destroy her,—

> 'even the torturer who had bound
> Her meek calm frame, ere yet it was impaled
> Loosened her weeping then, nor could be found
> One human hand to harm her.'—p. 84.

The influence of her voice is not confined to the Golden City, it travels over the land, stirring and swaying all hearts to its purpose:—

> 'in hamlets and in towns
> The multitudes collect tumultuously,—
> Blood soon, although unwillingly, to shed.'—p. 85.

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These peaceable and tender advocates for 'Universal Suffrage and *no* representation' assemble in battle-array under the walls of the Golden City, keeping night and day strict blockade (which Mr. Shelley calls 'a watch of love,') around the desperate bands who still adhere to the maintenance of the iron-hearted monarch on the throne. Why the eloquence of Cythna had no power over *them*, or how the monarch himself, who had been a slave to her beauty, and to whom this model of purity and virtue *had borne a child*, was able to resist the spell of her voice, Mr. Shelley leaves his readers to find out for themselves. In this pause of affairs Laon makes his appearance to complete the revolution; Cythna's voice had done wonders, but Laon's was still more powerful; the 'sanguine slaves' of page 96, who stabbed ten thousand in their sleep, are turned in page 99 to fraternal bands; the power of the throne crumbles into dust, and the united hosts enter the city in triumph. A good deal of mummery follows, of national fêtes, reasonable rites, altars of federation, &c. borrowed from that store-house of cast-off mummeries and abominations, the French revolution. In the mean time all the kings of the earth, pagan and christian, send more sanguine slaves, who slaughter the sons of freedom in the midst of their merry-making; Plague and Famine come to slaughter them in return; and Laon and Cythna, who had chosen this auspicious moment in a ruined tower for the commencement of their 'reign of love,' surrender themselves to the monarch and are burnt alive.

Such is Mr. Shelley's victory, such its security, and such the means of obtaining it! These last, we confess, are calculated to throw a damp upon our spirits, for if the hopes of mankind must depend upon the exertion of super-eminent eloquence, we have the authority of one who had well considered the subject, for believing that they could scarcely depend upon any thing of more rare occurrence. Plures in omnibus rebus, quàm in dicendo admirabiles, was the remark of Cicero a great many ages ago, and the experience of all those ages has served but to confirm the truth of it.

Mr. Shelley, however, is not a man to propose a difficult remedy without suggesting the means of procuring it. If we mistake not, Laon and Cythna, and even the sage, (for there is a sort of good stupid Archimago in the poem), are already provided, and intent to begin their mission if we will but give them hearing. In short, Mr. Shelley is his own Laon: this is clear from many passages of the preface and dedication. The lady to whom the poem is addressed is certainly the original of Cythna: we have more consideration for her than she has had for herself, and will either mortify her vanity, or spare her feelings, by not producing her before the public; it is enough for the philanthropist to know that when the

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season arrives, she will be forth-coming. Mr. Shelley says of himself and her, in a simile picturesque in itself, but laughable in its application,—

> ' thou and I,
> Sweet friend, can look from our tranquillity,
> Like lamps, into the world's tempestuous night—
> Two tranquil stars, while clouds are passing by
> Which wrap them from the foundering seaman's sight,
> That burn from year to year with unextinguished light.'—p. xxxii.

Neither will the reader be much at a loss to discover what sapient personage is dimly shadowed out in Archimago; but a clue is afforded even to the uninitiate by a note in the preface, in which we are told that Mr. Malthus by his last edition has reduced the Essay on Population to a commentary illustrative of the unanswerableness of *Political Justice.*

With such instruments doubtless the glorious task will be speedily accomplished—and what will be the issue? this indeed is a serious question; but, as in most schemes of reform, it is easier to say what is to be removed, and destroyed, than what is to be put in its place. Mr. Shelley would abrogate our laws—this would put an end to felonies and misdemeanours at a blow; he would abolish the rights of property, of course there could thenceforward be no violations of them, no heart-burnings between the poor and the rich, no disputed wills, no litigated inheritances, no food in short for sophistical judges, or hireling lawyers; he would overthrow the constitution, and then we should have no expensive court, no pensions or sinecures, no silken lords or corrupt commoners, no slavish and enslaving army or navy; he would pull down our churches, level our Establishment, and burn our bibles—then we should pay no tithes, be enslaved by no superstitions, abused by no priestly artifices: marriage he cannot endure, and there would at once be a stop put to the lamented increase of adulterous connections amongst us, whilst by repealing the canon of heaven against incest, he would add to the purity, and heighten the ardour of those feelings with which brother and sister now regard each other; finally, as the basis of the whole scheme, he would have us renounce our belief in our religion, extinguish, if we can, the light of conscience within us, which embitters our joys here, and drown in oblivion the hopes and fears that hang over our hereafter. This is at least intelligible; but it is not so easy to describe the structure, which Mr. Shelley would build upon this vast heap of ruins. ' Love,' he says, ' is to be the sole law which shall govern the moral world;' but Love is a wide word with many significations, and we are at a loss as to which of them he would have it now bear. We are loath to understand

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it in its lowest sense, though we believe that as to the issue this would be the correctest mode of interpreting it; but this at least is clear, that Mr. Shelley does not mean it in its highest sense: he does not mean that love, which is the fulfilling of the law, and which walks after the commandments, for he would erase the Decalogue, and every other code of laws; not the love which is said to be of God, and which is beautifully coupled with 'joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance,' for he pre-eminently abhors that religion, which is built on that love and inculcates it as the essence of all duties, and its own fulfilment.

It is time to draw to an end.—We have examined Mr. Shelley's system slightly, but, we hope, dispassionately; there will be those, who will say that we have done so coldly. He has indeed, to the best of his ability, wounded us in the tenderest part.—As far as in him lay, he has loosened the hold of our protecting laws, and sapped the principles of our venerable polity; he has invaded the purity and chilled the unsuspecting ardour of our fireside intimacies; he has slandered, ridiculed and blasphemed our holy religion; yet these are all too sacred objects to be defended bitterly or unfairly. We have learned too, though not in Mr. Shelley's school, to discriminate between a man and his opinions, and while we shew no mercy to the sin, we can regard the sinner with allowance and pity. It is in this spirit, that we conclude with a few lines, which may serve for a warning to others, and for reproof, admonition, and even if he so pleases of encouragement to himself. We have already said what we think of his powers as a poet, and doubtless, with those powers, he might have risen to respectability in any honourable path, which he had chosen to pursue, if to his talents he had added industry, subordination, and good principles. But of Mr. Shelley much may be said with truth, which we not long since said of his friend and leader Mr. Hunt: he has not, indeed, all that is odious and contemptible in the character of that person; so far as we have seen he has never exhibited the bustling vulgarity, the ludicrous affectation, the factious flippancy, or the selfish heartlessness, which it is hard for our feelings to treat with the mere contempt they merit. Like him, however, Mr. Shelley is a very vain man; and like most very vain men, he is but half instructed in knowledge, and less than half-disciplined in his reasoning powers; his vanity, wanting the controul of the faith which he derides, has been his ruin; it has made him too impatient of applause and distinction to earn them in the fair course of labour; like a speculator in trade, he would be rich without capital and without delay, and, as might have been anticipated, his speculations have ended only in disappointments. They both began, his speculations and his disappointments, in early childhood, and even from that period he has carried about with

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him a soured and discontented spirit—unteachable in boyhood, unamiable in youth, querulous and unmanly in manhood,—singularly unhappy in all three. He speaks of his school as 'a world of woes,' of his masters 'as tyrants,' of his school-fellows as 'enemies,'—alas! what is this, but to bear evidence against himself? every one who knows what a public school ordinarily must be, will only trace in these lines the language of an insubordinate, a vain, a mortified spirit.

We would venture to hope that the past may suffice for the speculations in which Mr. Shelley has hitherto engaged; they have brought him neither honour abroad nor peace at home, and after so fair a trial it seems but common prudence to change them for some new venture. He is still a young man, and though his account be assuredly black and heavy, he may yet hope to redeem his time, and wipe it out. He may and he should retain all the love for his fellow-creatures, all the zeal for their improvement in virtue and happiness which he now professes, but let that zeal be armed with knowledge and regulated by judgment. Let him not be offended at our freedom, but he is really too young, too ignorant, too inexperienced, and too vicious to undertake the task of reforming any world, but the little world within his own breast; that task will be a good preparation for the difficulties which he is more anxious at once to encounter. There is a book which will help him to this preparation, which has more poetry in it than Lucretius, more interest than Godwin, and far more philosophy than both. But it is a sealed book to a proud spirit; if he would read it with effect, he must be humble where he is now vain, he must examine and doubt himself where now he boldly condemns others, and instead of relying on his own powers, he must feel and acknowledge his weakness, and pray for strength from above.

We had closed our remarks on Laon and Cythna, when 'Rosalind and Helen' was put into our hands: after having devoted so much more space to the former than its own importance merited, a single sentence will suffice for the latter. Though not without some marks of the same ability, which is occasionally manifested in Mr. Shelley's earlier production, the present poem is very inferior to it in positive merit, and far more abundant in faults: it is less interesting, less vigorous and chaste in language, less harmonious in versification, and less pure in thought; more rambling and diffuse, more palpably and consciously sophistical, more offensive and vulgar, more unintelligible. So it ever is and must be in the downward course of infidelity and immorality;—we can no more blot out the noblest objects of contemplation, and the most heart-stirring sources of gratitude from the creation without injury to our intellectual and moral nature, than we can refuse to walk by the light of

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of the sun without impairing our ocular vision. Scarcely any man ever set himself in array against the cause of social order and religion, but from a proud and rebel mind, or a corrupt and undisciplined heart: where these are, true knowledge cannot grow. In the enthusiasm of youth, indeed, a man like Mr. Shelley may cheat himself with the imagined loftiness and independence of his theory, and it is easy to invent a thousand sophisms, to reconcile his conscience to the impurity of his practice: but this lasts only long enough to lead him on beyond the power of return; he ceases to be the dupe, but with desperate malignity he becomes the deceiver of others. Like the Egyptian of old, the wheels of his chariot are broken, the path of 'mighty waters' closes in upon him behind, and a still deepening ocean is before him:—for a short time, are seen his impotent struggles against a resistless power, his blasphemous execrations are heard, his despair but poorly assumes the tone of triumph and defiance, and he calls ineffectually on others to follow him to the same ruin—finally, he sinks 'like lead' to the bottom, and is forgotten. So it is now in part, so shortly will it be entirely with Mr. Shelley:—if we might withdraw the veil of private life, and tell what we *now* know about him, it would be indeed a disgusting picture that we should exhibit, but it would be an unanswerable comment on our text; it is not easy for those who *read only*, to conceive how much low pride, how much cold selfishness, how much unmanly cruelty are consistent with the laws of this 'universal' and 'lawless love.' But we must only use our knowledge to check the groundless hopes which we were once prone to entertain of him.

ART. VIII.—*Maurice and Berghetta; or the Priest of Rahery. A Tale.* 12mo. London. 1819.

THE title-page of this simple production is anonymous, but the advertisements (which have been scattered with somewhat of aristocratical profusion) inform us that the author is Mr. William Parnell, Knight of the Shire for Wicklow in Ireland; and the preface intimates that, 'in the following tale, the author's intention was not to write a novel, but to place such *observations* on the manners of the Irish peasantry as had occurred to him in a less formal shape than that of a regular dissertation.' (p. xliii.)

It is somewhat unfortunate for the honourable member that, not intending to write a novel, he should have accomplished, by a most perverse fate, the very thing that he had determined not to do; while, as we shall see, he makes but a lame business of that which was his main design. As he has chosen to publish the unhappy misconception into which he had been inadvertently betrayed, it

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it becomes our duty to give our readers some account of it: in the first place, as a tale; and secondly, as a dissertation on the Irish character.

As a tale, we were at first inclined to think somewhat better of it than Mr. Parnell himself appears to do; but when we had made a little progress in the work those hopes vanished, and we were forced to acknowledge the impartiality and justice with which our Hibernian Brutus has condemned his own offspring.

Father O'Brian, the popish priest of Rahery, a barren little rock on the north coast of Ireland, narrates to his parishioners with becoming humility, that after a tolerably long ministry he discovered 'that he had no religion in his heart, but that' (about the period when the novel begins) 'he began to change his vain, worldly, selfish, hard and proud temper into a tender and pious one; and that the first proof of this Christian change was resolving to take care of two orphans' (p. 25.) of one David O'Neal, a labourer in the parish who had died about a year before, leaving his children in the filth, poverty and desolation of the lowest order of the Irish peasantry—but the tardiness of this good priest's charity did no harm. —The orphans, a boy rejoicing in the mellifluous name of Muircheartach *(anglicè,* Maurice, we are told) and his sister Una (*hibernicè,* Owna) aged about eleven and twelve, had already shown a vigour of character and good sense which would have appeared unnatural in children anywhere but in Ireland; the boy had already turned out of doors, bag and baggage, his surviving relations and friends who had disgusted, by their superstitions and vulgarity, this non *non sine dis animosus infans:* and he and his sister,—though only *day-labourers,* the one earning thirteen and the other twopence per diem,—had discovered by the mere light of their own talents and taste, and had effected, upon the strength of the aforesaid fifteen-pence, such a pure system of religion and morals, such improvements in agriculture and domestic economy, that the priest had really nothing to teach them, and, when he heard all their wonderful works, could only exclaim, with patriarchal pathos—'God love you, children—I never heard the like before!'—p. 30.

In this Ultonian Utopia of Mr. Parnell every thing which use could require or taste wish for, was provided, down even to a *fashionable accent.* Mr. Parnell is well aware that a hero or heroine, with an Irish brogue, would be a monstrous solecism, and he accordingly represents his orphans as so very nice in the article of accent, that they are always mistaken for English!

Besides polishing his own and his sister's pronunciation, learning Greek and Latin from Father O'Brian, and all the mysteries of scientific horsemanship, 'terre à terre, passades, courbettes, caprioles sur les voltes,' (p. 113.) from an old French book on the manège,

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manège, Maurice contrived to work so adroitly as well as earnestly, that the young prodigies found themselves growing *rich* on their fifteen-pence a day—an advantage, however, which, with all their labour and economy, they could hardly have effected but by the most extraordinary abstinence: for, instead of revelling on potatoes and milk, as their fellow-peasants did, our orphans restricted themselves to tea and bread and butter for breakfast and supper; and *cold meat* for dinner.—p. 28.

A little foreign travel now becomes necessary to perfect the education of the sagacious Muircheartach and the beautiful Una, and accordingly they set out for London, (with an ample pecuniary provision for the expenses of the tour accumulated out of their savings.) Una is soon disposed of in London in the family of a noble lady, (Lady Macartney,) who wanted an intelligent and well-educated young woman as a companion, and who, of course, thought herself happily fitted in Una O'Neal,—though it must be confessed that Una's prime accomplishments, milking, churning, &c. (p. 48.) were as much thrown away on Lady Macartney, as poor La Fleur's talent of making spatterdashes upon Yorick.

All parties, as we may well believe, felicitate themselves on so happy and appropriate a disposal of Una; but Muircheartach, or Maurice as we shall henceforth (disregarding euphony) call him, is still more fortunate; he happens to fall in with a young English farmer of the name of John Headcroft, who shews him how to manage a short-handled spade, which on Maurice's return to day-labour in Ireland, was as 'good as a mine of gold' to him; he also learned, in this same school, that if he mowed with a long-handled scythe he need not stoop so low as with a short-handled one; and he was gradually initiated into some of the more recondite mysteries of the art of mowing, such as, that damp grass is cut more easily than dry, and that it is less fatiguing to mow in the morning and evening, than under the meridian sun.

Lest our readers should suspect us of not having adequate authority for these important facts, we shall give the original account of the improvement imported into Ireland by Maurice, one of the few benefactors of that too-long-neglected and misgoverned country.

'Profit he did, and that forthwith. He had lived well while in England, and was in full strength and health. He immediately looked out for a job of task work, and as it was well known, that he would finish his work to perfection, equally as well by task as by day's work, he had his choice. His earnings were large, and his *expense little*, for he drank nothing but milk or water, and ate *cold meat and bread.* He lived alone, like a hermit, getting a neighbour's wife to buy his meat and

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and boil it for him; still as he earned his money, he laid it out in getting tools made after the English fashion. He soon had a short handle spade and a broad shovel, and was secretly getting a plough, harrows, and a set of draining tools made, as he began to speculate on taking his land into his own hands, and managing it, as John Headcroft had taught him. He waited impatiently till the mowing began, which was late in the country round about. Good mowers were, as usual, scarce, and the price enormous, five shillings an acre. Maurice contracted to mow so much, that every one supposed he meant to engage under-men to assist him; he set to work with a good scythe and a bent handle, so that he had no longer to mow with his chin almost on his knees, as his neighbours did.

'Then, instead of working through the day as was the fashion of the country, under the hot sun, when the grass got dry and cut harsh and difficult, he began to mow with the first foot-fall of the morning, or, as was said, the middle of the night; in the middle of the day he lay down in the shade and slept, and began again in the cool of the evening, for he had learnt in England, not only what every man's sense would tell him, that he could work harder and pleasanter in the cool than in the heat; but that the grass cut twice as easy while sappy and wet with the dew. By this means Maurice did twice as much as the country mowers, with less fatigue than they had.

'To mowing succeeded a job of reaping and thrashing, and then a heavy piece of ditching, which turned out unusually profitable to him, from the use of his broad short handled spade. In truth, if Maurice did the work of four men, the spade did the work of two, for it dug and threw up the clay at once; whereas a shoveller is always forced to attend the narrow fac to lift up all it drops, which is half what it digs, then the shovel being worn and narrow, drops again half what it attempts to lift, and both fac-man and shovel-man, repugning to bend their backs, the day's work has very little to show for itself when it is ended.

'Thus earning much, and spending little, Maurice again grew *rich*.'—pp. 78—82.

This is not the worst specimen of Mr. Parnell's style; and the reader has already anticipated us in pronouncing it to be a very fair imitation of the most approved models in Mr. Tabart's 'Liliputian Library.' We could say much in praise of Mr. Parnell's choice—but we must return to our tale.

In the intervals of mowing, reaping, and *heavy* pieces of ditching, Maurice found time to fall in love, and to learn French. Though Mr. Parnell did not originally intend to write a novel, yet there are certain stated forms of that admired species of composition with which he feels himself bound to comply.—One of the most recognized of them is, that the hero should save the heroine from some imminent peril. There is a great diversity in the species of peril which authors have had recourse to for this purpose. Sophia

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Sophia Western is thrown from her horse, Camilla is run away with in a phaeton, several Julias and Carolines have been in peril of drowning from the up-setting of boats, and Lucy Aston and divers other young ladies have narrowly escaped being gored by a bull; but none of these predicaments would suit Mr. Parnell's purpose. Miss Berghetta O'Tual, (vulgarly Berrett Toole,) the widow Toole's daughter, had neither horse nor phaeton to run away with her, nor are there, we believe, any roads in Rahery upon which that exploit could be performed; the sea, to be sure, was open to a case of drowning, but Mr. Parnell had an absolute necessity to reserve this accident for an ulterior emergency; and bulls are not in Ireland objects of peculiar terror—all these, therefore, Mr. Parnell judiciously rejects, and with a simplicity which must delight the lover of real life, frightens his village heroine with the barking of a village dog.

' " But how came you acquainted?" said I, " for she never sees any one in her mother's house, nor ever leaves it but to go to chapel, and then she draws her cloak over her face, and speaks to no man."

" Ah, father, when I first saw that *pale* (quere *hale)* and heavenly face, which was *never uncovered but at her devotions*, so gentle, so sweet, so pure! many ways I tried to accost her, but she heeded me not, but chance favoured me; as she was passing by a house, some dogs ran out and barked at her; and she has such an extreme terror of these cabin curs, that she screamed and began to run. I was never far from her on her return from chapel, and flew to her assistance. I dealt one of the dogs a blow with my stick, with such good will, that I laid him dead.—I then overtook Berghetta, who was so terrified, that she could scarcely stand, and was obliged to lean on my arm, and let me accompany her home. Yet in all other respects, she is a *hale* (quere *pale)* active girl; and who milks a cow, or tends her dairy better? Her mother smiled on me when I brought her home, and I saw that my fortune was made.' —p. 93, 94.

This interesting hale, pale, Berghetta, ' though obligated to milk cows,' was lineally descended from king O'Toole, who was formerly sovereign of that very county of which Mr. Parnell—quantum mutatus ab illo Hectore!—is now a simple knight of the shire —an alliance with Maurice was, however, no degradation, even to the O'Tooles—Maurice himself being lineally descended from king O'Neal, sovereign of Tyrone, though ' of all the property of his house he possessed nothing but a beautiful pedigree written in gold upon vellum, a mud cabin and a score of acres of hungry land.' p. 5.

The nuptials of these royal peasants were therefore celebrated, to the great joy of the two illustrious houses, and three children blest the happy union; one of these was a daughter, whom with that strict attention to historical accuracy and national feeling which distinguishes Mr. Parnell, he christens *Geraldine*, thereby intimating

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timating that the Fitzgeralds, to whom the name of Geraldine is appropriate, were of the ancient houses of O'Neal or O'Toole.

And now, in the midst of all this happiness, the clouds of disappointment and sorrow appear. The widow Toole dies, and is carried two hundred miles to be buried in the tomb of king O'Toole, her ancestor. She is no sooner laid by the side of her progenitor, in the *Re-feast* or royal sepuchre of the Seven Churches, than her ghost appears to her daughter Berrett, who thereupon, without ailment or notice, dies, as the Americans express it, 'slick right away.'

Misfortunes never come alone—Maurice and the Priest had a common friend, an officer (he seemed to mortal eyes) in the Irish brigade, in the French service, but the gods, Father O'Brian, and Mr. Parnell, know him to be Hi Sullivan Bere, king of Kerry. Maurice had saved this young prince from drowning by the upsetting of his boat in Bantry bay, and of course became his devoted friend. The prince (or his father, the late king Sullivan) had lost a law-suit against one Squire Dale, which so exasperated the royal youth, that, about the time of Berrett's death, he came from France with Una, (both of course in love and plighted to each other,) with the noble design of raising a rebellion in Ireland, in the hopes of recovering by war the land which he had lost by law. Maurice and the Priest do not quite approve such proceedings, but as their friend is resolved upon having a little disturbance, they consider it a point of honour to accompany him. On Hi Sullivan's arrival amongst his clan, he assembles them for his patriotic enterprize; but while he is endeavouring, by Maurice's mediation, to extort from Mr. Dale 5000*l.* on condition of suspending hostilities, the mob, not understanding such shilly-shally practices, set fire to the house *(more hibernico)* and burn Mr. and Mrs. Dale and all their family alive. Although this was a little mistake in which Hi Sullivan had no direct share, he having intended to commit high treason *only*, and not arson and murder, yet on the general evidence of the facts and the particular evidence of some false witnesses, who swore that he had actually ordered them to burn Mr. Dale's house, king Hi Sullivan was convicted and hanged, to the great sorrow and indignation of Maurice, Father O'Brian, and Mr. Parnell, who consider his punishment as a most brutal and infamous instance of the oppression of the Irish government.

This little accident renders a residence in Ireland not over-agreeable to queen Una, who thereupon goes to Spain, where she is immediately introduced to their catholic majesties, who take her into great favour, and acknowledge at once, and without reference even to the Herald's College, her rank of *princess.*

'"When we reached the circle where the queen sat, I made a slender

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der curtsey, preserving myself from that mean assiduousness, which characterises courtiers both male and female.—She said, in Spanish, "we are obliged to the princess Hi Sullivan for *the honour she does our court,*" and seemed as if she would have said more, but was restrained by the forms of this most formal court; but these few words were accompanied by a smile of great sweetness.

'"A few days after, the Condé O'Donnell told me, that I had formed the conversation of the whole court, and that my beauty, and the ease and dignity of my manner, were the admiration of all: this interested me very little, but not so when he proceeded to say, that the queen was charmed with me, said openly that there was no lady in the Spanish or French court to be compared with me, and had desired the Condé to request, that I would pay her a morning visit."'—p. 295, 296.

To this and similar letters her highness now subscribes herself—

'"Una,
Princess Hi Sullivan Bere,
—born Hi Nial."'—p. 311.

This recognition of the Hi Nials by the court of Spain gives, of course, prince Maurice great satisfaction, which is much increased by John Headcroft, the farmer's son, whom he had formerly met in England, dying and leaving him a legacy of one hundred thousand pounds! Riches and honour however cannot make man immortal.—Poor Maurice dies, and his three children, with the vellum pedigree in gold letters and John Headcroft's hundred thousand pounds, are sent to Spain to the guardianship of the '*Princess Hi Sullivan Bere—born Hi Nial.*'

'The boys, in right of their father, had the title of Prince acknowledged, and the rank of Grandees of Spain superadded. And they and Geraldine received much courtesy from the Spanish court.'—p. 317.

The queen of Spain took as great a fancy to Geraldine as she had done to her Highness of Hi Sullivan; and having resolved to see her well married, her majesty, with a delicacy of sentiment and an easy familiarity peculiar to the court of Spain, had a *list* of all the unmarried grandees made out, and the grandees hereupon were drawn up in a line in the drawing-room, in order that Geraldine might pick out a husband for herself.

'"When Geraldine appeared, the queen *with little ceremony* announced her intentions; and telling Geraldine with many compliments, that there was not a single young lord of the court but what aspired to obtain her hand, bade her choose whomever she would prefer for a husband; "Here is a list of their names," said her majesty smiling, "but as I believe you have scarcely deigned to know them by name, I have assembled them all here, in case you know their faces better."

'"Geraldine replied without raising her eyes from the ground; "your majesty's commands are sufficient to excuse in me what otherwise would be deemed unusual presumption. In obedience to these I name

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name the duke D'Uuzeda, if his grace will condescend to accept the poor offer of my duty."

' " Here Geraldine's limbs nearly failed her; but the queen herself supported her, and cried to the duke, who rushed forward, " stop, D'Uuzeda, perhaps here is some mistake, and I do not mean that the princess Hi Nial should be a victim to her obedience."

' " ' Do you know,' continued she to Geraldine, that the duke is absolutely without fortune, and therefore never pretended to your hand?'

' " ' No, Madam, I did not know that circumstance.'

' " ' Have you ever seen the duke's face?'

' " ' No, Madam.'

' " ' How came you then to know any thing about him?'

' " ' I saw,' said Geraldine, after some hesitation, and sinking in the queen's arms, ' I saw his name in a book.'" '—p. 327—329.

And so the princess Geraldine Hi Nial became duchess of D'Uuzeda, (we follow Mr. Parnell's orthography,) and after a visit paid by the duke, duchess, princesses and grandees, to Father O'Brian in Rahery, this sensible and instructive little tale is brought to a conclusion.

We have been so full in our account of the story, that we have little room for the Irish observations of which Mr. Parnell has made it the vehicle.—Some of them, however, must be noticed.

The work is dedicated, in a strain of what we should have thought very fulsome flattery, to the Roman Catholic priesthood of Ireland; but we doubt whether any flattery will reconcile them to Father O'Brian's confession, (p. 25.) that he was for the greater part of his life ' but a sorry apostle, very little fitted to benefit his flock,' till he happened to become accidentally possessed of ' a number of *religious books*,' which, though written by *Protestants*, made a deep and salutary impression on him, and opened his mind to a true sense of that religion which he had so long unworthily professed. This avowal, put into the mouth of a popish priest, is as natural and rational as all the rest of the work. Nor is the following unimportant, considering that Mr. Parnell professes to be a partial and favourable observer of the character and conduct of the Irish Catholic clergy.

' Indeed,' says Father O'Brian, (speaking of a miserable female quack who pretended to effect cures,) ' *if* I had chosen to act the religious *impostor*, I might have spoilt all Rose M'Cormick's trade; people with agues, and fits, scrofula, and white swellings, came from all parts to have the Bible read over them, or to have me stroke the seat of the complaint; but it always seemed *impious* to me to allow these poor creatures to believe, that sinners like themselves could work miracles, even though a cure might sometimes be wrought by the strong agency of their own fancies; and *it's being so* GENERALLY *practised by priests* may give

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give colour to our enemies, to say *we do not care by what means* we keep up the influence of our clergy over their *ignorant* flock.'—p. 24.

Thus, if we are to credit our author, imposition and impiety (these are hard words, Mr. Parnell) have been *generally* practised by that very body to whom he dedicates his work in terms of lavish panegyric! so lavish indeed, that his adulation runs away with his judgment and memory, and almost, it would seem, with his creed. Mr. Parnell, a member of the legislature, must have sworn over and over again that he believes 'the sacrifice of the mass' and other forms of the Roman Catholic church to be *superstitious and idolatrous,* and yet he assures these priests, whose first duty is the performance of these superstitious and idolatrous rites, that the domestic nomination of their bishops, 'a principle already happily begun, must raise their church to an eminence for *piety* and talent *far above the protestant* or any other church.'—p. ix. If Mr. Parnell believes, as he says, that the *Irish papist* church (for he seems to distinguish it from the Church of Rome) is, in '*simplicity,*' '*purity,*' and '*piety,*' far above the Church of England, why does he not reconcile himself to that transcendant church? why, at least, does he not tell us how he contrives with these sentiments to subscribe to the words *superstitious and idolatrous* at the table of the House of Commons? We meddle not with the spirit or the expressions of these oaths and declarations; we may perhaps have questioned their policy; but we were not wholly convinced of their inadequacy to fulfill even their own object, till we read the profession of faith of this conscientious senator, and found that they do not exclude from a seat in parliament, one who prefers the Roman catholic church to the church of England.

If, on the other hand, Mr. Parnell be really a protestant, and these warm praises of the popish church be the mere *flattery of a dedicator,* we cannot applaud either his good taste or his sincerity; and (what he will perhaps consider a greater misfortune) we believe that such of the popish priests and freeholders of Wicklowshire as may chance to read his book, will give him very little thanks for his pains. What strain of general encomium, however profuse, can reconcile the Roman Catholic priesthood to such degrading confessions as Mr. Parnell has put into the mouth of their representative Father O'Brien; or palliate, in the eyes of the Irish laity, such charges as Mr. Parnell has produced against their morals, their manners, their intellects, and their disposition!

'What *bunglers!*' he exclaims, 'what *idle, careless bunglers,*' are our farmers compared with the English!—There is a part of an English farming man's life which an Irishman does not live; that is between four and six o'clock in the morning. Every body there rises before four in

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the winter: in Ireland no one gets up till half past five in summer, nor till half past seven in winter; partly from the *laziness that sticks to their bones*, partly that they think candlelight too expensive, not knowing that light and labour make the two halves of a farmer's fortune.'—p. 51, 52.

'The English have even a variety of tools that we have no notion of. We have no such thing as a yoke to carry milk pails; though we burn so much land, we have no breast-plough for a man to cut sods; we have not even such things as fencing gloves, but with us, when a man wants to cut a hedge, he puts his left hand into his hat, as the best means of handling the thorns.'—p. 54, 55.

This picture of Irish *laziness* and *bungling* is bad enough, but what follows is still worse.

'I was surprised at the difference between an English and an Irish fair: at the latter, every species of the *grossest fraud* is practised; and a man can scarcely do business to any extent, from the perpetual wrangles he is engaged in to avoid *imposition;* but in an English fair, words are binding oaths, and business passes on quietly and speedily. Another great and pure feature they (the English) possess, which it grieves my heart to know how sadly we (the Irish) want,—THEIR *women never drink.* Almost every vice of our character I could confess here, but I should have died with shame to have allowed this.'—p. 58.

But worst of all are the following observations, which we copy because Mr. Parnell lays great stress upon his practical knowledge of his countrymen; we confess however that we copy with reluctance, (not to say disgust,) observations which appears to us grossly injurious to the Irish character, and which, had they been penned by an Englishman, we have little doubt would have been reprobated, even by Mr. Parnell himself, as libels on his unhappy country.

'I staid to mind the sheep, and thought on the different ways in which quarrels were managed here and in Ireland: and in this instance I cannot but allow, that the English show themselves as generous as we are *base, cowardly* and *savage.* For in England a man always depends upon his own courage, he never tries to raise a party or faction to join him in fighting; *whereas it is only backed by a mob of friends that an Irishman will fight.*—In England too it would be reckoned a monstrous shame and scandal for two men to fall upon one, or to strike a man when on the ground; but in Ireland, twenty men will *basely* fall upon one, and it is when they have him down on the ground, that all their *savage revenge gluts* itself, by trying to beat him to death.—In England too a man disdains to use any other weapon but those that nature has given him—his clenched fists: but an Irish combatant never thinks himself fit for action without a stick, generally loaded with lead; or will seize a *knife,* to have his *revenge.*'—p. 63, 64.

For these perverse, and (as our author represents them) indigenous, and national dispositions, it is absurd to pretend, in the wretched

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wretched cant of the day, that England and the English government in Ireland are responsible. Mr. Parnell, indeed, dilates on this theme with great fluency; but when, as we have seen, he has no more forcible method of expressing his disgust at the Irish character than by *contrasting* it with the English, when he affirms that the Irish are as filthy and lazy as the English are cleanly and active,—that the Irish are as tricky and fraudulent as the English are open and honest; when he admits that the Irish are as thoughtless and extravagant as the English are prudent; when he tells us that the Irish, both men and *women* are as *drunken* as the English are temperate; and finally, when he assures us that the Irish are as base, cowardly and treacherous, as the English are loyal, bold, and generous—we ask, how any man with a grain of logic or even common sense in his head, can attribute these abominable vices in one country to the example or influence of another which he admits to be, of all nations on the face of the earth, the freest from them? Let us take an instance from Mr. Parnell—it is a trivial one, but all his instances are trivial,—when his hero admires a waggon and team in England it is proposed to him to introduce one into his farm in Ireland:

'But I (he says) who knew how all our *self-sufficient boobies* would set their heads against any thing new, shook my head, and could not help telling him of our Sir Phelimy French, who brought over an English waggon and horses, but forgot to bring a driver, and when he ordered it out, it came round with eight drivers, one to every horse, and the horses not knowing what was meant by *hup* and *hough*, and the drivers as little understanding what they called the humours of the waggon, it was overturned into the ha-ha, pronounced a folly, and left to rot, no office being large enough to hold it.'—pp. 50, 51.

Now here is an Irish gentleman endeavouring to introduce English improvements in the shape of a waggon and eight horses, but 'the self-sufficiency of his booby countrymen' (we wish Mr. Parnell would be somewhat more tender in his language) defeats his scheme. How is the English government to blame for the national perverseness of which this is a small example?

We have not now room, nor is this the proper occasion for inquiring into the effect which any modern system of political government may have had on the Irish nation.—It is a subject which we perhaps may hereafter have opportunities of discussing under other auspices than Mr. Parnell's. We shall content ourselves with stating one fact which is wholly suppressed by all such flimsy theory-mongers as we have here to do with. Ireland, for the last century, has, in every thing that relates to morals, manners, and domestic economy, (the points in which she is most deficient,) *been governed by herself*. An English viceroy, and generally, but not always, an

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English chief secretary, have been nominally and ostensively at the head of the political government; but the real power and the whole of the internal legislation and economy of the country have been in the hands of the *Irish* themselves. The Houses of Lords and Commons, the Privy Council, the Judges, the Magistracy, the Lawyers, the parochial Clergy,—in short, all the governing, all the influencing classes, have been, almost without exception, *Irish.* Has the accidental presence—as Lords-Lieutenant or Secretaries—of the Dukes of Ormond, Devonshire, and Dorset,—of Lords Townsend, Chesterfield, Carteret, Halifax and Cornwallis,—of Mr. Addison, Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Windham, or Mr. Elliot,* men all eminent, and some of them immortal for their genius, their talents, their wisdom and their virtues; has the accidental presence, we ask, of one or two of these illustrious persons at the council-table in Dublin, so infected and poisoned the very air of Ireland as to reduce the happy, high-minded, and admirable Irish to the state of vice and misery in which Mr. Parnell is pleased to place them?

One word more upon this topic.—England conquered Ireland, not at once, not completely, but in a lingering war of many melancholy ages, accompanied and followed by mutual injuries, and mutual hatred; but whatever misfortunes arose (and many did no doubt arise) out of the English invasion, it cannot be, on the other hand, denied, that all the improvements of Ireland, whether in forms or in essentials, have been imported from England—the blessed light of the reformation, the happy principles of the revolution, the cheering arts of civilization, every thing in religion and politics, in agriculture and manners, every thing valuable, however high or low, from the parliament and the pulpit down to the plough and the spinning-wheel, are the produce of the English connexion. Nay, to descend to minuter objects, even Mr. Parnell himself, with all his patriotism, is a boon, and that of no very old date, from England to Ireland.

Of the vigour and anxiety of this patriotism, our readers could have no conception, if Mr. Parnell had not favoured them with the following description of the melancholy state to which he is reduced for the good of his country.

'Like the nightingale that is said to lean its breast against a thorn, that sleep may not interrupt its song, this aching pity for poor Ireland has kept the author constantly *thinking*, *studying*, *writing*, *talking*, in hopes that by exertion or good fortune he might be the means of bettering her condition. One claim at least to attention he may be allowed, which is having minutely, carefully, and unremittingly studied the subject.

* We have only selected a few from the long list of able and worthy men, now no more, who have been, since the revolution, Lords-Lieutenant and Secretaries in Ireland.

'To

'To the governing powers he of course has applied, but not very often, as every little chance of success with them would be lost by importunity. But success, indeed, he never had to boast of.'—*Introduction*, pp. xii. xiii.

Before we devote to the execration of mankind such men as Lord Colchester, the Duke of Wellington and Mr. Peel, for not having in their respective administrations taken the advice of this Irish nightingale, (by the way, Mr. Parnell is the only nightingale that has ever been heard in Ireland,) let us consider a little what are the remedies which he proposes.—For evils so extended, for vices so inveterate, it might be expected that this senatorial songster would propose some wide and powerful charm which should assuage all the bad passions, and excite and invigorate all the nobler and more virtuous feelings of the human heart. In tracing upon paper his schemes of reformation *he* has no obstacles, no difficulties, no prejudices to contend with;—in a political romance a legislator may do *what* he pleases and *as* he pleases, and it is therefore not too much to look to Mr. Parnell's favourite Maurice for such acquirements and attributes as fit him for the example and prototype of a regenerated peasantry. Let us see—

The first, and (if we may judge by the stress laid upon it) the most important is, that the day-labourers in Ireland should, instead of potatoes and milk, eat wheaten bread and *cold meat!* Our readers will think that we are, what is vulgarly called, quizzing them—we protest we are not.—Mr. Parnell makes and re-makes this proposition as most important 'towards bettering the condition of *poor Ireland,*' and not on the mere grounds that cold meat is the more nourishing food, but that it is the cheapest, and would save the labourer's family a world of time and pains.

A poor girl who can earn two-pence a-day is diverted, he says, from her work in carrying potatoes to the workman in the field; this waste of time would be prevented by the labourer's carrying a sandwich in his pocket!

'Maurice works task-work, and as he is so well fed, he says he is able to work better than many grown up men. Indeed, he says eating meat is the cheapest and best, for besides being able to earn so much more, he can take his cold meat and bread with him, and look for work five miles off; but if he ate potatoes, I should be forced to carry them twice a day through all weathers, which would oblige him to work only near home; besides, I (Una) should lose the most of what I earn by spinning, and wear out my shoes and clothes; have to pay for medicines two or three times a year, from colds; and what he thinks worst of, be in company with all the labourers during their meals, without mentioning the idle tattered girls who carry them their meals; and any how he cannot endure that I should leave the house unless he is with me. Now

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he takes his cold meat and bread with him, and asks no more till he comes home to supper.'—pp. 29, 30.

This is a happy instance of Mr. Parnell's good sense. Because when *he* happens to make a hasty repast, it generally consists of bread and *cold meat*, these articles become in his mind associated with the idea of frugal fare;—'*bread and cold meat*,—always at hand,—got in a moment,—without trouble or expense!' In the fervour of his romance he quite forgets that in order to make bread, wheat must be ground to flour, kneeded into dough, fermented with yeast, and baked in an oven; he forgets too that *cold* meat must have been once *hot*, and that the market, the butcher, the spit, the pot, the fuel, and all the unobserved but essential details of cookery must take up at least as much time and expense as boiling a pot of potatoes and carrying them to the reaper in the field. Would to God that the food of the Irish peasantry could be improved! but surely none but a visionary would think of changing it altogether—and, above all, changing it for such reasons of *economy* as have occurred to Mr. Parnell!

Mr. Parnell's next improvement is to introduce the *short*-handled spade, and, with admirable consistency, the *long*-handled scythe.

'The father walked stiff, and had a great stoop from using their short-handled spade and shovel.—After he returned from his day's work, he used to take a turn at his own garden, and in three hours in the evening, did more and better work, than an Irish labourer would do in a whole day. It was all from the short handled spade: their spade is all spade, and will lift twice as much as our broadest shovel; our fac is all handle, it lifts but little, and half of that falls off, as we do not lift with our arms, but by sticking one knee under the long-handled fac, a thing which no Englishman would comprehend. When I return, I will make my fortune by cutting three feet off the handle of my fac.'—p. 70, 71.

'Though I made twice the efforts of my companions, I could but just keep up with them; and while they cut close, and even without distressing themselves, my mowing, with all my exertions, was execrable; being used to our straight handled scythes, I stooped too low, and did not understand the set of mine; so that I was the derision of the whole field. At last one of them, better natured than the rest, said, "Lord love thee, lad, thou wilt kill thyself, and *break thy back at this fashion;* what queer sort of a tool hast thou been used to cut with?" So, desiring me to stand more upright, and setting my scythe not quite so flat, I found that I could mow with much more ease than ever I had done before, and before I left the field, they all pronounced that I promised well.'—p. 59.

This good gentleman appears to know so little about the true value of his own remedies that he proposes them with contradictory re-com-

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commendations; one is good because it makes the man stoop, the other is also good because it does not. Again we say, that the change may be desirable, but not assuredly for the reasons assigned by Mr. Parnell.

Few things seem to strike this great patriot as being so important in an Irish labourer as a good English *accent*; but much and often as he insists upon this amendment, he does not inform us how it is to be effected. We anxiously request him to remedy this omission in a second edition: such a recipe might be useful not to 'poor Ireland' alone, but to all Scotland, and certain parts of England itself, which at present suffer under the grievous infirmity of a provincial accent.

It must be obvious that it would also be a great blessing to Ireland, hardly inferior perhaps to mending the accent of the peasantry, if discontent and disaffection, old prejudices and rankling feuds could be eradicated, and that a general respect for and acquiescence in the present state of laws, constitution and property, could be generally diffused:—this is a tune to which the political nightingale might delight to sing; and accordingly Mr. Parnell does not wholly omit it; but the mode he takes of inculcating these conciliatory doctrines is quite as surprising as an Irish labourer's being created a grandee of Spain—he takes every opportunity of launching, in an Irish spirit of *conciliation*, the most sarcastic and indignant remarks against the government and the gentry; he *judiciously* reminds all the peasants that, whether their names be O'Toole, or O'Neale, or O'Sullivan, they are descended from a line of *kings*, and (though despoiled and degraded) the real owners of the soil, and (if every man had his due) the just inheritors of the wealth and power of the country. He further takes great pains to assure us and them of their unanimity and their strength and their disaffection. He tells us plainly that one of his heroes, 'James Hi Sullivan, with great reason to be contented, nourished the keenest regret for his family honours and the bitterest rancour against his spoliators, the English,' (of whom Mr. Parnell is one;) and he further informs us that 'there is not one single Irish Roman catholic who is perfectly free from the same festering discontent.' —p. 117.

Is this indeed so, Mr. Parnell? Is all that we have heard of the loyalty and good dispositions of the Irish Catholics utterly false? Do they all, without exception, nourish the bitterest rancour against the present state of things? Are catholic emancipation and religious toleration mere pretences? and is a *revolution* in *rank* and *property* the real object of the catholic claims? The best that we can do for Mr. Parnell is to hope that he does not quite know what he is saying—he is a child playing with fire-arms;

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an innocent who, by way of giving light to his neighbours, sticks his farthing candle into a barrel of gunpowder.

The judicious and consolatory topics which Mr. Parnell produces to amend the morals, better the condition, and raise the character of his countrymen, are exactly the same as those with which his hero Hi Sullivan awakened the feelings of the mob that attacked Mr. Dale's house, and we therefore are not greatly surprized that the affair ended in burning Mr. Dale and all his family in their beds; and we are a little afraid that, if such principles were to be propagated with any success, Mr. Parnell's own house would in no long period of them share the fate of Mr. Dale's.

It may appear incredible, that any man should publish a book at once so mischievous and absurd, and venture to usher it in by a preface which talks political economy ex cathedra, and sneers at Adam Smith, and all the puny statesmen who have governed Ireland from the earliest to the present time;—but there is a circumstance which mitigates our surprize: the attention of parliament was, during the last session, solicited to two bills, introduced with sufficient pomp, for the alleviation of some of those tremendous evils under which Ireland is represented as labouring—the one was a bill for the education of children employed in cotton factories, the other for regulating the office of coroner in Ireland! their chief enactments were some paltry details, either impracticable or contemptible. These bills were for a short time a bye-word amongst those who had looked at them; and they sank under the weight of their own inconsistencies before they had reached any debateable stage:—they were from the same pen and in the same spirit as 'the Priest of Rahery.'—*Requiescant in pace!*

ART. IX.—1. *Prospectus and Specimen of an intended National Work, by William and Robert Whistlecraft, of Stowmarket, Suffolk, Harness and Collar Makers, intended to comprize the most interesting particulars relating to King Arthur and his Round Table.*—London, 1818.

2. *The Court of Beasts, freely translated from the Animali Parlanti of Giambattista Casti, a Poem, in seven Cantos.* By William Stewart Rose. London. 1819.

GIAMBATTISTA Casti published his *Animali Parlanti* in 1802: Mr. Rose has therefore taken the most recent narrative poem of the Italians as his text-book. On the other hand, the unknown poet who comes forward disguised in the working jacket of the Whistlecrafts, has imitated the earliest of the Italian romantic poems, the Morgante Maggiore, which was written by Pulci about the year 1470. If these two writers wished to employ

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ploy their talents in copying from Italian models, models, too, very susceptible of improvement, the choice could not have been made with greater judgment. Casti, like most modern Italian writers, is often meagre and diffuse; and the energetic lay of Pulci is stamped with the rudeness and severity of antiquity. Mr. Rose has condensed his original. The pseudo-Whistlecraft has refined on what he has imitated. But in order to appreciate the 'Court of Beasts,' and the 'Tale of King Arthur,' it is absolutely necessary that our readers should be enabled to form a just idea of their Italian prototypes.

The narrative poems of the Italians, which in other countries would be all grouped together as epics, have been classed with great nicety by their litterati. The *Orlando Furioso*, according to their poetical nomenclature, is their chief romantic, and the *Gerusalemme Liberata* their first heroic poem. The *Secchia Rapita* of Tassoni is accounted a chef-d'œuvre in the heroic-comic style. Burlesque poetry is exemplified in the *Ricciardetto*, and the *Animali Parlanti* is considered wholly as a satire. The Ultramontani cry out against these subtle classifications, as not existing in nature. We content ourselves with stating the Italian theory as a matter of fact: and perhaps some other facts which we intend to bring forward may tend to elucidate the question, 'whether it be right or wrong to arrange the different species of poems under distinct names, and according to laws supposed to be essential to each class?' It is possible that the Italians may have been compelled to sort their epics into families, in order to assist themselves in making way through the multitude: for during the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, the narrative poems published in Italy nearly equal in bulk and number the volumes of voyages, and travels and history which have appeared in England during the present reign.

Every line of the Animali Parlanti discloses the object of the author. Satire was his only aim. He does not ridicule the religion, or the politics, or the ethics of any peculiar sect or nation; he laughs at all faith, and all patriotism, and all morality; yet his satire has not been always understood: and politicians and party-men have been so simple as to quote the verses of Casti, imagining that the laughers would be on their side.

Casti was born in the Papal dominions, about the year 1720. He was a priest and a professor of rhetoric; but he soon quitted his college, and turned his back upon the altar. He rambled through most of the continental courts as a professional bel-esprit. Poor, yet independent, he was the guest of the great; and he died in 1803, full of years, as he was leaving an entertainment. Casti never praised

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praised any one of the kings and princes who protected him in their turns; but he successively ministered a more poignant treat to their vanity by ridiculing their royal neighbours. As soon as he was out of the reach of the claws of one sovereign, he immediately satirized his discarded patron at the court of another. When his royal protectors read his verses, and enjoyed the satirical portraits of their compeers, they laughed at each other, and the world at large laughed more heartily at them all. The Casti breed is no rarity in common life; but the individuals who compose it excite little attention, because they do not write, and because they carry on their operations in private sets and circles. They existed in ages less civilized than our own: such was the Thersites of Homer.

> Awed by no shame, by no respect control'd,
> In scandal busy, in reproaches bold:
> With witty malice studious to defame,
> Scorn all his joy, and laughter all his aim.
> But chief he gloried, with licentious style,
> To lash the great, and monarchs to revile.
> His figure such as might his soul proclaim.—*Il.* b. ii.

Casti was even uglier than the Grecian: Partly through disease, and partly through the doctor, he had lost a piece of his nose, and his palate. He snuffled out his licentious verses: and the unblushing cynical impudence with which he recited his metrical bawdry, formed a whimsical contrast to his name, and a hideous one to his sacerdotal character, for he never ceased to reckon himself an Abbé, the *petit collet* being always accepted in continental society as an apology for plebeian extraction.

Casti acquired great celebrity by his 'Novelle Galanti.' There are few men so graceless as to confess that they have read the book; yet the French and Italian booksellers continue to make money by reprinting it in secret. Since the days of Boccaccio, Italy has been infested by works of this description. Yet with the exception of Casti, and the infamous Aretine,* these authors do not appear to have written with the deliberate intent of corrupting the morals of their readers; and greatly as they have degraded themselves, they only participated in the common pollution of the

* The real name of *Aretino*, who acquired the epithet of the Infamous, was *Pietro Bacci*. Another Aretino, Leonardo Bruni, was called 'the Historian.' Both were born at Arezzo; the historian in 1369, and Peter the Infamous in 1492. The bones of the historian rest at Florence, near the remains of Galileo and Michael Angelo. Peter died at Venice, but where he is buried no one knows, or wishes to know. Madame de Staël and the Rev. Mr. Eustace were ignorant of the existence of the historian, and therefore they imagined they saw the tomb of the infamous Aretine by the side of the tombs of Galileo and Michael Angelo, and they have moralized thereon. The learned lady and the reverend gentleman also saw the tomb of Boccaccio in the same church. It happens, however, that the tomb is twelve miles off.

times.

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times. Ariosto only versified the table-talk of the Italian nobles, nay of the Italian pontiffs. In the 16th century the spirit of chivalry was blended with the spirit of licentiousness. A thousand such contradictions may be found in the history of civilized society, and they must be carefully observed by him who wishes to study human nature. The nobles of the court of Elizabeth broke their spears in honour of their royal mistress, or they fought around the fortress of Beauty, besieged, and besieged in vain, by Love, and Wantonness, and Desire. At the same time, Sir John Harrington dedicated his version of Ariosto to the Virgin Queen. The loose yet romantic poetry of Ariosto agreed with the manners of the age. The good knight therefore did not scruple to translate the licentious passages of his original word for word. He professes indeed to apologize for the indelicacy of Ariosto, but the apology is a curious specimen of the mock-modesty which it was then usual for authors to affect.

'It may be, and is by some objected, that although Ariosto wrote Christianly in some places, yet in others he is too lascivious, as in that of ..... Alas! if this be a fault, pardon him this one fault, though I do not doubt but that too many of you, gentle readers, will be too exorable on this point; yea, methinks I see some of you searching already for those places of the book, and you are half offended that I have not made some directions, that you might find out and read them immediately; but I beseech you stay awhile, and as the Italian saith, *pian piano*, fair and softly, and take this caveat with you, to read them as my author meant them, to breed detestation and not delectation.'

We are far from suspecting the 'gentle readers' of our days, like Sir John Harrington: but his apology, as well as his good advice at the end, is fallacious. The tone taken by Ariosto at the opening of the adventure plainly proves that he felt he was somewhat guilty.

'You ladies, ye that ladies hold in prize,
Give not (perdie) your eare to this same tale,
The which to tell mine host doth here devise
To make men thinke your vertues are but small:
Though from so base a tongue there can arise
To your swet sexe no just disgrace at all;
Fooles will find fault without the cause discerning,
And argue most of that they have no learning.

Turn o'er the leaf, and let this tale alone,
If any think the sex by this disgraced,
I write it for no spite, nor malice none;
But in my author's book I find it placed.
My loyal love to ladies all is known,
In whom I see such worth to be imbraced,
That theirs I am, and glad would be therefore
To shew thereof a thousand proofes and more.

Peruse

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Peruse it not; or if you do it read,
Esteme it not, but as an idle bable;
Regard it not, or if you take some heed,
Believe it not, but as a foolish fable.'

This is a very pleasing specimen of the happiness of the old translator. The original is equally characteristic of the jocundity of Ariosto.* It must be recollected that his errors are somewhat more venial than they would have been, had he lived in the present age. We cannot judge of ancient decency by a modern standard. The Queen of Navarre imitated the Decameron; and Boileau, the stern guardian of public morals, drew a parallel between La Fontaine and Ariosto, and invited the French public to the perusal of an indecent novel. Such levity, to give it no harsher name, could not now be tolerated. We may or may not be purer in our morals than our ancestors were; but it is quite evident that our taste is more chaste. It therefore becomes the duty of every writer to avoid offending delicacy; and if he sins against the feeling of the age, the genius which he prostitutes will not redeem him from contempt. The turpitude of Casti is rendered still more conspicuous by another circumstance. He wrote at a period when moral feeling was just dawning in Italy; and this feeling he laboured to extinguish. He does not wanton like Boccaccio or Ariosto; he spits his venom at virtue and religion, seeking to degrade them, as the sole expedient by which he can palliate his own immorality. Had Casti's morals been correct, he might have been denominated a *wit*, according to the true import of the term. His common conversation resembled the dialogues of his comic operas. Of these he composed but few; and they are the only ones of which the text pleases without the fiddle. 'King Theodore' is a master-piece. The subject is taken from Candide; but Casti enhanced the humour of Voltaire's outline, by introducing certain traits which he had copied from nature, from a contemporary monarch, more remarkable for his quixotism than his power; and whose character, according to his usual practice, he had studied with the intention of turning him into ridicule when the good time should arrive. He made just as free with the great names of antiquity. In an opera buffa, entitled

* 'Donne, e voi che le donne avete in pregio,
Per Dio non date a questa istoria orecchia,
A questa che l' ostier dire in dispregio
E in vostra infamia e biasmo s' apparecchia:
Ben che nè macchia vi può dar nè fregio
Lingua sì vile, e sia l' usanza vecchia,
Ch' 'l volgare ignorante ognun riprenda
E parli più di quel che meno intenda.
Lasciate questo canto, chè senz' esso
Può star l' istoria, e non sarà men chiara.
Mettendolo Turpino, anch' io lo messo,
Non per malivolenzia nè per gara:
Ch' io v' ami, oltre mia lingua che l' ha espresso,
Che mai non fu di celebrarvi avara,
N' ho fatto mille prove; e v' ho dimostro
Ch' io son, nè potrei esser se non vostro.
Passi chi vuol tre carte, o quattro, senza
Leggerne verso, e chi pur legger vuole
Gli dia quella medesima credenza
Che si suol dare a finzioni e fole.'

Catilina,

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Catilina, he plays the fool with Cicero and Cato. This opera has never been published; but we venture to prophesy that it will soon be given to the world. There are a great many pretended apostles of truth, who maintain that our happiness is promoted by dispelling all illusions, even those which incline us to believe that human nature has been ennobled by its virtues: some of these will print the Catilina of Casti.

After amusing himself with kings in comedy and heroes in tragedy, he renewed his satires upon royalty in the person of Catherine the Second; with whom he made free in a very long poem entitled *Tartaro*. Casti succeeded the Abbate Metastasio as *Poeta Cesareo*, and lived at Vienna in high favour with Joseph the Second, who used to set him on against the monks and friars. When the 'Poema Tartaro' appeared the Emperor Joseph was on very ill terms with the Empress Catherine; but when each had got a slice of the kingdom of Poland, they made up their differences. The Czarina insisted that the Poeta Cesareo should be turned away; and Casti was banished from Vienna: but the emperor directed that the poet's pension should continue payable during the remainder of his life. Casti, with a spirit which would have honoured a better man, refused the gift, and when Joseph remitted the money to him, he would not touch it. The pecuniary losses consequent upon the publication of the Tartaro were not made up in fame. Foreigners did not relish it, and the Italians did not understand it; for they knew nothing of the court of St. Petersburgh beyond what they read in the newspapers. Neither did it add much to Italian literature. The style is unimpassioned, and the diction without grace or purity. But the poem abounds with point, and it succeeded amongst certain readers, in the same way that *small wits* take in society. They amuse for a moment because they flatter the bad passions of the human heart, and they end by becoming tedious.

Casti employed the last years of his life in the composition of the *Animali Parlanti*. He had been an acute observer both of the follies of the multitude and of the absurdities of their rulers; and he brings his knowledge in full play against mobs and courtiers, against the sottishness of the demagogue and the ravings of the tyrant. Professing to be a lover of liberty, he mocks at popular freedom as a thing which cannot exist in reality: he attacks monarchy and religion with less ambiguous irony, but always by insinuating that it is impossible to change the nature of the human species; and that man is created to be ever bullied by the strong, and cheated by the crafty. Yet what is the result of such principles? They cause the multitude to lose themselves in Pyrrhonism, or to sink in the 'slough of despair'; and no situation can be more productive of wretchedness to the individual, and of mischief

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mischief to society at large. Ridicule is not so powerful a weapon against tyranny as it is usually supposed to be. A nation accustomed to laugh at every thing is exactly that which a government may insult with the greatest impunity. At the time when Didot printed the *Animali Parlanti*, and when the military court of King Lion amused the Parisians, Buonaparte proclaimed himself consul for life. In the name of Liberty and Equality he surrounded himself with all the glare of monarchy, and he summoned round him those prætorian bands which were soon to be transformed into the imperial guard.

Casti's poem is an Æsopian fable spun out into three volumes. In a short apologue, the fiction which gives speech and reason to animals is accompanied by a sort of propriety and probability; they are made to express themselves conformably to their nature and their habits. The contrast between the practical wisdom of animals and human folly is impressive; we feel that the example may be applied to us: our curiosity is roused by the allegory, and our reason is satisfied when we discover the truth which it veils. The charms of the apologue appear to arise from these causes, but if they do not act simultaneously, rapidly and *gracefully*, the pleasure is lost.

> Friend Bee, exclaimed a Fly, pray tell
> The means you use to look so well?
> With a mere scanty summer fare
> You're fat and sleek throughout the year,
> Whilst we, who eat much more than you,
> Can never live the winter through.
> We Bees, replied the other, eat
> The sweetest, most delicious meat,
> Whilst you, and all the race of Flies,
> Will feast on every dog that dies.

Whatever moral may be appended to our little fable, it has the characteristics which are indispensable in this species of composition. In the poem of Casti the character of the fable is exactly the contrary. The animals do not occupy themselves according to their real habits; they are introduced as actors in political scenes, and placed in situations for which nature never intended them. They debate about laws with which they have nothing to do, and they prate about the pope and the mufti, although they do not want any one to take care of their souls. The fiction is destitute of probability. King Lion is a despot; Queen Lioness is no better than she should be, and betrays her husband into the bargain. Cub-Lion is a stupid 'crown prince;' the Dog preaches democracy, and sells himself to the ministry; Jack Ass becomes prime minister, and so on. After we have made out this

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this fine-drawn allegory the spirit of the poem flags. It could only have been sustained by inducing us to take an interest in the actions of the personages; but their actions can excite none: they are mere abstract ideas, merely the generalizations of the characters of despots, and ministers, and courtiers. The events of the time gave a literary importance to the poem, which it lost when those events lost their novelty. Every body endeavoured to recognize a leading personage of the day in the disguise of some one brute or another. Occasionally right guesses were made. But the allusions of Casti begin even now to become enigmatical. In the course of half a century no creature will be able to expound them without the help of a commentary; and the commentators, as usual, will work to no purpose, because many of the characters are persons whom history will forget; and those whose actions deserve the notice of posterity will certainly not be judged according to the malignant caricatures of the satirist.

At the time of the publication of the *Animali Parlanti*, Buonaparte had put an end to the revolutionary struggles between parties and factions, but he had not silenced them. They busied themselves in disputing whether Buonaparte was *bound* to maintain the republic, or whether he had the *right* of re-establishing the monarchy. Casti kept clear of all subtle reasoning. In politics the war of words has three stages which succeed each other at short intervals. At the outset of a revolution, disputes increase its fury, and they are too serious to admit of pleasantry: but when one faction has gained the victory, the conquered continue skirmishing in print, and the conquerors laugh at their arguments and lamentations. Thus Butler ridiculed the presbyterians and the independents when the civil wars had ceased; and Casti, whether by chance or by design, profited, in like manner, by the interval of peace. Lastly, the generation which has beheld a revolution, drops off; the political disputes and arguments which agitated the combatants are buried in their graves; and the fame of political or party poetry will then depend upon its intrinsic worth.

Casti bantered all parties alike; and this boldness contributed greatly to the success of the poem. When Buonaparte became an emperor he suppressed the French translation, and prohibited the reprinting of the original in Italy; this 'coup de police' reminded the people of the existence of a satire which they had almost forgotten.

The poetry of Casti is poor and spiritless; he never *paints*, he *describes*. We shall hereafter explain the meaning which we affix to these words. He *treats* upon his subject, and it seldom happens that a sentence of his rhymed dissertations remains fixed in the memory of the reader. His jokes are destitute of urbanity, his

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his expressions of propriety, and there is no variety of harmony in his verse. He employed the *sesta rima*, a system of versification which, not being as short, or linked as closely as the *terza rima* of Dante, conveys the ideas of the poet with less energy. The *ottava rima*, the stanza of Ariosto, seems less monotonous because its cadences recur at longer intervals; and its length assists the development of poetical imagery. No one but Casti ever adopted the *sesta rima* in a long poem. It is an easy measure, agreeing with the garrulity of old age, and well adapted to one who wishes to gossip in verse, and whose enfeebled faculties cannot sustain much mental labour. Casti drawls, and he attempts to gain the semblance of vigour by the help of points and epigrams: but he resembles a withered beauty who flirts in the dance, exciting sensations which are at once ludicrous and mournful.

Mr. Rose speaks too modestly, we might almost say that he misleads his readers, in producing his 'Court of Beasts' as a translation from the Animali Parlanti. In his introduction he apologizes for the liberties which he has taken.—'I have let go,' he says,

> ——— 'my author's skirt
> Whenever he has plunged through filth and dirt.'

And he has condensed the twenty thousand lines of his original in seven hundred English verses. Mr. Rose is too well acquainted with the classical authors of Italy not to despise the coarseness with which Casti burlesqued Æsop: but we regret that Mr. Rose has followed the measure of Casti instead of employing the stanza of the older poets. However, he has purified his satire. He has omitted whatever might offend delicacy, 'in rejecting the gallantries of the Lion court, and whatever is or might be considered as a satire on a subject on which the public has a right to be jealous.' We do not know whether he has introduced any political anecdotes; but he never adopts the principles of any party in politics, though he often amuses himself at the expense of party-men. The eloquence of the Mob of Beasts is copied from real life.

> 'The Tyger first was put in nomination:
> His tail, pied coat, the lightning of his pat,
> But for the Dog's insidious intimation,
> Had told. "But he—he's after all a cat,
> A better breed of cat." Here lay the sting,
> For who is there would choose a cat for king?
> A mountain democrat propos'd the Bear:
> On this the Dog: "I honour his long pole;
> I own him first jack-pudding of the fair;
> A rogue in spirit, while he plays the droll.
> But shall we choose a king, to make us laugh,
> And change the sceptre for the ragged staff?"

To

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To him the Bear: " Who better plays his part
On this wide stage, it matters not two grains,
I a buffoon by nature, you by art,
At least you will not fail for want of pains."
Although the assembly laugh at Bruin's sally,
The barren jest procured him not a tally.
The previous sarcasm on the Bear's unfitness
Laid the foundation of eternal hate.
Though Hockley is no more, you still may witness
Th' effect in sore and sanguinary bait.—
The Bull was next expos'd to nomination,
With many more brute beasts of straw and lath,
Successively rejected in rotation;
And last the Mule, oh! tell it not in Gath!
Put up the Ass 'mid laughing, scraping, fleering,
But he was hooted off on half a hearing.
My Ass, console thyself; the time is coming,
When thou, blest beast, like Dog shalt have thy day;
When kings, thy grave and modest merits summing,
Council and court shall echo to thy bray,
And puissant peers thy proud pretensions own,
And thou be held best bulwark of the throne.'

His allusions to the foibles of individuals are poignant without being ill-tempered. In complaining of the frivolousness of society, and the ennui of a town life, he makes us smile at the vacant indolence of a lounging man of letters. If the cap fits any one of our friends in particular, they must take their share of the verse without being angry at the Poet, for we may be quite sure that he has not spared himself.

' Or if foul fiends and phantoms will intrude
With reason, or upon perverse pretences,
And I must pass a melancholy mood,
Through all its vast varieties of tenses,
It is some consolation, when they work ill,
To pin my devils in their own small circle.
But this I see is clear, and glad return
To thee, gay Gundimore, thy flowers and fountain,
Statue, relief, or cinerary urn.
It seems as if thy genius took a mountain
From off my breast, I feel repriev'd from death,
I move more lightly, breathe with other breath.
Blest spot! within thy walls I never hear
That Mr.———'s, with lady ——— a sinner:
Nor what Sir —— What d'ye call him? has a year.
I never sit ten minutes after dinner.
Nor when digestion has her hands full, piece
A half concocted meal with tea and grease.

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No common jokes I heed, or friends who bring 'em,
Such as, *I have not room to swing a cat;*
I recollect I never want to swing 'em,
And then the poison'd dart falls blunt and flat.
The worst I do by them, as stories say,
Is give them pepper on a rainy day.*
I shun whatever causes bile or vapours,
Upon one level runs my lazy life;
I hear not of the stocks, nor read the papers,
And vote ambition but a name for strife.
Yet rise one point above mere passive pleasure;
For there I mooncalf, mooncalf without measure.
"But what is mooncalf?" a strange voice may cry.
I answer, mooncalf's easy contemplation,
Or vacant action: lose no time, but try;
You'll find it a delightful recreation.
But definition, though precise and ample,
Is dark without the daylight of example.
Berni illustrates it in choicest measure;
He tells you he was box'd up with a parcel
Of lords and ladies, and some fays of pleasure,
In what may be entitled Lazy Castle.
All guests an amorous fairy ran to earth,
And bagg'd, to make her prison'd gallant mirth.
While these their time in feasts and fooling fleeted,
He (for all had their will) bade make a bed,
Spacious and comfortable, and well sheeted,
A table by its side; and thus he fed,
And slept, by turns. Another was possess'd
By a congenial and well-natured guest.
Nor lack'd they matter for their waking dreams:
One pleasure was to lie upon their back,
To lie at gaze, and count the ceiling beams,
And mark in which was nail-hole, flaw, or crack;
And which worm-eaten were, and which were sound,
And if the total sum was odd or round.
Then, when they had for somewhile slept and eat,
The one perhaps would stretch himself, and say,
"D'ye hear those fools above? they're needs well met;
I mean those rogues and trulls who dance the hay."
The other then would cease awhile to chew,
Yawn down his soup, and say "I—th...ink—so too."†

* Administered in sandwiches with a small *bonus* of beef, it produces a slight galvanic effect.

† Those who desire to see what use Mr. Rose has made of the autographic portrait of Berni may consult the Orlando Innamorato (lib. 3. cant. 7. st. 35, &c.) and the Life of Leo X. (vol. iii.) where it has been quoted by Mr. Roscoe, whose observations are extremely judicious.

But

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But other mooncalf's mine. By Chewton's dingle,
Or Hordle's cliff, where peevish sea-fowl screech,
I love to pace the solitary shingle,
What time tall breakers tumble on the beach,
Without a book or thought; such rolling base,
Fills all my mind, and serves me in their place.
More picturesquely rapt, I sometimes range
And see the mighty stage of ocean clear'd,
As nature were preparing for a change;
Mark the beach'd buss and fish-boat homeward steer'd,
And listen in the distant din and bluster
To th' elements in arms, their march and muster;
See Solent* tossing in distemper'd sleep,
Breathe hard and long, his bosom heaving slow,
Save where to shore the curling waters creep,
There work and whiten, though no tempest blow,
While hatching secret mischief, like a spy,
Th' unsettl'd wind veers restless round the sky.
Last, from the south forth sallying, sweeps along
The billows, mixing seas and skies together.
I muse meantime, and mutter from old song
Such snatches, as best sort with the wild weather:
Until, self-fool'd, I almost think my lore
" Hath set the troubled waters in a roar."
Then seek my cell and books, and trim my hearth,
And call to Caliban, to fetch in firing,
A crack-brain'd knave, that often makes me mirth:
But when stern Winter, from our seas retiring,
" Hath broke his leading staff," I play no more
At Prospero, upon the sea-beat shore:
But give my fountain vent, and set it spouting,
Or scheme a freeze for some exotic's tub;
Or measure myrtles, which persist in sprouting
Without a sun; or murder obvious grub;
Or heat and hammer some reluctant rhyme;
And so 'mid nothings fleet away my time.'

Mr. Rose has infused a new life into his model, but he is endowed with such a happy vein of originality, that we sincerely regret that he has chosen rather to be an imitator than an inventor, particularly as the species of composition which he has copied, however ably executed, can only be considered as marring the beauty, and destroying the utility, of the fictions of Æsop. Somewhat similar is the Hind and the Panther. Nothing can surpass the admirable versification of that poem, yet Dryden has *denaturalized* the character of the apologue and of the animals which appear in it; and his talents have not protected him

* The Solent, or Solent-sea, is the channel between the Isle of Wight and mainland.

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against the criticisms which he deserves. Voltaire has justly censured La Fontaine himself, whose later fables are expanded to a greater length than his earlier ones. Besides, the poet must write without shewing himself on the stage, and without any tincture of ridicule or sarcasm. Æsop is neither laborious, nor witty, nor impassioned: he observes the scenes which nature has presented to him, and he reports them with the impartiality of nature.

It will appear from our observations on the Animali Parlanti, that, according to the Italian classification, the satirical poem neither seeks to surprize us by varied incident, nor to move us by exalted sentiments. It is a poem in which the action and the personages are only subservient instruments employed to lead us to despise the opinions which we venerate, and to laugh at events in which we sympathise. Therefore the persons speak more than they act. On the contrary, it is the end and object of romantic poetry, that, through its medium, this rude world may appear more interesting than it actually is. The romantic poet seeks to astonish his readers by marvellous adventures, by human characters which range above mortality, by chivalrous exploits, by excessive tenderness and heroism, sometimes exaggerated even into absurdity. Poets of this class profit by any theme which presents itself: they are capable of bestowing animation upon any object, therefore they do not reject the ludicrous scenes which happen to fall in their way; but they never go a step out of it to search for them. Such are the poems on Charlemaine and his Peers by Pulci, Boiardo, Berni, and Ariosto. The 'Prospectus and Specimen of the National Work by William and Robert Whistlecraft' has undoubtedly been suggested by these poems, and most particularly by the Morgante Maggiore, of which we shall speak anon; but there is one important difference between them. The English author has filled his poem with sprightly humour, whilst the Italian romantic poets only laugh now and then. In examining the four cantos which have been published of the 'Specimen,' we shall discover whether this alteration has succeeded.

The poem opens, like the Morgante Maggiore, and the Orlando Innamorato, with a scene of holy-tide festivity at the court of the king of chivalry.

> 'The great King Arthur made a sumptuous feast,
> And held his royal Christmas at Carlisle.'

To those who do not understand Italian, the following stanzas will afford an accurate idea of the interest which Pulci's vivacity gives to the most trivial scenes, and of the easy grace which Berni contrives to bestow upon them.

> 'The noise and uproar of the scullery tribe,
> All pilfering and scrambling in their calling,

Was

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Was past all powers of language to describe—
The din of manful oaths and female squalling;
The sturdy porter, huddling up his bribe,
And then at random breaking heads and bawling,
Outcries, and cries of order, and contusions,
Made a confusion beyond all confusions.
Beggars and vagabonds, blind, lame, and sturdy,
Minstrels and singers with their various airs,
The pipe, the tabor, and the hurdy-gurdy,
Jugglers, and mountebanks with apes and bears,
Continued from the first day to the third day
An uproar like ten thousand Smithfield fairs;
There were wild beasts and foreign birds and creatures,
And Jews and foreigners with foreign features.'

The portraits of the British knights and British beauties of the court of King Arthur are painted with the bold decided pencil of Ariosto.

'They look'd a manly, generous generation;
Beards, shoulders, eye-brows, broad and square, and thick,
Their accents firm and loud in conversation,
Their eyes and gestures eager, sharp, and quick,
Shew'd them prepar'd, on proper provocation,
To give the lie, pull noses, stab and kick;
And for that very reason it is said
They were so very courteous and well-bred.
The ladies look'd of an heroic race,—
At first a general likeness struck your eye,
Tall figures, open features, oval face,
Large eyes, with ample eyebrows arch'd and high;
Their manners had an odd peculiar grace,
Neither repulsive, affable, nor shy;
Majestical, reserv'd, and somewhat sullen,
Their dresses partly silk, and partly woollen.'

Near Carlisle was a valley inhabited by a race of giants, from which they sallied forth for the purpose of carrying off the ladies. This adventure was the beginning of a furious war. The author traces the characters of his personages with consummate art.

'Sir Tristram was prepared to sing and play,
Not like a minstrel earnest at his task,
But with a sportive, careless, easy style,
As if he seemed to mock himself the while.
From realm to realm he ran—and never staid;
Kingdoms and crowns he won—and gave away;
It seem'd as if his labours were repaid
By the mere noise and movement of the fray;
No conquests nor acquirements had he made;
His chief delight was on some festive day

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To ride triumphant, prodigal and proud,
And shower his wealth amidst the shouting crowd.
His schemes of war were sudden, unforeseen,
Inexplicable both to friend and foe,
It seem'd as if some momentary spleen
Inspir'd the project and impell'd the blow;
And most his fortune and success were seen
With means the most inadequate and low;
Most master of himself, and least encumber'd,
When overmatch'd, entangled, and out-number'd.
Sir Gawain may be painted in a word,—
He was a perfect loyal cavalier;
His courteous manners stand upon record
A stranger to the very thought of fear,
The proverb says, *As brave as his own sword;*
And like his weapon was that worthy peer;
Of admirable temper, clear and bright,
Polish'd yet keen, though pliant, yet upright.
A word from him set every thing at rest,
His short decisions never fail'd to hit;
His silence, his reserve, his inattention,
Were felt as the severest reprehension.
In executing schemes that others plann'd,
He seem'd a very Caesar or a Márius;
Take his own plans, and place him in command,
Your prospect of success became precarious.
Adviser general to the whole community,
He serv'd his friend, but watch'd his opportunity.'

Whenever the author composes in a serious strain, he becomes poetical in no ordinary degree. As a specimen of his success when he is in this mood, we shall quote his description of the valley of the giants.

'Huge mountains of immeasurable height
Encompass'd all the level valley round
With mighty slabs of rock, that slop'd upright,
An insurmountable and enormous mound.
The very river vanish'd out of sight,
Absorb'd in secret channels under ground;
That vale was so sequester'd and secluded
All search for ages past it had eluded.
A rock was in the centre, like a cone,
Abruptly rising from a miry pool,
Where they beheld a pile of massy stone,
Which masons of the rude primaeval school
Had rear'd by help of giant hands alone,
With rocky fragments unreduc'd by rule.
Irregular, like nature more than art,
Huge, rugged, and compact in every part.

A wild

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A wild tumultuous torrent rag'd around,
Of fragments tumbling from the mountain's height;
The whistling clouds of dust, the deaf'ning sound,
The hurried motion that amazed the sight,
The constant quaking of the solid ground,
Environ'd them with phantoms of affright;
Yet with heroic hearts they held right on,
Till the last point of their ascent was won.'

Whoever compares this passage with any long prosaic descrip-
n of mountain-scenery will be convinced that poetry is best
lculated to represent the works of nature with effect, as well as
ith precision. The simplicity of style of some descriptive
avellers passes almost into silliness; and the turgid eloquence
others wearies without impressing the imagination.

In the vicinity of the Giant's Valley was a convent of Benedic-
ne monks, who had long enjoyed themselves in peace and quiet-
ess. However they nearly brought destruction upon themselves
y starting an entire new ring of bells, by the noise of which the
iants were mightily offended. This episode was partly suggested
y Pulci; but the English author, availing himself of its *capability*,
as developed it by the introduction of more humorous scenes,
nd more pertinent allusions. The war had scarcely begun, when
he abbot died suddenly of a fit of the gout.

'The convent was all going to the devil,
Whilst he, poor creature, thought himself belov'd
For saying handsome things and being civil;
Wheeling about as he was pulled and shoved,
By way of leaving things to find their level.'

At this crisis, one Brother John (who had hitherto lived almost
nnoticed) becomes a man of consequence—he exhorts the monks
to defend themselves against the giants, and he ends by taking the
supreme command. All this however is to be considered as
poetry, and not by any means as politics. The author does not
deviate into reflexions or expositions—he presents us with a sample
of the natural course of human affairs, and with characters faith-
fully copied from mankind; and he leaves it to his readers to
reflect, or to seek for the application. We presume that there
are living poets who chuse to say that they have behaved like
cowards on the field of battle, and who compare themselves to the
lyric poets of antiquity. We cannot give any other interpretation
of the following lines.

'Poets are privileg'd to run away—
Alcaeus and Archilochus could fling
Their shields behind them in a doubtful fray;
And still sweet Horace may be heard to sing

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His filthy fright upon Philippi's day.
(You can retire, too—for the Muse's wing
Is swift as Cupid's pinion when he flies,
Alarm'd at perriwigs and human eyes.)
This practice was approv'd in times of yore,
Though later bards behav'd like gentlemen;
And Garcilasso, Camoens, many more
Disclaim'd the privilege of book and pen;
And bold Aneurin, all bedripp'd with gore,
Bursting by force from the beleaguer'd glen,
Arrogant, haughty, fierce, of fiery mood,
Not meek and mean, as Gray misunderstood.'

One allusion, indeed, is clear. The ancient bard concludes his lay: *At ego ipse bardus Aneurim sanguine rubens; aliter ad hanc cantilenam* faciendam vivus non fuissem. Gray has given a kind of sentimental modesty to his bard, which is quite out of place.

'And I the meanest of them all
Who live to sing and wish their fall.'

The allusions, however, are sometimes so delicate, that it is not easy to seize them. We shall indicate a few lines which we think we have guessed.

The absurd employment of Latinisms and Gallicisms—

'Dear people! if you think my verses clever,
Preserve with care your nobler parts of speech,
And don't confound the language of the nation
With long-tailed words in *asity* and *ation*.'

Violent personifications in poetry—

'Meanwhile the solemn mountains were surrounded;
The silent valley, where the convent lay,
With tintinnabular uproar was astounded,
When the first peal burst forth at break of day.
Feeling their granite ears severely wounded,
They scarce knew what to think or what to say;
And (though large mountains commonly conceal
Their sentiments, dissembling what they feel,
Yet) Cader-Gibbrish from his cloudy throne
To huge Loblommon gave an intimation
Of this strange rumour, with an awful tone,
Thund'ring his deep surprise and indignation.
The lesser hills, in language of their own,
Discussed the topic by reverberation;
Discoursing with their echoes all day long,
Their only conversation was "ding-dong."'

We fear that general readers are not sufficiently informed to be able to relish the poignant wit of these and similar passages.—

Indeed,

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Indeed, it is not very easy to understand the nature of the part which the poet is acting; nor do we always know how to take him. Sometimes he is *really* Mr. Whistlecraft, the harness and collar-maker; and in this character his digression upon Pericles and the Elgin marbles is a *chef-d'œuvre* of amenity. It is an exquisite transcript of the sensations and ideas of a working man, who, being well read in Plutarch 'done into English,' and the Sunday newspapers, talks learnedly about Athens and the fine arts. But then this workman quotes Æschylus in the right place, corrects the false translation of Gray, and explains the fable of Orpheus by means of the fragments of a Greek elegy, scarcely known even to profound scholars. It is true, that

> Squire Humphry Bamberham of Boozley Hall
> (Whose name I mention with deserv'd respect)
> On market-days was often pleased to call
> And to suggest improvements, and correct.

But the facility with which the poet masters every variety of style, and the classical air which breathes in every line, 'disclose the traces of learning and superior reading.' His readers lose sight of the collar-man; and the more they perceive that he is a person of high intellect, and a finished scholar, the less are they willing to believe that he wrote without an object.

About an hundred years ago, a poem, bearing a certain degree of affinity to the 'Specimen,' was produced by Monsignor Forteguerri, a writer who in genius and means was far inferior to the English poet, though his *Ricciardetto* is happily executed. Sometimes, like Master Whistlecraft, he puzzles his readers by his ambiguous tone; but generally his intent is marked. The Prelate is not merely playful—he is farcical, and, in fact, he wrote to entertain his friends. He began the *Ricciardetto* in order to prove that romantic poetry might be written with great facility, and he finished the first canto in the course of a night. But as he perceived that instead of composing romantic poetry he had only produced a parody, he resolved to continue in the same tone. He denies that Orlando recovered his senses by the good offices of Astolfo, and that the wits of the hero were brought again from the moon; but maintains that he became sane in consequence of the judicious treatment adopted by the kind Paladins his friends, by spare diet, plenty of water, and the cudgel.

> 'Cinquante bastonate a ciascun ora
> Gli davano i pietosi Paladini;
> E ritornaro Orlando in sanitate
> Molt' acqua, poco pane, e bastonate.'

The heroes of romance are the poorest devils imaginable in the poem of Forteguerri. True it is that they are all industrious, and follow

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follow some honest calling or other to get their living. Orlando becomes a maître d'hotel, Rinaldo a cook, Ricciardetto a barber, and Astolfo an innkeeper. Astolfo understands trade—'il a l'esprit de commerce en bon Anglais:' and he makes a great deal of money, which he spends as freely, by treating his friends with good liquor, which he does not put down in the bill. The Astolfo of Forteguerri is a caricature of the ancient British knight whom Berni has taken from Boiardo. Astolfo, Paladin of England, can never bring himself to stay at home: he traverses one kingdom after another, not on the business of knight-errantry, but merely for the sake of travelling; and he wishes to make the tour of the world with such rapidity, that at the risk of breaking his neck he mounts the hippogriff. He carries on the wars of Charlemagne at his own expense, and out of pure generosity. He is handsome, well made, very rich, and very liberal. He courts all the ladies who come within his reach, without much refinement, and without being too fastidious respecting their attractions. He pays great attention to his toilette, and he never comes out of his room till he has completely settled his dress before the looking-glass, and until, after having bestowed a long 'coup d'œil' upon his gloves, he convinces himself that they are in right order.

Such is the Astolfo of the romantic poets, and he did not deserve to be degraded by Forteguerri. The diction of Forteguerri, who was a native of Pistoia, is pure, but without elegance; his jokes are vulgar. The giants in Ricciardetto extinguish a fire which broke out in the royal palace, by the same expedient which Captain Gulliver devised when he saved the palace at Lilliput from destruction. It is a whimsical coincidence that two contemporary dignitaries of the church, one in Ireland and the other in Italy, should have invented the same scurrilities. Compensation is made for the faults of his style, and his want of urbanity, by the astonishing facility of his vein and the activity of his fancy. He never copies any one, and if he presents us with common-place remarks, he presents them so spiritedly that they come upon the reader as new.

'Quando si giunge ad una certa età
Ch' io non vòglio descrivervi qual è,
Bisogna stare allora a quel ch' un ha,
Nè d' altri amanti cerca più la fè:
Perchè, Donne mie care, la Beltà
Ha l' ali al capo, alle spalle, ed a' piè;
La vola sì che non si scorge più,
E chi la vide non può dir: Qui fù.

We quote these lines with greater pleasure, because their counterpart

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terpart is to be found in Beppo, where the same ideas are presented with fresh graces.

> 'She was not old, nor young, nor at the years
> Which certain people call a "*certain age*:"
> Which yet the most uncertain age appears,
> Because I never heard, nor could engage
> A person yet by prayers, or bribes or tears,
> To name, define by speech or write on page
> The period meant precisely by that word,
> Which surely is exceedingly absurd.'

Forteguerri acquired great popularity by his burlesques of *the Eremitic character*.* In the old erromantic poems, Ferrau, the Ferrargus of the English romances, is a Spanish warrior, without pity and without faith. Forteguerri exhibits him in Ricciardetto as a pious hermit, repenting of his past sins, and ever ready to open a new account of iniquity. He is a bigot, a hypocrite, and a satyr, all at once. He fights like a hero in the wars, but he never can withstand temptation. At each new vagary the Paladins drub him, and he returns the favour with liberality; but as he is terribly afraid of Satan, he allows himself to be reconverted by their exhortations. Scarcely is Ferrau reclaimed when he again relapses; and on his death-bed, whilst he regrets that he has sinned, he regrets still more that he cannot sin again. Forteguerri frequently becomes farcical; but his humour is lively, and intelligent. The originals of his caricatures are always before the Italians, and, without scandalizing any individual, he amuses all the world. Yet in this poem the satire is only accessary, it neither bears upon politics, nor society, nor manners. In the poetical nomenclature of the Italians, therefore, the Ricciardetto ranks as a mere burlesque. The author only wants to make you laugh. He saw that the fictions of romantic poetry could be easily adapted to his views, for the slightest degree of exaggeration renders them absurd. Yet in treating these fictions they became poetical. He contracted a species of kindness for romantic poetry—he continued his work with greater care; and the tone of his poem is not in unison with his first intent. Somewhat similar is the turn which the author of the 'Specimen' has given to his lay of King Arthur; but as he is placed far above Forteguerri by his knowledge of the art, no less than by his talents, he will easily correct this error. We are persuaded, by the perusal of the four cantos now before us, that in the sequel of the poem, the adventures, the action and the style, and, above all, the characters of his personages, will command the attention of

* A sort of Begging Friars; the Tartuffes of the Italian villages.

his

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his readers, and they will not require that their interest should be excited by setting themselves at work in tracing out his allusions. Throughout his 'Specimen,' the author has mastered the greatest of his difficulties; he has united the playfulness of wit to good poetry without degenerating, like Forteguerri, into vulgarity.

It is very difficult to form an alliance between comic humour and the dignity of epic poetry. Tassoni succeeded in effecting this combination: he was almost the only Italian poet of the era in which he flourished, who withstood the general corruption of taste introduced by Marino and his followers, and by the 'imitated imitators' of Lope de Vega; and he opened a new path, in which a crowd of pretenders have vainly endeavoured to follow him. Tassoni distinguished himself in all his pursuits by the strength of his character and the accuracy of his judgment. In spite of all the terrors of the Inquisition, he was a bold and original thinker: he was a courtier, but without servility, and a patriot who did not worship the faults of his native country;—a subtle writer and an accurate grammarian, yet not a pedant;—a laborious historian, and at the same time a wit, and a humourist. The reader, who wishes to be informed respecting the life of this extraordinary character, will be fully satisfied by consulting Mr. Walker's accurate work; but his account of the Secchia Rapita is less satisfactory than his biography of the author. We could, indeed, only expect the information which he collected, from Italian writers; and they, unfortunately for themselves, can never speak out. In Italy, when a work of imagination has a political bearing, the history of its origin seldom reaches posterity. Mr. Walker relates that 'a similar cause gave rise both to the Dunciad and to the Secchia Rapita. While Tassoni's mind was in a state of irritation from the repeated attacks of the critics, he conceived the idea of writing a mock-heroic poem; in which, while he permitted his vein of wit and humour to flow freely, he might indulge in the virulence of invective against the open and secret enemies of his literary reputation.'

This gratuitous conjecture, for it is really nothing more, had already misled the critics and commentators of Pope and Boileau. They can scarcely be called imitators of Tassoni. The Secchia Rapita merely gave the hint to the authors of the Rape of the Lock and Lutrin. If Tassoni ridicules the habits and manners and opinions of private life and private individuals, this was only accessary to his main plan; he had higher objects in view. Tassoni detested the foreign rulers of Italy. He wished to give a vivid picture of the miseries consequent upon the civil wars and domestic quarrels of the Italians. He therefore took the leading facts of his poem from authentic history. The Modenese had

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had waged a bloody war with the citizens of Bologna during half a century, each party had availed itself of the assistance of foreign armies, and a 'wooden bucket' was all they had to boast of, as the fruit of this victory. This took place in the days of the Guelfs and Ghibellins, but the heroes of Tassoni's poem are his contemporaries. He has introduced his friends as well as his enemies, and the latter are not treated with much delicacy. His portraits are copied from nature, and though some of the features are caricatured, he has taken care not to deprive each individual of his peculiar cast of countenance. Thus also he preserves the provincial character and identity of the inhabitants of the different states. He makes them speak in their native dialects, and act in conformity to their manners. The Iliad is an accurate illustration of the topography of Greece. Tassoni is equally precise in the ethnography of modern Italy. His language is pure and elegant, without the slightest trace of affectation. When he becomes animated, he borrows the dignified warmth of the historian, rather than the fire of poetical wit. And yet when he indulges in ornament, he vies with those who have bestowed most labour in polishing their verse.

Dormiva Endimion fra l'erbe e i fiori,
Stanco dal faticar del lungo giorno;
E mentre l'aura e il ciel gli estivi ardori
Gli gian temprando, e amoreggiando intorno;
Quivi discesi i pargoletti amori
Gli avean discinta la faretra e il corno:
Ch' a' chiusi lumi e a lo splendor del viso
Fu loro di veder Cupido avviso.*

Though he is sparing of his jests, they are severe and cutting, and he generally places them with propriety. It must have cost him great pains indeed to refrain from joking. He could scarcely think, or speak a word, or write a line, even of his last will and testament, without finding food for his humour, and with him the gravest subjects elicited an unexpected jeer.

Del celeste monton già il Sole uscito
Saettava co' rai le nubi algenti:
Parean stellati i campi, e il ciel fiorito,
E sul tranquillo mar dormiano i venti;

---

* Worn with the labour of a tedious day,
Stretch'd on the ground the young Endimion lay;
His fragrant breath attemper'd zephyrs sip,
Feed on his smile and linger on his lip.
And now a group of loves, that hover'd round,
His shining quiver, and his horn unbound,
They thought, exhausted as his eyelids clos'd,
Their brother Cupid languish'd and repos'd.—*M. M. Clifford*

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Sol zefiro ondeggiar facea sul lito
L'erbetta molle, e i fior vaghi e ridenti,
E s' udian gli usignuoli al primo albore
E gli asini cantar versi d'amore.*

The last line of this stanza seems to allude to the poetasters, who tried to sigh like Petrarch. Tassoni's motives in passages of this nature must not be misunderstood. It was not hostility towards his critics, but zeal for the promotion of good taste which provoked his sarcasms both against the Della Cruscan school and the Petrarchists.

Pope and Boileau have inlaid their little epics with happy imitations of the most celebrated passages of the ancient classics. Tassoni imitates them with less ostentation. His irony blends almost insensibly with the character and plan of the Iliad and the Æneid, and the Gerusalemme Liberata. His personages were of less importance to him than his subject. For the purposes of his satire, he has borrowed the general colouring of epic poetry, whilst parodies of particular passages were more useful to Pope and Boileau, to whom the fables of their poems only served as vehicles for their sarcasms upon peculiar classes of society.

If the characteristic humour of the Secchia Rapita be compared with the satire of the Animali Parlanti, and the burlesque drollery of Ricciardetto, it will appear that Tassoni thought fit to designate his production as an heroic-comic poem, because he did not intend, like Casti, to make a mockery of things really important in themselves, but to ridicule the false importance which is given to trifling matters. He did not seek, like Forteguerri, to raise a laugh at all events, by introducing coarse drollery and indecency, and by giving a vulgar travestie of the characters and style of epic poetry; but he sported with the follies of individuals and of nations, and he chose the solemn march of heroic poetry, in order to obtain the contrasted effect which a painter would produce by arraying an Adonis in the mail of Achilles, and arming him with the club of Hercules.

We have willingly indulged in this digression, because we think that the author of the 'Specimen' has often succeeded, like Tassoni, in uniting great playfulness with poetical dignity; and we hope that he will be induced to continue this style in chastening and correcting the extravagant fancies of Pulci and the romantic

* Now had the sun the heav'nly ram forsook,
Darting thro' wint'ry clouds his radiant look;
The fields with stars, the sky with flow'rs seem'd drest,
The winds lay sleeping on the sea's calm breast;
Soft zephyrs only breathing o'er the meads,
Kiss'd the young grass, and wav'd the tender reeds;
The nightingales were heard at peep of day,
And asses singing am'rous roundelay.—*Ozell.*

poets.

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poets. The acumen and acquirements of the man of letters, and the originality of the poet, will undoubtedly enable him to mellow and harmonize the materials which he derives from these writers, and perhaps to create a style which, retaining the blithesomeness and ease of his models, will become completely English, and be truly naturalized by English wit and English feeling. But he must do his best to gain the suffrages of the ladies, who, in every country, and particularly in England, are, after all, the supreme arbiters of the destiny and reputation of the new poetry. This he may easily effect by exciting the softer passions. Since the irrevocable decree of Sancho Panza, such warlike beauties as Bradamante and Marfisa are no longer in fashion; and a damsel, who hath once cut off the head of a giant, ceases thenceforward to be killing, nor do we sympathize with her, whatever misfortunes may afterwards befal her. But if the author will only condescend to introduce a heroine, crowned with poetical laurels, driving out of the Campidoglio in her triumphal car, chanting an altisonant ode in prose, and making love by algebra, many fair readers will be dissolved in tears and rapt in ecstasy.

An important difference will, however, distinguish this poem from its Italian models. The author will always continue to act the part of a tradesman, who attunes his lofty lay of chivalry and love with an unconscious talent. But Pulci and Berni and Boiardo and Ariosto do not put off their real station, or disguise their genius: they are in earnest when they treat

Of dames, of knights, of arms, of love's delight.

They availed themselves of the romantic fictions which were recited to the common people by the story-tellers of Italy, of the traditionary poems which celebrated the exploits performed by Christian heroes in their wars against the infidels: therefore their themes were equally dignified and popular. Critics and antiquaries have laboured hard to discover the birth-place of the muse of chivalrous romance. As soon as they became aware of her existence, they began to dispute about her descent. Some said she was an Arabian maid; and others maintained as stoutly that she was a Goth. Warton attempted to conciliate both classes of disputants by assuring them that they were both in the right: he maintained that the subjects of Mithridates fled from Asia to Scandinavia, and that the romantic muse accompanied them in their migration. From thence she travelled through Europe; she sojourned awhile in Britain and in Spain, and afterwards in France, and at length she arrived in Italy decked with the riches which she had acquired in the different nations through which she passed. As these learned men formed their theories partly upon their own conjectures, and partly upon works which we have never read, we think it prudent not

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not to meddle with the controversy. We had rather confine ourselves to matters of fact, to which these disputants have not much attended. They will point out the sources whence the Italian poems of chivalry obtained their *materials*, and their characteristic and permanent *forms*.

We may distribute the *materials* of these poems under five heads. I. Historical traditions. II. The mythology of the middle ages. III. Fragments and reminiscences of classical literature. IV. Fictions derived from the Saracens and Normans, and arising from the feudal system. V. Fictions gradually added by the story-tellers.

I. With regard to historical traditions, Charlemagne was considered principally, nay, almost solely, as a religious conqueror; and the fame of all his other exploits merged in the warlike missions which he undertook for the purpose of converting the heathen to the Christian faith. In those days the defeat of his army at Roncesvalles created a greater sensation in the world than the destruction of the French army in Russia did in ours; because Charlemagne and his heroes were deemed invincible, and it was thought that angels led them on. The uninformed and illiterate nations of Europe could neither separate truth from falsehood, nor rouse themselves from their state of stupid wonder by learning to attribute human events to natural causes. A few judicious writers endeavoured, yet in vain, to dispel this mental darkness. They had not the power of dispersing their works amongst the multitude; even sovereigns could not read, and it is said that Charlemagne himself was unable to write his name. Great events became known to the public chiefly by oral communication; whilst the task of committing them to writing devolved wholly upon the clergy, and it was their interest to bring religion into action on every occasion. When Charlemagne fought for the propagation of the faith, his victories were attributed to the co-operation of the celestial hierarchy: and when he was defeated in the Spanish passes, the credit of his defeat was given to Belzebub and Satan. The preachers acted exactly the part of story-tellers, as it is now sustained by the Turkish dervises; and whenever they wrote on the subject they converted the life of Charlemagne into a tissue of legends and miracles. In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries the church began to recover its learning and dignity: at that period legendary lore became the property of the story-tellers by profession. The marvellous tales which had once been repeated in the temples were retailed by the road side. They quoted, as their authority, a chronicle ascribed to Archbishop Turpin, but which he certainly never wrote. Pope Calixtus the Second declared this chronicle to be authentic. Perhaps he was influenced by the advantages which resulted to the Papal See by encouraging the growth of every species of credulity.

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The highest sanction was thus given to a collection of all the lies and absurdities concerning the court of Charlemagne and his exploits, which had ever been sung, or preached, or written. It may be easily conceived that these tales bear no resemblance to the truth, except that here and there an historical name may be discovered amongst the heroes. It has been justly observed by Mr. Merivale, that there is only one authentic document of the middle ages in which we find any mention of Orlando, the Roland of the French, and in this he appears as Ruitlandus, Governor of the Marches of Brittany; yet this obscure chieftain is the Achilles of romantic poetry. Dante himself, in spite of his historical accuracy, has adopted some fabulous traditions relating to this hero, and to the battle of Roncesvalles.

> 'Dopo la dolorosa rotta, quando
> Carlomagno perdè la santa gesta,
> Non sonò sì terribilmente Orlando.'

II. The marvels of *magic* were superadded to the wonders of spurious history, and whoever ventured to doubt their reality was in danger of being burnt as a heretic; on the other hand any one who was less ignorant than his contemporaries was considered as a conjuror. Silvester the Second was compelled to abdicate the pontificate merely on this ground. In the primitive ages of Christianity, the fathers of the church seldom denied the existence of the oracles of paganism, but they accounted for them by attributing them to the devil, who, as they maintained, had received full power to mislead mankind. We believe that this hypothesis is still received as a Catholic dogma. And Forteguerri, though a prelate, did not scruple to admit in the last century—

> Il Diavol, donne mie, può far gran cose
> Basti solo che Dio lo lasci fare:
> Però non siate punto dubitose
> Di ciò che udiste ed udrete cantare
> De l'opere di lui meravigliose.
> . . . . . .
> Pur troppo è vero che si dan le Fate,
> Si dan pur troppo! e così fosse spento
> Il seme loro, come ancora è vivo.
> E poi le Sacre Carte, non son piene
> Di maghi e streghe, e cose somiglianti?
> E in chiesa l' acqua santa a che si tiene?

The Bible makes mention of giants. Texts, ill understood, were received as proofs that the race had not become extinct; and thus the actual existence of giants became a dogma which could not be contradicted without incurring excommunication. The Titans of mythology were introduced with more poetical aptitude

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and consistency. They were created before the human race; and deities alone were their antagonists: but the story-tellers of the middle ages made a clumsy incorporation of their own fables with the relics of classical poetry, in order to embellish the giants whom they fashioned out of holy writ.

III. Classical literature was strangely corrupted, in fact it was scarcely known; and this state of things lasted till the age of Petrarca. It is a mistake to suppose that Dante was acquainted with Homer: before his time the Italians often quoted a Latin translation of the Iliad ascribed to one Pindar, a poet of Thebes. Forty years after the death of Dante, and not till then, Homer was really translated from the original by Leontius, a learned Calabrese, who made his translation at the suggestion of Boccaccio; and Petrarca, who did not understand the Greek language himself, induced the novelist to urge the accomplishment of the task. It is an error to suppose that Dante alludes to Homer in the following verses.

> ' Di quel Signor de l'altissimo canto
> Che sovra gli altri come aquila vola.'

If these lines are read attentively, and compared with the context, and if, at the same time, the reader takes care not to look at the commentators, it will be clear that the praises of Dante are to be applied only to Virgil. Dante employed a few words of Greek origin, which he found in the Latin poets. When his commentators adduce these vocables as proofs of his knowledge of Greek, they do their best to deceive the world; the contrary appears most plainly from his own confession: in quoting a passage from Aristotle in his Convito he acknowledges his difficulties; ' because,' as he says, ' the two Latin translations, which I use, contradict each other.' And in one of his songs he states in the plainest terms that he was wholly ignorant of the Greek language. The allusions which Dante makes to the Trojan war refer to events which are not related in the Iliad; and the history of the voyage of Ulysses in the twenty-sixth canto of the Inferno is wholly different from that contained in the Odyssey. Dante made use of the matter which he found in Virgil; he also consulted the apocryphal traditions of Guido delle Colonne, which served also as a text-book to Chaucer and Shakspeare. On this occasion the commentators of Shakspeare have not been more fortunate than their fellow illustrators of Dante. Dryden maintained that an Italian translation of Guido delle Colonne written by Lollius existed in England in the sixteenth century: Mr. Stevens triumphs over Dryden and contradicts him, and he assures us that Lollius was the historiographer of the duchy of Urbino. If we are not greatly mistaken, there never was an Italian historian of that name; it might almost be

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be suspected that Mr. Stevens has confounded the Lollius of the sixteenth century with Lollius Urbicus the historian of the Emperor Severus. As to the opinion of Dryden, it is not supported by proofs, neither can it be contradicted by arguments: but we can state that a manuscript of the poem of Guido existed in England fifty years before Chaucer flourished. It is (or rather was) preserved in the archives of York Cathedral, and ends with these words: *Factum est præsens opus dominicæ incarnationis* 1287. This colophon must be understood of the transcript; the original was finished at least fifteen years before, for it is dedicated to an archbishop of Salerno who died in 1272. If John Bonston, a contemporary of Chaucer, does not deceive us, Edward I. became acquainted with Guido at Messina, on his return from the Holy Land, and, appreciating the talents of the poet, he brought him over to England; and in this country Guido may have allowed a transcript to be made of his poem. We earnestly request the antiquaries (for it is solely to please them that we have entered into these details) to ascertain whether the manuscript be yet to be found in the Minster library. Our readers, who know how easily modern historians and travellers gain credit for veracity, on the strength of their own assertions, ought not to be surprized that the imposture of Guido succeeded in a less cultivated age. He said *that Homer* (whom he certainly never read) *was a downright liar: that the true history of the Trojan war had been written by Dares the Phrygian* (Hector's secretary), *and Dictys Cretensis* (the aide-de-camp of Idomeneus), *both of whom had been eye-witnesses thereof. Cornelius, the nephew of Sallust the historian,* (Guido renders the name *Nepos* as indicating consanguinity,) *translated Dictys and Dares into Latin; and he, Guido, having added many details hitherto unknown, offers to the world the genuine and authentic history of Troy.*

The Greek Christians and the Italians hated each other most cordially during the Crusades. This antipathy may have induced Guido to dress himself in the Trojan uniform, for he calumniates the heroes of the camp of Agamemnon, and is warm in his praises of good King Priam and all his royal family. Religion is blended in all the fictions of the earlier ages as well as the romances of subsequent date. In Ariosto and Bojardo we are told that Ruggiero is lineally descended from Constantine, and Hector is placed at the head of the genealogy of the first Christian emperor. With respect to the works ascribed to Dares and Dictys, and other authors of this class, we do not think that they are monkish forgeries, but that the monks merely imitated the romances which appeared under the lower empire, and which were composed to gratify the vanity of the descendants of Constantine. The discussion of this question

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we willingly leave to the antiquaries, and shall content ourselves with pointing out the fragments of classical literature which found their way into the tales of the story-tellers.

The enchantments to which we alluded in a former paragraph were also combined with pagan literature and heathen customs. This delusion had not been kept alive by books; for human nature always seems to long after the society of supernatural beings. Doctrines and opinions which excite terror are carefully cherished by the multitude, and ignorance fosters and increases them. The Tempest bears a near affinity to the enchantments of Medea. Shakspeare, without consulting the Metamorphoses, might have availed himself of the traditions of the common people; and if he had borrowed directly from the classics, his auditors would not have been prepared to believe him. It is true that in romantic poetry, both the names and the accompaniments are changed, and we are ignorant of the etymology of the word *fata* (fairy). But if we compare the transformations of Proteus and of Vertumnus, and the palace of Thetis, and the island of Calypso, with the Gardens of Falerina and Alcina and Armida, no material difference is discoverable. In the loves of Aurora and Cephalus we discover the origin of the ideas entertained by the inhabitants of Messina and Reggio respecting the *Fata Morgana;* they suppose that the Fata, out of compliment to his young lover, produces the well-known aërial phænomenon seen in the summer over the straits which divide Italy from Sicily. A peasant of the Ionian isles cannot be persuaded to venture out of his cottage at noon during the month of July, he is then afraid of the fairies whom he calls *Aneraides*, i. e. *Nereïdes*. These sea-damsels, together with their sister nymphs, exercise the same power over man as the sylphs of the Cabalists.

IV. The popular story-tellers found another source of fiction in the manners of the Saracens and the Normans, and in feudal chivalry in general. We dissent however from the general opinion, that much was derived directly from the Arabs, or from the crusaders on their return to Europe. The adventures of Antàr prove that the Arabs were far more metaphysical in their ideas respecting love and religion than the Italian story-tellers; besides which, no traditions respecting the crusades were transmitted by the latter to the romantic poets, who never allude to the holy wars: but we refer the influence of oriental manners and of western chivalry to an earlier period, during which the Lombards, the Greeks, and the Saracens contested the dominion of the various provinces of the kingdom of Naples, and ending in the year 1030, when they were all expelled by the Normans. From these wars, and from the revolution of the nations who were engaged in them,

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them, originated all the delineations of Asiatic and European knights, who figure in the tales of romance. The crusaders had a better opportunity of becoming acquainted with the Mahometans; but during the tenth and eleventh centuries the Turks were considered as pagans. The *Macone* of the romantic poets is evidently a corruption of Mahomet, for the Italians do not aspirate the *h*, they pronounce it like a *k*. And *Trivigante*, whom the predecessors of Ariosto always couple with Apollino, is really Diana Trivia, the sister of the classical Apollo, whose worship, and the lunar sacrifices which it demanded, had been always preserved amongst the Scythians. The feudality of this period assumed a romantic cast, the expeditions undertaken by the lords against their neighbours, their fortified castles in the midst of trackless deserts, the dangers to which they exposed themselves in destroying the wild beasts which then infested Italy, then covered with wood, their exploits against troops of robbers and banditti, and lastly the slavery and misery of the great mass of the population, all these causes concurred to give a feudal chieftain the character of a being of a superior order. Parental vigilance and severity inflamed the passion of love; Christianity refined it, honour supplied the place of laws. Each was obliged to revenge his own wrongs; but sometimes men were found sufficiently powerful and generous to revenge the wrongs of others, and their generosity exalted their valour. The story-tellers were not able to examine these warriors with minuteness, they consequently exaggerated all their qualities, both good and bad, and without being aware of the transformation that they were producing, they added those ideal features which convert the man into the hero.

V. And lastly, the story-tellers obeyed the maxim of Homer, although they learnt from experience, and not from the Odyssey,

> That novel lays attract our ravished ears,
> But old, the mind with inattention hears.

Thus their tales contain narrations of lengthened wars, which no historian ever heard of; descriptions of nations and kingdoms, which cannot be discovered on the map; episodes wholely unconnected with the main subject; and exploits which surpass probability. Yet they were always careful to adhere to the staple groundwork, the exploits of Charlemagne, and his Paladins. In a more cultivated age their practice was applauded and imitated by Ariosto. Instead of 'inventing an entire new story, he proposed continuing the Orlando Innamorato of Bojardo, because if he had introduced strange names and events till then unknown, he could not have attained the same degree of attention, and instead of amusing the Italians, would have tired them.' These are nearly his own expressions. Humbler artifices were employed by the story-tellers:

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sometimes, for the purpose of raising the attention of their auditors, and sometimes, for the purpose of illustrating the fictions of heroic existence by analogous events taken from common life, they enlivened their narratives by the insertion of laughable anecdotes; they joked and jested, and uttered many a sarcasm on female and sacerdotal chastity; and as the originals of their jests were better known to the crowd than the Paladins of Charlemagne, the comic prototypes of the picture were drawn more accurately by the artist, and best appreciated by the hearers.

If we have entered with so much boldness into the darkest periods of the middle ages, it is because we have been guided in our conjectures by the Italian story-tellers of the present day. The profession has never become extinct in Italy. In the year 1812 we were often present at their recitations in the Piazza of St. Mark, at Venice; and were again convinced that the usages of the common people possess more durability than their government, than the monuments raised by their architects, or even than the works of their best writers. The favourite subject of one of these reciters was the Persecution of the Christians under Nero. At first we imagined that he had been reading an Italian translation of Tacitus, and that he combined the facts of the historian with the miracles of the legend; but after much research we discovered that he derived his stories from certain political romances, written towards the beginning of the 17th century, when the ambition of Philip II. and the system of the balance of power made the cabinets and hearts of kings the objects of scrutinizing curiosity. Amongst other historical novels of the age in question, we discovered one entitled *Agrippina Minore*, a prototype perhaps of the historical romances of Madame de Scudery, which was the text of the tale of the Venetian story-teller; but the writer disguised her ancient heroes in the fashionable court-dress of Louis XIV., whilst the additions made to the novel by our story-teller were wholly of a different nature. According to him, Rome was peopled by three million of Christians; the soldiers of Nero murdered them all every morning: in the course of the day they were all miraculously raised from the dead by Saint Peter and Saint Paul, who were confined in the tyrant's prisons, and on the morrow, the martyrs of yesterday were all ready to be killed over again. As the story-teller was aware that the common people delight in horrors, he gratified them with agonies and tortures to their heart's content. The narrative of the murder of Agrippina created an amazing deal of horror and delight. Whilst speaking of the Roman empress and the Roman princesses, he illustrated their characters by comparing them to certain Venetian ladies, who held a conspicuous station in the scandalous chronicle of Venice. The crowd

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rowd laughed heartily at these digressions, but the story-teller radually brought them to a more poetical mood. Poppæa was epresented as a fascinating beauty; Burrus as a conjuror, who ad the devil at his elbow; Seneca was described as a good chris- ian in his heart, who by the advice of St. Paul continued an utward pagan. He always repeated the same story, but with light variations: the method and form of his narrative appeared o result from the nature of his occupation, rather than from any remeditated plan, and we therefore conclude, that the story-tellers f the middle ages being placed in the same situation, necessarily dopted a similar method, which indeed can be retraced in all he romantic poems of Italy.

The peculiar forms of Italian romantic poetry may be reduced o the following,—

I. The narrative is naturally complex, story is interwoven with story, and the current of the main subject is perpetually broken by episodes, introduced to keep the auditors in suspense, and to induce them to assemble day after day to hear the end of the tale. Thus, although the Giant Morgante is the hero of Pulci, and Orlando of Boiardo and Ariosto, yet their adventures occupy the smallest portions of the poems; the wars of Charlemagne constitute the rest, but interrupted and varied by the loves and exploits of the knights of either party.

II. Religion predominates in their poems. While the poet deals in the greatest absurdities, he appeals to the authority of Archbishop Turpin, and invokes the aid of saints and angels. Pulci never begins a canto without a pious invocation, borrowed from the service of the Catholic church; Ariosto, though still professing to admit the authenticity of the chronicle of Turpin, has wholly dropt these irrelevant prayers.

III. The customary forms of the narrative all find a place in romantic poetry: such are the sententious reflexions suggested by the matters which he has just related, or arising in anticipation of those which he is about to relate, and which the story-teller always opens when he resumes his recitations; his defence of his own merits against the attacks of rivals in trade; and his formal leave-taking when he parts from his audience, and invites them to meet him again on the morrow. This method of winding up each portion of the poem is a favourite among the romantic poets; who constantly finish their cantos with a distich, of which the words may vary, but the sense is uniform.

> 'All' altro canto ve farò sentire,
> Se all' altro canto mi verrete a udire.'—Ariosto.

Or at the end of another canto, according to Harrington's translation,

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'I now cut off abruptly here my rhyme,
And keep my tale unto another time.'

The forms and materials of these popular stories were adopted by writers of a superior class, who considered the vulgar tales of their predecessors as blocks of marble finely tinted and variegated by the hand of nature, but which might afford a master-piece, when tastefully worked and polished. The romantic poets treated the traditionary fictions just as Dante did the legends invented by the monks to maintain their mastery over weak minds. He formed them into a poem, which became the admiration of every age and nation: but Dante and Petrarca were poets, who, though universally celebrated, were not universally understood. The learned found employment in writing comments upon their poems, but the nation, without even excepting the higher ranks, know them only by name. At the beginning of the fifteenth century, a few obscure authors began to write romances in prose and in rhyme, taking for their subject the wars of Charlemagne and Orlando, or sometimes the adventures of Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. These works were so pleasing, that they were rapidly multiplied: but the bards of romance cared little about style or versification, they sought for adventures, and enchantments, and miracles. We here obtain at least a partial explanation of the rapid decline of Italian poetry, and the amazing corruption of the Italian language, which took place immediately after the death of Petrarch, and which proceeded from bad to worse until the era of Lorenzo de' Medici.—It was then that Pulci composed his Morgante for the amusement of Madonna Lucrezia, the mother of Lorenzo; and he used to recite it at table to Ficino, and Politian, and Lorenzo, and the other illustrious characters who then flourished at Florence: yet Pulci adhered strictly to the original plan of the popular story-tellers; and if his successors have embellished them so that they can scarcely be recognised, it is certain that in no other poem can they be found so genuine and native as in the Morgante. Pulci accommodated himself, though sportively, to the genius of his age: classical taste and sound criticism began to prevail, and great endeavours were making by the learned to separate historical truth from the chaos of fable and tradition: so that, though Pulci introduced the most extravagant fables, he affected to complain of the errors of his predecessors. 'I grieve,' he said, 'for my Emperor Charlemagne: for I see that his history has been badly written and worse understood.'

E del mio Carlo imperador m'increbbe;
È stata questa istoria, a quel ch'io veggio,
Di Carlo, male intesa e scritta peggio.

And

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And whilst he quotes the great historian Leonardo Aretino with respect, he professes to believe the authority of the holy Archbishop Turpin, who is also one of the heroes of the poem. In another passage, where he imitates the apologies of the story-tellers, he makes a neat allusion to the taste of his audience. 'I know,' he says, 'that I must proceed straight forward, and not tell a single lie in the course of my tale. This is not a story of mere invention: and if I go one step out of the right road, one chastises, another criticises, a third scolds—they try to drive me mad—but in fact they are out of their senses, and therefore I have chosen a solitary life. My academy (here he jokes on the academy of Lorenzo de' Medici) and my gymnasium were formerly in my woods. Thence I can see Africa and Asia. The nymphs come there with their baskets, and bring me the fairest fruits. Here I avoid all the evils of great towns, therefore I will not return to your tribunals, Messieurs les gens d'esprit.'

E so che andar diritto mi bisogna,
Ch'io non ci mescolassi una bugia;
Che questa non è istoria da menzogna;
Che come io esco un passo de la via,
Chi gracchia, chi riprende, e chi rampogna;
Ognun poi mi riesce la pazzia,
Tanto, ch' eletto ho solitaria vita;
Chè la turba di questi è infinita.
La mia accademia un tempo e mia ginnasia
E stata volontier ne' miei boschetti,
E puossi ben veder l'Africa e l'Asia:
Vengon le Ninfe con lor canestretti,
E portanmi o narcisso o colocasia;
E così fuggo mille urban dispetti;
Sì ch'io non torno a' vostri areopaghi,
Gente pur sempre di mal dicer vaghi.

Pulci's versification is remarkably fluent, and these lines are good specimens of his style. Yet he is deficient in melody; his language is pure, and his expressions flow naturally; but his phrases are abrupt and unconnected, and he frequently writes ungrammatically. His vigour degenerates into harshness: and his love of brevity prevents the development of his poetical imagery. He bears all the marks of rude genius; he was capable of delicate pleasantry, yet his smiles are usually bitter and severe. His humour never arises from points, but from unexpected situations strongly contrasted. The Emperor Charlemagne sentences King Marsilius of Spain to be hanged for high treason, and Archbishop Turpin kindly offers his services on the occasion.

E' disse: Io vo', Marsilio, che tu muoja
Dove tu ordinasti il tradimento.

Disse

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Disse Turpino: Io voglio fare il boja.
Carlo rispose: Ed io son ben contento
Che sia trattato di questi due cani
L'opera santa con le sante mani.

Here we have an emperor superintending the execution of a king who is hanged in the presence of a vast multitude, all of whom are greatly edified at beholding an archbishop officiating in the character of a finisher of the law. Before this adventure took place, Caradoro had dispatched an ambassador to the emperor, complaining of the shameful conduct of a wicked Paladin, who had seduced the princess his daughter. The orator does not present himself with modern diplomatic courtesy—

Macon t'abbatta come traditore,
O disleale e ingiusto imperadore!
A Caradoro è stato scritto, O Carlo,
O Carlo! O Carlo! (e crollava la testa)
De la tua corte, che non puoi negarlo,
De la sua figlia cosa disonesta.*

Such scenes may appear somewhat strange; but Caradoro's embassy and the execution of King Marsilius are told in strict conformity to the notions of the common people: and as they must still be described if we wished to imitate the popular story-tellers. If Pulci be occasionally refined and delicate, his snatches of amenity resulted from the national character of the Florentines, and the revival of letters. But at the same time, we must trace to national character and to the influence of his daily companions the buffoonery which, in the opinion of foreigners, frequently disgraces the poem. M. Ginguené has criticised Pulci in the usual style of his countrymen. He attributes modern manners to ancient times, and takes it for granted that the individuals of every other nation think and act like modern Frenchmen. On these principles, he concludes that Pulci, both with respect to his subject and to his mode of treating it, intended only to write burlesque poetry; because, as he says, such buffoonery could not have been introduced into a composition recited to Lorenzo de' Medici and his enlightened guests, if the author had intended to be in earnest. In the fine portrait of Lorenzo given by Machiavelli at the end of his Florentine history, the historian complains that he took more pleasure in the company of jesters and buffoons than beseemed such a man. It is a little singular that Benedetto Varchi, a contemporary historian, makes the

* O Charles, he cried, Charles, Charles!
—And as he cried
He shook his head—a sad complaint I bring
Of shameful acts which cannot be denied;
King Caradore has ascertained the thing,
Which comes moreover proved and verified
By letters from your own side of the water
Respecting the behaviour of his daughter.

same

nine complaint of Machiavelli himself. Indeed many known anecdotes of Machiavelli, no less than his fugitive pieces, prove that it was only when he was acting the statesman that he wished to be grave: and that he could laugh like other men when he laid aside his dignity. We do not think he was in the wrong. But whatever opinion may be formed on the subject, we shall yet be forced to conclude that great men may be compelled to blame the manners of their times, without being able to withstand their influence. In other respects the poem of Pulci is serious, both in subject and in tone. And here we shall repeat a general observation which we advise our readers to apply to all the romantic poems of the Italians—*That their comic humour arises from the contrast between the constant endeavours of the writers to adhere to the forms and subjects of the popular story-tellers, and the efforts made at the same time by the genius of these writers to render such materials interesting and sublime.*

This simple elucidation of the causes of the poetical character of the Morgante has been overlooked by the critics; and they have therefore disputed with great earnestness during the last two centuries, whether the Morgante is written in jest or earnest; and whether Pulci is not an atheist, who wrote in verse for the express purpose of scoffing at all religion. Mr. Merivale inclines, in his Orlando in Roncesvalles, to the opinion of M. Ginguené, that the Morgante is decidedly to be considered as a burlesque poem, and a satire against the Christian religion. Yet Mr. Merivale himself acknowledges that it is wound up with a tragical effect, and dignified by religious sentiment, and is therefore forced to 'leave the question amongst the unexplained and perhaps inexplicable phænomena of the human mind.' If a similar question had not been already decided, both in regard to Shakspeare and to Ariosto, it might be still a subject of dispute whether the former intended to write tragedies, and whether the other did not mean to burlesque his heroes. It is a happy thing, that with regard to those two great writers, the war has ended by the fortunate intervention of the general body of readers, who on such occasions form their judgment with less erudition and with less prejudice than the critics. But Pulci is little read, and his age is little known. We are told by Mr. Merivale, that 'the points of abstruse theology are discussed in the Morgante with a degree of sceptical freedom which we should imagine to be altogether remote from the spirit of the fifteenth century.' Mr. Merivale follows M. Ginguené, who follows Voltaire. And the philosopher of Ferney, who was always beating up in all quarters for allies against Christianity, collected all the scriptural passages of Pulci, upon which he commented in his own way. But it is only since

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since the Council of Trent, that any doubt which might be raised on a religious dogma exposed an author to the charge of impiety; whilst, in the fifteenth century, a Catholic might be sincerely devout, and yet allow himself a certain degree of latitude in theological doubt. At one and the same time the Florentines might well believe in the gospel and laugh at a doctor of divinity: for it was exactly at this era that they had been spectators of the memorable controversies between the representatives of the eastern and western churches. Greek and Latin bishops from every corner of Christendom had assembled at Florence for the purpose of trying whether they could possibly understand each other; and when they separated, they hated each other worse than before. At the very time when Pulci was composing his Morgante, the clergy of Florence protested against the excommunications pronounced by Sixtus IV., and with expressions by which his holiness was anathematized in his turn. During these proceedings, an archbishop, convicted of being a papal emissary, was hanged from one of the windows of the government palace at Florence: this event may have suggested to Pulci the idea of converting another archbishop into a hangman. The romantic poets substituted literary and scientific observations for the trivial digressions of the story-tellers. This was a great improvement: and although it was not well managed by Pulci, yet he presents us with much curious incidental matter. In quoting his philosophical friend and contemporary Matteo Palmieri, he explains the instinct of brutes by a bold hypothesis—he supposes that they are animated by evil spirits. This idea gave no offence to the theologians of the fifteenth century, but it excited much orthodox indignation when Father Bougeant, a French monk, brought it forward as a new theory of his own. Mr. Merivale, after observing that Pulci died before the discovery of America by Columbus, quotes a passage 'which will become a very interesting document for the philosophical historian.' We give it in his prose translation:—'The water is level through its whole extent, although, like the earth, it has the form of a globe. Mankind in those ages were much more ignorant than now. Hercules would blush at this day for having fixed his columns. Vessels will soon pass far beyond them. They may soon reach another hemisphere, because every thing tends to its centre; in like manner, as by a divine mystery, the earth is suspended in the midst of the stars; here below are cities and empires, which were ancient. The inhabitants of those regions were called Antipodes. They have plants and animals as well as you, and wage wars as well as you.'—Morgante, c. xxv. st. 229, &c.

The more we consider the traces of ancient science which break in transient flashes through the darkness of the middle ages, and

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and which gradually re-illuminated the horizon, the more shall we be disposed to adopt the hypothesis suggested by Bailly, and supported by him with seductive eloquence. He maintained that all the acquirements of the Greeks and Romans had been transmitted to them as the wrecks and fragments of the knowledge once possessed by primæval nations, by empires of sages and philosophers, who were afterwards swept from the face of the globe by some overwhelming catastrophe. His theory may be considered as extravagant; but if the literary productions of the Romans were not yet extant, it would seem incredible, that, after the lapse of a few centuries, the civilization of the Augustan age could have been succeeded in Italy by such barbarity. The Italians were so ignorant that they forgot their family names, and before the eleventh century individuals were known only by their Christian names. They had an indistinct idea, in the middle ages, of the existence of the antipodes; but it was a reminiscence of ancient knowledge. Dante has indicated the number and position of the stars composing the polar constellation of the Austral hemisphere. At the same time he tells us, that when Lucifer was hurled from the celestial regions, the arch-devil transfixed the globe; half his body remained on our side of the centre of the earth, and half on the other side. The shock given to the earth by his fall drove a great portion of the waters of the ocean to the southern hemisphere, and only one high mountain remained uncovered, upon which Dante places his purgatory. As the fall of Lucifer happened before the creation of Adam, it is evident that Dante did not admit that the southern hemisphere had ever been inhabited; but about thirty years afterwards, Petrarch, who was better versed in the ancient writers, ventured to hint that the sun shone upon mortals who were unknown to us.

> 'Nella stagion che il ciel rapido inchina
> Vers' occidente, e che il dì nostro vola
> A gente che di là forse l' aspetta.'

In the course of half a century after Petrarch, another step was gained. The existence of the antipodes was fully demonstrated. Pulci raises a devil to announce the fact; but it had been taught to him by his fellow-citizen Paolo Toscanelli, an excellent astronomer and mathematician, who wrote in his old age to Christopher Columbus, exhorting him to undertake his expedition.

A few stanzas have been translated by Mr. Merivale, with some slight variations, which do not wrong the original. They may be considered as a specimen of Pulci's poetry, when he writes with imagination and feeling. Orlando bids farewell to his dying horse.

> 'His faithful steed, that long had served him well
> In peace and war, now closed his languid eye,
>
> Kneel'd

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Kneel'd at his feet, and seem'd to say "Farewell!
I've brought thee to the destined port, and die."
Orlando felt anew his sorrows swell
When he beheld his Brigliadoro lie
Stretch'd on the field, that crystal fount beside,
Stiffen'd his limbs, and cold his warlike pride:
And "O my much-loved steed, my generous friend,
Companion of my better years!" he said;
"And have I lived to see so sad an end
Of all thy toils, and thy brave spirit fled?
O pardon me, if e'er I did offend
With hasty wrong that mild and faithful head!"—
Just then, his eyes a momentary light
Flash'd quick;—then closed again in endless night.'

When Orlando is expiring on the field of battle, an angel descends to him, and promises that Alda his wife shall join him in paradise.

'Bright with eternal youth and fadeless bloom
Thine Aldabella thou shalt behold once more,
Partaker of a bliss beyond the tomb
With her whom Sinai's holy hills adore,
Crown'd with fresh flowers, whose colour and perfume
Surpass what Spring's rich bosom ever bore—
Thy mourning widow here she will remain,
And be in Heaven thy joyful spouse again.'

Whilst the soul of Orlando was soaring to heaven, a soft and plaintive strain was heard, and angelic voices joined in celestial harmony. They sang the psalm, 'When Israel went out of Egypt,' and the singers were known to be angels from the trembling of their wings.

'Poi si sentì con un suon dolce e fioco
Certa armonia con sì soavi accenti
Che ben parea d'angelici stromenti.
. . . . . .
In exitu Israel, cantar, de *Ægypto*,
Sentito fu dagli angeli solenne
Che si conobbe al tremolar le penne.'

Dante has inserted passages from the Vulgate in his Divina Commedia; and Petrarch, the most religious of poets, quotes Scripture even when he is courting. Yet they were not accused of impiety. Neither did Pulci incur the danger of a posthumous excommunication, until after the Reformation, when Pius V. (a Dominican, who was turned into a saint by a subsequent pope) promoted the welfare of holy mother church by burning a few wicked books and hanging a few troublesome authors. The notion that Pulci was in the odour of heresy influenced the opinion of Milton, who

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who only speaks of the Morgante as a 'sportful romance.' Milton was anxious to prove that catholic writers had ridiculed popish divines, and that the Bible had been subjected to private judgment, notwithstanding the popes had prohibited the reading of it. His ardour did not allow him to stop and examine whether this prohibition might not be posterior to the death of Pulci. Milton had studied Pulci to advantage. The knowledge which he ascribes to his devils, their despairing repentance, the lofty sentiments which he bestows upon some of them, and, above all, the principle that, notwithstanding their crime and its punishment, they retain the grandeur and perfection of angelic nature, are all to be found in the Morgante as well as in Paradise Lost. Ariosto and Tasso have imitated other passages. When great poets borrow from their inferiors in genius, they turn their acquisitions to such advantage that it is difficult to detect their thefts, and still more difficult to blame them.

The poem is filled with kings, knights, giants, and devils. There are many battles and many duels. Wars rise out of wars, and empires are conquered in a day. Pulci treats us with plenty of magic and enchantment. His love adventures are not peculiarly interesting; and with the exception of four or five leading personages, his characters are of no moment. The fable turns wholly upon the hatred which Ganellon, the felon knight of Maganza, bears towards Orlando and the rest of the Christian Paladins. Charlemagne is easily practised upon by Ganellon, his prime confidant and man of business. So he treats Orlando and his friends in the most scurvy manner imaginable, and sends them out to hard service in the wars against France. Ganellon is dispatched to Spain to treat with King Marsilius, being also instructed to obtain the cession of a kingdom for Orlando; but he concerts a treacherous device with the Spaniards, and Orlando is killed at the battle of Roncesvalles. The intrigues of Ganellon, his spite, his patience, his obstinacy, his dissimulation, his affected humility, and his inexhaustible powers of intrigue, are admirably depicted: and his character constitutes the chief and finest feature in the poem. Charlemagne is a worthy monarch, but easily gulled. Orlando is a real hero, chaste and disinterested, and who fights in good earnest for the propagation of the faith. He baptises the giant Morgante, who afterwards serves him like a faithful squire. There is another giant, whose name is Margutte. Morgante falls in with Margutte, and they become sworn brothers. Margutte is a very infidel giant, ready to confess his failings, and full of drollery. He sets all a-laughing, readers, giants, devils, and heroes, and he finishes his career by laughing till he bursts. We hope this is a sufficient abstract of the poem of Pulci, and we shall not be more diffuse when we come to those of Bojardo and Ariosto.

Matteo

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Matteo Maria Bojardo, count of Scandiano, was born in the year 1430. His birth preceded that of Pulci by a few months only, and he probably survived him by about ten years. We are ignorant both of the date and the circumstances of the death of the author of the Morgante Maggiore, and we seek his tomb in vain. Yet it is certain that he died almost immediately after he had finished his poem in 1484. And since Bojardo had not completed his work in the year 1495, it may be conjectured that he did not plan it until he had seen the Morgante. The title announces that love is the theme of Bojardo. Morgante, converted by Orlando, may be considered as the symbol of brutal strength yielding to religion; and Orlando, in his turn, is exhibited by Bojardo as an example of heroism and devotion, conquered by the charms of woman. Angelica arrives from Cathay at the palace of Charlemagne, and presents herself before that monarch on the festival when he is holding his *cour plenière*, at which every knight was welcomed with honour. Heedless of the crowd of lovers whom she charmed, she became madly fond of Rinaldo, who could not abide her; whilst for her sake, Orlando forgot his wife, his sovereign, his country, his glory, in short every thing except his religion. Angelica became heartily tired of the passion of the hero, though she kindly allowed him to dangle after her. It is true, that she was forced to tolerate his attentions, in order to obtain his assistance against the princes, who first fought in her service, and afterwards against her; besides which, her vanity was a little flattered by numbering such a hero amongst her slaves. Agrican, king of the Tartars, besieges her in Albracca with an immense army. Orlando defeats the hostile lover. But, after his death, she finds herself in greater danger; and she is menaced even by Rinaldo, who vows her destruction. Orlando is the cousin and the dearest friend of Rinaldo, but they remember neither their friendship nor their consanguinity. The quarrels of the knightly cousins furnish matter for the loftiest and most energetic passages of the poem.

Orlando, notwithstanding his passion, never ceases to labour in converting the pagan knights. When the bravest Paladins are far away from the empire, Charlemagne is attacked by Agramante, emperor of Africa, who commands a host of minor kings. The passage of this tremendous army being impeded by a storm, Rodomonte, one of the royal vassals of Agramante, determines to cross the sea at all events, and he lands to the eastward of Genoa. He arrives with few followers, most of his ships having been wrecked, but he disperses the Christian army, which attempts to oppose his disembarkation. Gradasso, king of Sericana, followed by his vassals, 'crowned kings,' who never dared to address him but on their knees, also invaded France on his own account.

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account. Gradasso was instigated by the desire of winning the sword and courser of Rinaldo. These wars follow one another in awkward succession. The battles are too numerous, nor are Bojardo's descriptions of them sufficiently varied. But the embellishments of his poem are splendid. Monsters, and giants, and enchantments, are so wonderfully multiplied, and presented with such an inexhaustible profusion of imagination and ornament, that they dazzle and distract, while they excite our admiration. The genius of Bojardo is displayed to great advantage in his delineations of character. Ariosto has ennobled the personages of his predecessor; and developed their characters with greater consistency and taste. His heroes move with more grandeur, and they speak with more eloquence and dignity; but it is from Bojardo that he derived their portraits, and even the physiognomy of their souls. Bojardo taught him the art of peopling his poem with an endless multitude of personages, and of bestowing upon each a distinct and decided individuality; and although the characters of Bojardo are conceived more wildly than those of Ariosto, yet they are more natural and affecting. In the Orlando Furioso, Angelica is a fascinating coquette; but we sympathise with her in the Innamorato, when we behold her kneeling in despair to Rinaldo, who spurns her. When he is plunged in an enchanted dungeon, she appears before him and proffers freedom; she implores him with tears to pardon the sufferings which the enchanter inflicted on him for her sake, and supplicates his pity: but Rinaldo turns a deaf ear to her prayers, and prefers being eaten up alive by the monsters that surround him. Yet Angelica delivers him. He abandons her without deigning even to bestow a look upon her; and whilst kings and nations are warring only for her, she remains alone weeping, and deploring her unrequited love. All the other personages of Bojardo act naturally, and conformably to their ages and characters. When Ariosto brings forward any of his personages, he still keeps his eye upon the rest, mindful of the general effect of the poem. Bojardo, on the contrary, is more absorbed in the delineation of individuals: he shares their joys and their sorrows, and forgets all his other characters; he even forgets his readers. He seeks to amuse himself, and though he tells his tale to a popular audience, we may yet discern that the story-teller is a feudal baron seated in his castle. He does not appear, like Pulci, in the guise of a poet invited to the table of the great, and surrounded by a learned and critical, though friendly, circle: but is a powerful chieftain, who condescends to gratify his guests by adding the recitation of his poem to the pleasures of the lordly banquet. Bojardo himself was so much delighted with his compositions, that during the last ten years of his life they constituted

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his sole employment. According to his plan, the Orlando Innamorato was to have consisted of one hundred cantos; but he only lived to complete sixty-nine, which are arranged in three books. In the last, which remains imperfect, mention is made of the invasion of Italy by Charles VIII. Bojardo died in the same year. He was the most accomplished nobleman of his age; and filled various high situations, civil, military, and diplomatic; but his employments never diverted him from literature. His *Timone*, a comedy in rhyme, is one of the earliest specimens of the Italian drama. He published the '*Historia Imperiale di Roccobaldo*,' as a translation from the Latin; but Muratori has shewn that this work is really the composition of Bojardo. He translated the history of Herodotus from the original Greek, and the romance of Apuleius from the Latin, and his Latin poetry is sufficiently elegant, if allowance be made for the taste of his age: but he was not master of the beauties of the Italian language; his versification is harsh and abrupt; his style, though less confused than that of Pulci, is more ungrammatical. Pulci enlivened his poem with his native Florentine idioms. Bojardo, who lived at Ferrara, employed the provincialisms of Lombardy, which are neither significant nor graceful. But these faults are more than counterbalanced by the wonders of his fable, by the living passion of his personages, and, above all, by the uninterrupted flow of his narrative, which proceeds with unexampled vigour. Hence he always commanded the favour of the public; and hence Ariosto was induced to complete his romantic lay. Bojardo began by making Orlando fall in love—Ariosto finished consistently by driving him out of his senses.

Ferrara, and many other towns which then formed part of the dominions of the house of Este, contend amongst themselves for the honour of being the birth-place of Ariosto and Bojardo. But it has been ascertained with tolerable certainty that Ariosto was born at *Reggio* and Boiardo at *La Frata*. The question is of no importance except to those inconsiderable towns: but since both writers were subjects of the same state, and passed the greater part of their lives in a town where they had forefathers, and where they left descendants, it is to those circumstances that we may attribute the continuation which the younger bard added to the poem of his predecessor. When Bojardo died, Ariosto was twenty years old. He began his poem in his thirty-first year, and he finished it in his forty-first, in 1515. Agramante invades the empire of Charlemagne in the poem of Bojardo. Ariosto represents him as conqueror of part of France, and as marching round the walls of Paris. The general fable of the poem results from the wars between all Christendom and all the infidels in the world. The

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The suspension of the final catastrophe depends upon the love of Orlando and his consequent madness. Thus in the poems of Pulci and of Bojardo the action is protracted by the same reasons which retard the progress of the fable of the Iliad. Whilst Achilles and Orlando are away from the field, the Greeks and the Christians cannot be victorious. In the mean while other heroes appear, great actions are performed, and interesting events succeed each other. The art of Homer appears in the manner in which he detains us with the narrative of sundry events. We may quote the death of Patroclus, which fills three books; the last of which is employed in rescuing his corpse from the power of the Trojans; and we dwell upon this episode with pleasure, because we anticipate that Achilles will decide the chance of war at the sight of the body. In the Orlando Furioso the web is entangled, and the memory of the reader can scarcely assist him in tracing each complicated narration to its end. The events do not lead to one grand catastrophe, neither do they arise out of the main action of the poem. On the contrary many of the cantos might be arranged into a complete poem, in which not an action would appear bearing any relation to the madness of Orlando, or to the siege of Paris. His heroes jostle each other; and at the point when the reader becomes most anxious about the prosecution of their adventures, and most curious to learn their destiny, the poet breaks off abruptly and wanders elsewhere: and as he does not resume the interrupted narrative until it is nearly forgotten by the reader, he recommences with a few stanzas containing a summary of its leading circumstances. But we must remember that this plan was sanctioned by ancient usage, and that the romantic poem was intended for recitation.

Ariosto had the advantage of long experience; he had reflected upon his art and upon the taste of his contemporaries. And it cannot be doubted that he was satisfied that his plan produced a powerful effect, since in talking with his friend Pigna, whom we have already mentioned, respecting other poems which he had planned, he observed: 'That he would never discontinue his practice of complicating the principal action of his poem by introducing a great variety of secondary fables, which, although they might distract and bewilder the reader, would at length surprize him by conducting him to the catastrophe of the poem, where he would meet with the development of so many various adventures.' Plans are easily formed in theory, yet the greatest men find it difficult to carry them into execution. In the Orlando Furioso the chief personages disappear long before the catastrophe. Helen weeps over the corpse of Hector at the end of the Iliad; but we lose sight of Angelica, the cause of Orlando's madness, and of

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so many bloody wars, before we get half through the Orlando Furioso. But such conclusions are ineffectual; we *know* that we are in the right, but we *feel* that the poet does not care for our reasonings. He intoxicates the imagination, compels us to be pleased with whatever pleases him, and to see only what he sees. —Aërial palaces—fairies—the ring of invisibility—the golden lance of victory—the winged horse—the flight to the moon, and many other wild fictions, while they amuse us in other poets, though they cause us to pity the credulity of the multitude, are all presented by Ariosto as fantastic creations of nature herself. If we pause and reflect, we cannot give credit to them; but whilst we read it is scarcely possible to pause for reflection. Ariosto increases the power which he obtains over us by the suspense in which we remain during such a varied series of events, and the confusion which they produce in our memory. At the moment when the narrative of an adventure rolls before us like a torrent, it suddenly becomes dry; and immediately afterwards we hear the rushing of other streams, whose course we had lost but which we were desirous of regaining. Their waves mingle and separate again, and precipitate themselves in various directions; and the reader remains in a state of pleasing perplexity, like the fisherman, who, astonished by the harmony of the thousand instruments which sound in the isle of Circe, drops his nets, and listens to their music.

'Stupefatto,
Perde le reti il pescatore; e ode.'

Ariosto, in the full consciousness of his power, has created more personages, more intrigues, more battles, more enchantments, more empires, more nations than any of his predecessors. He has not abused his power, yet he is frequently entangled in the exuberance of his invention. Sometimes he says honestly, 'I have forgotten myself,' but usually he does not appear to be aware of his mistakes, and we must read him again and again before we can convict him. No one (except the celebrated Dr. Cochi, whose manuscript observations on Ariosto are yet extant at Florence in the Bibliotheca Riccardiana) has remarked that many a warrior fights, after having been killed outright in the field of battle.

Italian poets had hitherto imitated the ancient classics without plan, or meaning. Ariosto enriched his poem with the spoils of Greece and Rome. He places Olimpia in the situation of Ariadne, and exposes her to a sea-monster like Andromeda. He does not hesitate to repeat the incident, and Angelica meets with the same perils. But the circumstances are varied with so much ingenuity, and the poet has gained such an ascendancy over us, that we should not object to a third repetition of the story. Perhaps no poet has imitated other writers oftener than Ariosto, and yet

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yet there is no one who has a stronger claim to the merits of invention. Profoundly skilled in nature and in mankind, he uses the thoughts and images of his predecessors as a conqueror. The madness of his hero seems entirely his own idea; but we find Orlando raving in the Morgante, when irritated beyond measure by Charlemagne, he determines to quit France; he rages, and loses his senses, and attempts to kill his wife Alda whom he mistakes for Gano the traitor.

Orlando, che smarrito avea il cervello,
Com' Alda disse, Ben venga il mio Orlando;
Gli volse su la testa dar col brando,
Come colui che la furia consiglia
E gli parea a Gan dar veraménte.—*Pulci*, Cant. I.

From various and in some measure discordant sources, Ariosto has borrowed a great proportion of the materials which he has incorporated in his poem. The Odyssey, the Æneid, the Argonautic poems, Ovid, and numberless writers of greater or less repute, Greek, Roman, and Italian, have all been laid under contribution by him: thus the Venetians built the church of St. Mark with columns of every order, and of marbles of every tint, with fragments from the temples of Greece, and the palaces of Byzantium. The poem which has resulted from this system cannot be termed either classical or Gothic, but it is perfect in its kind, and though filled with imitations, the whole is original. Instances occur in which Ariosto has ruined passages from the classics in fitting them into his poem; but he not unfrequently surpasses his masters, and embellishes the poetry which appears to be inimitable.

'La verginella è simile alla rosa
Che in bel giardin su la nativa spina
Mentre sola e sicura si riposa,
Nè gregge nè pastor se le avvicina:
L'aura soave, e l'alba rugiadosa,
L'acqua, la terra al suo favor s' inchina;
Giovani vaghi, e donne innamorate
Amano averne e seni e tempie ornate.'

'Come orsa che l'alpestre cacciatore
Nella pietrosa tana assalita abbia,
Sta sopra i figli con incerto core
E freme in suono di pietà e di rabbia:
Ira la invita e natural furore
A spiegar l'ugne e a insanguinar le labbia;
Amor la intenerisce e la ritira
A riguardare ai figli in mezzo all' ira.'

As Harrington had not the boldness to translate this stanza, and

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Hoole has spoiled it, we think it best to place here the fine verses of Statius which have been the model of the finest of all imitations.

> Ut Lea quam saevo fœtam pressêre cubili
> Venantes Numidae, natos erecta superstat
> Mente sub incerta, torvum et miserabile frendens:
> Illa quidem turbare globos et frangere morsu
> Tela queat; sed prolis amor crudelia vincit
> Pectora, et in media catulos circumspicit ira.—*Theb. lib. x.*

But when he depends upon himself, or when his beauties are from his own imagination and style, he is himself inimitable, and no future poet will ever be able to profit by the riches of Ariosto as he has profited by those of others. Yet he is not always equal to himself; the length of his career exhausts him. Occasionally he lingers till he recovers his strength, and then he darts forward with all his pristine vigour. Unfortunately he made it his duty to celebrate the princes of Ferrara, and in the execution of this courtly task he is often compelled to return to many a solemn prediction of the heroic descendants of Bradamante and Ruggiero. Sometimes they are given in sculpture on the walls of an enchanted palace, or in embroidery on the drapery of a magnificent tent, or Merlin's voice is heard to prophesy from his tomb. On all these occasions, in spite of his earnest endeavours to maintain his dignity, he resembles a Savoyard exhibiting the galantee-show to children at a fair; and might almost justify the famous interrogation of the Cardinal d'Este, 'In the devil's name, Master Louis, where did you pick up such a heap of foolery?'—At all events, the poet was sufficiently punished by feeling the weariness which he imparted; and he made an honourable reparation for his servility by refusing to follow the cardinal as a household courtier. 'If his Eminence wishes to chain me like a slave, to worry me in winter and in summer without caring for my health or my life, because he allows me five and twenty crowns every four months, which are not always paid on demand—do not suffer him to retain this opinion; but tell him that I can bear poverty with greater composure than slavery.'

> 'Se avermi dato onde ogni quattro mesi
> Ho venticinque scudi, nè si fermi
> Che molte volte non mi sian contesi,
> Mi debbe incatenar, schiavo tenermi,
> Obbligarmi ch' io sudi, e tremi, senza
> Rispetto alcun ch' io muoja, o ch' io m' infermi,
> Non gli lasciate aver questa credenza:
> Ditegli che più tosto ch' esser servo
> Torrò la povertade in pazienza.'

This

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This is the conclusion of his first satire.

The satires of Ariosto are worthy of a place by the side of those of Horace. He produced those poems towards the close of his life. Strong and honest *feelings*, tempered by an indulgent disposition, elegant language, profound knowledge of human nature, the frankness with which he lays open his private history and character; all these causes contribute to stamp them as master-pieces which, in the course of three centuries, have not been equalled in Italy. In strictness perhaps they should be considered less as satires, than as confidential letters addressed to his relatives, and to his most intimate friends. As such they are frequently quoted by Harrington, who employed them in the composition of the life of Ariosto prefixed to his translation. Other interesting particulars respecting his private life may be collected from the notes of his natural son Virginio, which have been lately published from the original manuscript. This curious document informs us that Ariosto was no great reader, and that he would pass weeks together without opening a book. He occasionally looked into Virgil, Horace, Tibullus, and Ovid; he studied Catullus more frequently as a model of composition. Propertius was no favourite. When he was not confined by the business which the Duke entrusted to him, he amused himself by attending to the workmen whom he employed in altering his house, retouching his poems, and working in his garden. He prided himself on his skill in gardening, but he killed his plants with kindness; and he was so impatient, and meddled so often with his trees and shrubs, that they never could thrive. He was absent and reserved when his company did not please him, but sprightly when with his friends. He ate voraciously, but any cook good or bad pleased his palate; and turnips would satisfy him more than the daintiest diet. He was an affectionate father, and never hesitated to make any sacrifice which could promote the welfare of his numerous brothers and sisters. Even if we had not the testimony of Virginio, we could discover his affectionate temper in his works. 'I must not suffer our house to fall into ruin,' he says, 'and I am its only support. My brother Gabriel is here, but what can he do? His sad destiny has condemned him from infancy to utter helplessness (being afflicted with the palsy, he had lost the use of his hands and feet.) I also owe a dowry for the marriage of my fifth sister. The old age of my mother grieves me to the heart; we should deserve to be branded with infamy if we were all to abandon her.'

'L'eta di nostra madre mi percuote
Di pietà il cor; che da tutti in un tratto
Senz' infamia lasciata esser non puote.'

He did not like travelling, and as he had studied geography to furnish

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nish himself with kingdoms and nations for his poem, he exulted in having encircled the globe, and in having become acquainted with distant cities and their inhabitants 'without having occasion to quarrel with innkeepers.' Neither did he pursue his studies to a greater distance; he repented that he had neglected to learn Greek when an opportunity offered. 'Either laziness or destiny (says he) has prevented me from conducting my son to the gates of Apollo at Delos: I can only guide him to the Gate of the Palatine Apollo by introducing him to the poets of Rome. Gregorio of Spoleto, my preceptor, possessed the treasures of both the ancient languages—but fortune removed him from me, and the opportunity which I then had of learning Greek was lost for ever.' This is taken from the satire addressed to Bembo. When Ariosto imitated the Greek poets he employed the Latin translation; he wrote in Latin with elegance. Pigna, his encomiast, states that when he was at Rome, he used to explain the poets of the age of Augustus to Bembo and Flaminius, and the other learned men of the court of Leo X.; and that he frequently pointed out beauties in the classics which had escaped these accomplished scholars. If this be true, we must attribute it not so much to his learning as to his genius. The ascendancy which he gained over his contemporaries was universally acknowledged though not always openly expressed. Machiavelli and Ariosto, the two writers of that age who really possessed most excellence, are the two who were least praised during their lives. Bembo was approached in a posture of adoration and fear: the infamous Aretino extorted a fulsome letter of praises from the great and the learned. Ariosto, in finishing his poem, exclaims that he is arriving in the harbour; and he names many contemporary poets who await him with their congratulations on the shore. A letter written by Machiavelli has lately been discovered, in which he complains, though in a friendly tone, that Ariosto had forgotten to notice him: on the other hand, it appears by a letter from Bernardo Tasso that some were angry at having been introduced, whilst others were still more offended because they did not take precedence in the poetical muster-roll. Thus we are equally in danger whether we praise or censure contemporary writers, or whether we are wholly silent concerning them. Ariosto was not envious of the fame of others, neither was he so impatient as to be fretful about his own reputation; he rested on the full consciousness of his strength; he felt his own powers in his early youth, and his first literary attempts were his metrical comedies—a species of composition which he practised at a more advanced age, but in which he displayed more taste than energy. Neither is he peculiarly happy in his lyrical poetry: a few amatory elegies which pass under his name are

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are above mediocrity, but still they are unworthy of his genius—perhaps they are apocryphal. Except a few short epistles which were never printed, and are indifferently written, we have not read a line of Ariosto's prose. Love, ardent and unceasing, at once excited and repressed the faculties of his mind and the qualities of his heart. 'You laugh,' says he, in a satire addressed to his cousin, 'you think it is not the love of my hero and of poetry, but "ladies love and druerie," which induces me to despise wealth and honour. I will answer you freely, for I never take arms to defend a lie—it is so.' We are assured by Father Bettinelli in his Risorgemento d'Italia, that Ariosto's fair one insisted upon his writing a canto of his poem every month, and that if he disappointed her, she threatened to shut her doors against him. This anecdote is confirmed by his apprehensions lest he should become as crazy as Orlando; by the invocations which he addresses to his mistress as though she were a muse, and by the testimony of his contemporaries. But he never tells us the name of his mistress. The cover of his inkstand is surmounted by a little Cupid, who puts his finger to his lip counselling secrecy.

'Ornabat pietas et grata modestia vatem:
Sancta fides, dictique memor: munitaque recto
Justitia: et nullo patientia victa labore:
Et constans virtus animi: et clementia mitis,
Ambitione procul pulsa.'

Perhaps it is to his endeavours to please the ladies and the readers whom he had immediately in view, that we owe the diffuseness occasionally perceptible in his works. In order to satisfy them he employs himself in *describing:* he knew that when he *painted,* his poem required a tension of mind in his readers of which they were incapable: these words, apparently synonymous and often confounded together, are so different in meaning, and so important in poetical criticism, that we must endeavour to define the sense in which we employ them. Olympia, abandoned by Bireno, awakes and rushes to the shore; seeing the vessel on the verge of the horizon she loses all hope. This passage, according to our opinion, is mere description.

'Corre di nuovo in su l'estrema sabbia,
E rota il capo e sparge all' aria il crine;
E sembra forsennata. . . . . .
Or si ferma s' un sasso, e guarda il mare;
Nè men d'un vero sasso un sasso pare.

Again she sought the beach in wild despair,
Loose to the breezes flowed her scatter'd hair.

. . . . . .

At last she sitteth on the rocks alone,
And seems as senseless as the senseless stone.'

The

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The first couplet is by Hoole, the second by Harrington. Hoole changed the conclusion so as to render it irrecognisable; and Harrington mutilated the commencement. But in the single verse of Catullus which represents Ariadne in the same situation,

'Saxea ut effigies Bacchantis prospicit,'

we see at once the expressions of astonishment and eager haste, and in her fixed countenance and the rigid immobility of her figure, absolute despair. Young writers may study the parallel passages of Ariosto and Catullus, and of Ovid who has treated the same subject in his Epistles. The more the poet paints, the more sparing is he of his words; but he only writes for those who have a habit of thinking, and are capable of intense feeling. Common readers are wonderfully pleased when they read the elegant stanzas which detail the charms of Angelica: but with those who are capable of forming an idea, what idea remains of her? We know not whether Helen was fair or dark, or tall or short; but when she passed by the venerable fathers of the city who were consulting on the dangers of the war, and the misfortunes which she had caused,

'They cried—no wonder such celestial charms
For nine long years have set the world in arms.'

And our imagination expands and we create an idea of that exquisite beauty which could cause old age to forget its wisdom and its anger. Cæsar in Horace 'had conquered all the world except the soul of Cato;' and the gods in Lucan 'favour the fortune of the conquerors, but Cato the cause of the conquered.' These passages are not descriptions, but strongly contrasted thoughts, which strike without painting. But when Virgil leads us into the Elysian Fields, and points out the shades of the future Romans, from Romulus to the nephews of Augustus, he expresses, in half a verse, the loftiest praise which the human intellect can conceive,

'Et his dantem jura Catonem,'

there is neither description, nor contrast, nor sentiment. In poetical *painting* the poet imitates nature herself: she prepares her creation in secrecy and darkness, in order to present it in its entirety and fullness. The poetical picture is not laboured in the detail; the painter is not ambitious to display his art. Ariosto's 'white tall coursers running with the wind,'

'Candidi grandi e corrono col vento,'

pass before us like the productions of nature rather than of the poet; but the horses of the Æneid, 'surpassing the snows in whiteness and the wind in swiftness,' are the works of art, and we are more sensible of the elegance of the diction than of the presence of the steeds. In this passage Virgil is only a descriptive poet. In these verses of Tasso our eyes follow Columbus round the earth;

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earth; and in contemplating the boldness, rapidity and glory of the enterprize our mind darts into the heavens.

'E misurò la terra, immensa mole,
Vittorioso ed emulo del sole.'*

When the spirit of Laura soars to heaven, angels and blessed souls descend to meet her, and she looks back upon earth to see if Petrarch follows her, and seems to pause in her aërial way.

'Si volge a tergo
Mirando s' io la seguo; e par ch' aspetti.'

These few words contain a sublime and impassioned picture, requiring only the colouring of Titian. Petrarch never states distinctly that Laura loved him; and if he occasionally seems to hint that she returned his passion, he still speaks in doubt and hesitation. But he could not give us a greater proof of the force and purity of her love, than by making her delay her flight to heaven in waiting for her lover. It is true that these inferences are left to the reader, and that they are obvious only to the few: but after all, it is by this chosen few that posterity is taught to value poetic genius.

In the delineation of his personages, Ariosto was more fancifully romantic than his predecessors: but his exaggerations of human nature are limited to such heroic dignity and to such vigour and consistency of character, that he persuades us to believe in their existence. His characters are infinitely varied, and when they bear a general resemblance to each other, for instance in the cases of Rodomonte and Mandricando, they are distinguished by characteristics so well marked, that we can almost anticipate how each will act when he reappears on the scene. The dramatic portion of the Orlando Furioso (if we exclude the tedious love soliloquies) appears to us to be frequently superior to any other poem, ancient or modern, not even excepting the Iliad. Orlando having converted Brandimarte to Christianity, dispatches him to Agramante, who, though he had lost his army, was yet desirous of renewing the battle, with proposals of peace; one condition upon which Orlando insisted was, that the infidel monarch should also renounce his errors. Brandimarte states his instructions with great candour, feeling and dignity. Agramante answers—

Temerità per certo, e pazzia vera
E la tua, e di qualunque che sì pose
A consigliar mai cosa o buona o ria,
Ove chiamato a consigliar non sia.
Ch' io vinca o perda, o debba nel mio regno
Tornare antiquo, o sempre starne in bando,

* Encompassing this ample globe, to run
A course on earth co-rival with the sun.

In

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In mente sua n' ha Dio fatto disegno,
Il qual nè tu, nè io, nè vede Orlando.
Sia qual che vuol; non potrà ad atto indegno
Di ve, inchinarmi mai timor nefando:
S' io fossi certo di morir, vo' morto
Prima restar, che al sangue mio far torto.
Or ti puoi ritornar: chè se migliore
Non sei dimani in questo campo armato
Che tu mi sia paruto oggi oratore
Mal troverassi Orlando accompagnato.

In the Orlando, Charlemagne retains the simplicity of character which is attributed to him in other romantic poems: but still he conducts himself like the sovereign of a nation of heroes. And when he is unfortunate, he becomes interesting by his resignation and the sacrifices which he is ready to make for the good of his people. M. Ginguené has well understood the character of Orlando, and he has traced it with a masterly hand. We quote the French passage with greater pleasure, because it gives us an opportunity of praising this critic, who often compels us to contradict him.

'Dans toutes les descriptions de la folie d'Orlando, il n'y a pas une seule plaisanterie. Ariosto se garde bien de le rendre plaisant. C'est partout un fou que l'on fuit, mais dont on ne rit pas. Non seulement sa démence est l'effet d'une passion profonde, elle est encore une punition divine. Un seul rire du lecteur détruiroit ce caractère; mais ce rire, qu'un trait d'extravagance pourroit quelquefois appeler, est toujours repoussé par un acte de violence qui frappe de terreur. La terreur et la pitié sont les seuls sentimens que le poëte excite dans ce tableau sublime et entièrement nouveau en poésie!'

When Orlando is in his senses, he never speaks of his own exploits, and even glory is disdained by him. Ruggiero, the fictitious ancestor of the dukes of Ferrara, is the most amiable of Ariosto's heroes, yet we care the less about him because the poet has laboured to render him interesting. Bradamante, his favourite heroine, the bride of Ruggiero, is in the same predicament. When Ariosto wishes to make us sympathize with her, we regret that he severs us from other less hardy heroines who never speak without moving us even to tears. Isabella, accompanying the corpse of her lover Zerbino, falls into the hands of Rodomonte, who becomes enamoured with her. In order to elude his violence she persuades him that she possessed the secret of distilling a liquor from plants and herbs which rendered the human frame invulnerable. When he is intoxicated, she washes her neck with the magic potion, and persuades him that he cannot wound her.

Quell' uom bestial le prestò fede, e scorse
Sì con la mano, e sì col ferro crudo,

Che

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Che del bel capo, già d' amore albergo,
Fe' tronco rimanere il petto e il tergo :
Quel fe' tre balzi, e funne udita chiara
Voce che uscendo nominò Zerbino,
Per cui seguire ella trovò sì rara
Via di fuggir di man del Saracino.
Alma che avesti più la fede cara
E il nome quasi ignoto e peregrino
Al tempo nostro, della Castitade,
Che la tua vita, e la tua verde etade,
Vattene in pace, alma beata e bella!
Vattene in pace alla superna sede,
E lascia all' altre esempio di tua fede.

When Brandimarte was about to meet his enemy in single combat, the fears of his wife Fiordiligi are strengthened by this dream—

La notte che precesse a questo giorno,
Fiordiligi sognò che quella vesta
Che per mandarne Brandimarte adorno
Avea trapunta e di sua man contesta,
Vedea per mezzo sparsa d' ogn' intorno
Di goccie rosse a guisa di tempesta,
Parea che di sua man così l' avesse
Ricamata ella, e poi se ne dolesse ;
E parea dir : ' Pur hammi il signor mio
Commesso ch' io la faccia tutta nera ;
Or perchè dunque ricamata holl' io
Contra sua voglia in sì strana maniera ?'*

She raises a mausoleum to her husband, in which, notwithstanding the remonstrances of Charlemagne, she secludes herself, and prays day and night beside the tomb.

Stava ella nel sepolcro ; e quivi attrita
Da penitenzia, orando giorno e notte,
Non duro lunga età.

Ariosto has increased Boiardo's original stock of humorous characters in a greater proportion than any others. They belong entirely to his pencil, to his experience of the passions and propensities of human nature, and to his knowledge of man as he

* As Flordelis at night in slumber lay
The night preceding that unhappy day,
She dreamt the mantle which her pious care
Had fashioned for her Brandimart to wear,
His ornament in fight, now, strange to view,
Was sprinkled o'er with drops of sanguine hue :
She thought her erring hand the vest had stain'd,
And thus in slumber to herself complain'd :
Did not my lord command these hands to make
His vest, his mantle, all of mournful black ?
Why have I then, against his bidding, spread
The sable ground with fearful spots of red ?

Hoole.

appears

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appears in every class of society. His abhorrence of vice is unaffected; and his humour is free from bitterness. He speaks of crimes, and he laughs at follies, not like a stern censor who is out of humour with mankind, but as a playful and charitable observer of human nature. Such indeed was Ariosto's character. He was a philosopher, but his wisdom was cheerful and practical; and in his writings, no less than in all the actions of his life, he practised the doctrines which he professed, without effort or labour.

Ariosto brought the main action of the Orlando Furioso to a close by the death of Agramante, and the defeat of the pagans. Yet Rodomonte is not dismissed from the scene; he remains concealed in France in a kind of hermitage: and in the concluding cantos, Messer Ludovico detains us by recounting the further exploits of Ruggiero, and the obstacles which prevent his obtaining the hand of his beloved Bradamante. At the very moment when the nuptials are about to be solemnized, Rodomonte reappears before the gates of Paris, and the glory of delivering Christendom from this dangerous enemy is allotted to the hero of Ferrara. Ariosto begins his poem by borrowing two lines from Dante; he ends it with a paraphrase of the last lines of the Æneid, and Rodomonte dies like Turnus.

Ariosto's powers of composition did not keep pace with the exuberance of his imagination. The first edition of the Orlando appeared in 1516. Another was published in 1532. During this interval, he employed himself in the correction of his poem, almost to the total exclusion of all other pursuits. If the two editions of the Orlando are collated—and a most instructive lesson to all young poets results from the comparison—it appears inconceivable that a writer who began by sinning so grossly against the laws of good taste and of poetical diction, should have been able to weed out his faults and to replace them by so many transcendant beauties. During a few months Ariosto resided at Florence, and in this short period he acquired the native graces of the Tuscan dialect, and in adapting its peculiarities to his style, he dignified the most familiar words and household phrases of the Florentines. It might be said that amongst his other intellectual organs he possessed one which acted as a crucible for melting and refining the terms which he required. In addition to the modes of diction sanctioned by the example of the Italian classics, he employed all the expressions which he could find in obscure and vulgar poetry, all the Latinisms, all the Lombardisms, which best expressed his ideas. Yet his lively genius gives an uniform tint to these heterogeneous elements; he places them where they become most effective and harmonious, and he has amalgamated them into a new language, at once copious and dignified, energetic and correct. The language of Ariosto is equally satis-

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satisfactory to the reader who merely seeks to amuse himself with the story, and to him who can appreciate the most delicate beauties of poetical diction. It is only after the third or fourth perusal of the Orlando we discover that these higher excellences of Ariosto's poetry do not lie on the surface. Voltaire, in his youthful days, expressed his contempt for the Orlando. At a more advanced age, he exclaimed 'I used to consider Ariosto as the first of grotesque poets. Now I find him at once entertaining and sublime, and I humbly apologize for my error. He is so rich, so diversified, so abounding in beauties of every description, that after having read the poem completely through, I have often had no other wish except that of perusing it again.'—(*Dictionnaire Philosophique*, Article Epopée.) Sir Joshua Reynolds has given a happy explanation of this intellectual process, and the inferences which he draws may be as useful to the poet as to the artist. He confesses that at the commencement of his studies the paintings of Raphael made no impression upon him, and he adds—'Having frequently revolved this subject in my mind, I am clearly of opinion that a relish for the higher excellencies of art is an acquired taste, which no man ever possessed without long cultivation and great labour and attention. Nor does painting in that respect differ from other arts. A just poetical taste and the acquisition of a nice discriminative musical ear are equally the work of time. Metastasio always complained of the great difficulty he found in attaining correctness in consequence of his having been in his youth an improvisatore.' An incontestable proof of this observation is found in the painful correction which Ariosto bestowed upon his poem. His cares ceased only with his life; and his incessant labour in the edition of 1532 caused a malady which brought him to the grave in the fifty-eighth year of his age.

Whilst Ariosto, unwearied in the correction of his poem, was preparing an inexhaustible fund of poetical diction, which future poets were to emulate and envy, the Italian language was receiving new accessions of excellence from the playful pen of Berni. By him, the rugged stanzas of Bojardo were translated into a style of versification possessing graces till then utterly unknown; and still utterly inimitable. Berni was a Florentine by birth: he excelled Ariosto in erudition; but he purposely discarded the refinements of the Tuscan idiom, which he termed '*le lascivie del parlar Toscano*: and not a classical allusion, not a symptom of classical taste, can be found in the new Orlando Innamorato. Berni deliberately avoids all the conventional elements of poetry. His beauties seem to flow from inspiration, to result from a momentary impulse, not from the premeditated combinations of the poetic art; yet his manuscripts have as many erasures and corrections as those of Ariosto.

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Ariosto. Passages are found in which Berni recomposed one line upwards of thirty times. But he bestowed this labour with the express intent of freeing his imagery and his descriptions from the ornaments which other writers seek with anxious care. There is a celebrated stanza in the Furioso in which Ariosto describes a sea storm. He corrected and recorrected it till his rough draught literally filled a quire of paper. Berni has a few lines on the same subject, which probably cost him equal pains. We may quote these passages as an exemplification of the diversity of the style of the two authors.

Stendon le nubi un tenebroso velo
Che nè sole apparir lascia nè stella,
Di sotto il mar, di sopra mugge il cielo,
Il vento d' ogn' intorno e la procella
Che di pioggia oscurissima e di gelo
I naviganti miseri flagella;
E la notte più sempre si diffonde
Sopra le irate e formidabil onde.* Canto 18. st. 140.

Here the artist has copied from nature, but he has embellished his painting with an ideal colouring. The poet charms the reader by the dignity of his expressions. His verse is richly rhythmical and harmonious; his expressions are sublime. Ariosto is stationed on a rock, from whence he contemplates the dangers which are embodied in his poetry: but Berni is actually in the midst of the danger. His readers think neither of poetry nor of inspirations; they tremble in the tempest.

Cominciansi l' agumine a sentire
E le strida crudel de le ritorte
Torbido 'l mare, anzi nero apparire
E il mare e il cielo a far color di morte;
Grandine e pioggia e folgori a venire
Or questo vento or quel si fa più forte.
E Tramontana e Libeccio ad un tratto
Hanno del mare un guazzabuglio fatto.
Or non è luce se non di baleni
Nè s' ode altro che tuoni e venti fieri,
E la nave percossa d' ogen banda
Nessuno è ubbidito; ognun comanda.
L' intrepido empio altiero Rodomonte
Al mare, al cielo, a Dio volta la faccia,—

* Harrington has not translated this stanza: indeed he has omitted more than half of the eighteenth Canto, which he generally does when he feels that he cannot do justice to his original. He fears poetical passages, and avoids them. Hoole has more courage, but no ability. He cuts in morsels the ideas of Ariosto, and scatters them. This is partly owing to the nature of the English couplet. Ariosto constantly endeavours to concentrate all the accessories of his paintings in one point of view. In this stanza the darkness increases more and more till it enwraps the navigators.

Pro-

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Profonda il ciel di pioggia e di tempesta,
Egli sta sopra, ed ha nuda la testa.

In the substance of the narrative, Berni follows closely in the footsteps of Bojardo: but the moral introductions to each canto, and his digressions, sometimes moral and sometimes satirical, are entirely his own. In the former he even excels Ariosto. The corresponding portions of the Furioso are gay or ethical, or gallant, or eloquent, and always displaying that philosophy which the poet gathered by a studious observation of human character and of human life. Not such is the tone of Berni,—his morality seems to proceed from the singleness of his mind and the simplicity of his heart.

Io non son sì ignorante nè sì dotto
Che voglia dir d' Amor nè ben nè male—
Dimmi ti prego, Amor, s' io ne son degno
Che cosa e questa tua? che pensi fare?—
Forse chi t' insegnò di trarre a segno
Con quel tuo arco, a non volere errare,
Ti disse che la vera maestria
Era a dar nella testa tuttavia?
Amor non mi risponde; onde anch' io taccio
Che cercar gli altrui fatti non conviene:
Pur di non dir quel poco ch' io ne straccio
Di buon, non mi terrebbon le catene.
Basta che un male è Amor, malvagio e strano;
E Dio guardi ciascun dalla sua mano.

When his remarks are most profound, he appears most unconscious of the truths which he teaches.

Notate amanti, e tu nota anche, Amore,
Sendo fatta per voi l' istoria mia;
Ed io non volendo esser un autore
Pazzo tenuto e che contra si dia,—
Vorrei cortesi e dilicati amanti
Anime grazioze, anime mie,
Vorrei vedervi savj tutti quanti;
E quando veggo farvi le pazzie,
I canti miei si convertono in pianti
In far rabbuffi e dirvi villanie.

His reflections usually arise from the interest which he takes in his personages. He breaks off a canto, and leaves Orlando and Rinaldo fighting, on account of Angelica, with the utmost fury. This dispute vexes him, and he opens the succeeding canto with mild remonstrances, which at length rise into anger.

Amor, tu mi vien tanto per le mani
Che forz' è che qualcana io te ne dia;

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Ch' io ti riprenda de' tuoi modi strani
Della tua maladetta gelosia
Fai combatter insieme due Cristiani—
D' un paese, d' un sangue, anzi fratelli.
. . . . . .
Gelosi, sciocchi, pazzi, spiritati!

Berni frequently displays much severity and bitterness in his invectives; not that he was fond of satire, but he would not dissemble his indignation at the crimes of the great, nor repress his pity for the wretched. He was an eye-witness of the plundering of Rome by the troops of Charles V.

Sì come in molti luoghi vider questi
Occhi infelici miei per pena loro—
Fino alle ossa sepolte fur molesti
Gli scellerati per trovar tesoro.

We could have wished to transcribe the *excursus* in which he describes this event; but most of the editions of Berni, even of those which appeared in his life-time, have been sadly corrupted by the ignorance of their printers or the learning of their editors: those who are fortunate enough to possess a correct edition of him, will find the passage in question at the beginning of the fourteenth Canto. We have been forced to quote (heaven knows how!) from memory.

We have attempted to illustrate and analyze four of the principal classes of Italian narrative poetry, viz. the satirical, the burlesque, the heroic-comic, and the romantic. The heroic alone remains to be noticed. The lines of demarcation between these classes cannot be always laid down with accuracy: they run into each other; and Italian literature possesses many narrative poems of great length, in which the style of every class is blended. But the number of these compositions is terrific, and they have not sufficient celebrity to allow us to force them on our readers. We could not hope to excuse the unconscionable length of this article, but by observing that the authors on whom we have written have great claims upon the attention of posterity; and we shall therefore not fear to enlarge on the literary character of that transcendent writer who produced the principal heroic poem of Italy. A nation possessing an heroic poem worthy of the name may consider the work as its chiefest honour: for it is the proudest effort of the noblest faculties of man.

The narrative of an *heroic* poem should be placed in an era comprehending those events in the early history of a nation, which are most capable of being aggrandized and embellished in poetical narration, without concealing the historical substratum. It should introduce the exploits of the ancient heroes of the people,

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so told as to excite our wonder, without placing them above our comprehension, or beyond our powers of imitation. The period thus selected should also precede the age of literary civilization: for if it abounds in sound philosophers and sober historians, if it can be seen too distinctly and understood too accurately, the imagination of the reader will refuse the fictions of the poet. On the contrary, when the bard has the good fortune to flourish in an era anterior to the diffusion of letters, he is the only pharos which can guide us through the darkness of antiquity, the only oracle which can be consulted by posterity. A single verse of Homer settled the dissensions which arose between the states of Greece, respecting their possessions. The isle of Salamis was adjudged to the Athenians solely on the authority of a line in the Iliad.* This deference was neither misplaced nor extravagant: for this was not one of the facts which required the admixture of poetical fiction. Thucydides acknowledged that neither he nor any other Grecian historian could trace the history of the Greeks two centuries preceding the age of Solon. But the poets of that dark age, when history was silent, had already sung the confederacy which armed the Greeks against the power of Asia; and immortalized the boldness of the navigators of the Argonautic expedition. These enterprizes produced a total revolution in the state of society, both in Greece and in Asia; and if they did not give rise to such a stream of successive events as flowed from the Crusades in the middle ages, yet they gave the same powerful impulse to entire nations; they afforded to the brave the same opportunities of encountering danger and earning renown; and they furnished the poet with a subject at once combining religious feeling, and historical recollections, and national glory.

Milton once intended to become the bard of Arthur and the Round Table.

> Si quando indigenas revocabo in carmina reges,
> ARTURUMQUE etiam sub terris bella moventem,
> Aut dicam Invictæ sociali fœdere Mensæ
> Magnanimos heroas.

In his youth, Tasso also planned several romantic poems. But these great men would not condescend to please alone: they wished to become truly useful to their contemporaries. Romantic poetry had also begun to lose its freshness in Italy, nor were new romances acceptable to the public. The Amadis of Bernardo Tasso (the father of Torquato) is excellent as far as an inexhaus-

* Αιας δ' εκ Σαλαμινος αγεν δυοκαιδεκα νηας
Στησε δ' αγων ιν Αθηναιων ιστιωντο φαλαγγες.—ii. 557.

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tible profusion of the beauties of diction and versification can confer excellence; but Amadis could not support himself in the presence of Orlando; and the attempts of other contemporary poets met with the same fate. An heroic poem was earnestly desired by the Italian litterati; but the poets were discouraged by the miserable failure of Trissino. Tasso had sufficient confidence in his own strength to attempt the task; and the glory of completing it. The choice of his subject constitutes one of the principal merits of the poem. Europe has no era in her history equal in importance to the age of the Crusades. Had it not been for these holy wars, the human race would, perhaps, even now have been degraded to the lowest depth of slavery and barbarity. Besides the moral dignity of these events, the history of the delivery of Hierosolyma had then a pregnant political application. Christendom was awed by the power of the Ottomans; and in the age of our poet, between the years 1529-1592, the countless myriads of the Turkish armies had appeared before the ramparts of Vienna in four successive invasions. The sovereigns of Europe were not sufficiently impressed with the common danger; for, as usual, each was absorbed by his own affairs. Yet religion still gave a powerful impulse to the human mind; and leagues had been negociated for the purpose of expelling the Mussulmen from the empire of Constantine. Tasso cherished a solemn and mystic veneration for the Christian faith. A spirit of tranquil dignity emanated from his religious feelings, and was transfused into his poem. If he had lived in our days, he must have sought another theme. Perhaps he would have found none. Writers, upon whose heads the double flames of religious and poetical enthusiasm have descended, demand a race of readers with whom they can assimilate, readers who exist in the medium of religious contemplation, whose hearts and souls are embued and preoccupied with devotional thoughts. It is said that we are more enlightened: the truth is, that we are only more perplexed. Reason has reduced dogmatism of belief into philosophical probability. In the age of Milton, the subject of the Paradise Lost interested not only the English nation, to whom religious tenets were the sources of revolution, but, all mankind. Had the Messiad of Klopstock appeared during the Thirty Years war, whilst the heroes of Sweden were defending liberty and the gospel against Austria and the Jesuits, perhaps that poem would have found the world much more anxious in recommending it to posterity. Writers who endeavour to give an impulse to a nation must win their way by appearing, in the first place, to conform to the passions and prejudices, and opinions, whether religious or political, of their contemporaries.

Tasso could not deliver historical truth through the medium of poetry,

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poetry, like Homer, because he lived in a cultivated age. Neither could he raise a fabric of illusion like Virgil, who founded his poem upon historical traditions, known to be fables by his contemporaries. But he took the plot, and selected the personages of the Gerusalemme Liberata from authentic monuments, availing himself nevertheless of their sources with the licence which must always be allowed to a poet. The crusades have been described by contemporary writers who witnessed the events which they record. Modern historians have turned their works to good account; but in the time of Tasso they were unknown, or at least forgotten. Hence he drew all his details from the Gesta Dei per Francos: there he found the topography of his fields of battle, and the names and exploits of his heroes. These monkish records taught him the customs of the Turks, the policy of the Grecian emperors, and the military discipline of the Christian besiegers of Jerusalem. If we read the chronicles published by Muratori, we certainly gather more correct information than is furnished by the poem of Tasso, and we gain a truer, yet a more afflicting, knowledge of human nature. But Tasso is the first who dispelled the shades which covered the holy war. His tale is true in its essential parts; and if he deviated from the plain path of history, it was with the intent of exciting posterity to emulate the virtues which adorned their ancestors. Therefore he invokes the muse, who, crowned not with the perishable laurels of Helicon, but with eternal radiance, is throned above, and implores her pardon for the ornaments which he has woven into the web of truth.

O Musa, tu che di caduchi allori
Non circondi la fronte in Elicona
Ma lassù in cielo fra' beati cori
Hai di stelle immortali aurea corona,
Tu spira al petto mio celesti ardori,
Tu rischiara il mio canto, e tu perdona,
Se intesso fregi al ver.

Homer displays the same attachment to historical tradition; and he extols the omnipotence and wisdom of the immortals by a comparison with the ignorance and weakness of mankind. His invocation is sublime. Pope has tamed it by his luxuriancy.

'Say, virgins, seated round the throne divine,
All-knowing goddesses, immortal nine,
Since earth's wide regions, heaven's unmeasured height,
And hell's abyss, hide nothing from your sight,
We wretched mortals, lost in doubts below,
But guess by rumour, and but boast we know.'

When such invocations were poured forth by Homer and Tasso, their verses were as sacred to their contemporaries as the orisons

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of the priest at the altar. Homer and Tasso, like Dante and Milton, did not consider poetry as mere amusement, nor did they seek alone to entertain an idle reader; they wrote with heartfelt warmth and dignity on subjects which they considered to be sublime and beautiful in themselves, and important to the world.

Romantic poetry is separated from heroic poetry by a boundary so definite and so clearly marked, that it is strange the distinction should hitherto have escaped observation. Entertainment alone is the object of the poet of romance; he endeavours to inflame the imagination by an endless succession of diversified adventures and fairy visions. While the heroic poet strives to ennoble our intellect; he labours to afford instruction, by compelling us to listen with breathless attention to a narrative of which the substratum is historical truth; and in which he details events of such magnitude, that they must ever excite the curiosity of posterity. Though ages have rolled away, the topographer still studies the situation of the towns which fitted out the navy of Agamemnon. We plan the Grecian camp, and measure the site of Troy, and ascend the sepulchral mounds which cover the ashes of the besieging warriors. New nations may people the civilized world, new doctrines may be held, new languages may be spoken, and yet the pilgrim will be guided by Tasso to the rock from whence the very ruins of Jerusalem may have disappeared. Tasso did not err against poetical probability by introducing magic and enchantments, and sprites and demons; we have already made some observations on these subjects, which prove that he was justified in adopting the creed of popular superstition. We must not indeed judge of poetical machinery according to our present belief, but according to the opinions which prevailed when the poet was writing: he could not foretell either our credulity or our incredulity.

Whole academies have been leagued in conspiracy against Tasso. His laurels have been nibbled by critics, who, strange to say, united the discordant characters of pedants, poets, and courtiers: and foreigners of unquestionable talent, forgetting the respect which was due to their own celebrity, have sat in judgment on a poem which they could not read. This perhaps may be considered as a venial offence: but they have wantonly stigmatized the reputation of the author for the poor pleasure of saying* a good thing. Sometimes Tasso has been censured because

* 'A lucky word in a verse, which sounds well and every body gets by heart, goes farther than a volume of just criticism. The exact but cold Boileau happened to say something of the *clinquant* of Tasso, and the magic of this word, like the report of Astolfo's horn in Ariosto, overturned at once the solid well-built reputation of Italian poetry. It is not so amazing that this potent word should do the business in France; it put us into a fright on this side of the water. Mr. Addison, who gave the law in taste here,

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because he copied fewer classical passages than Ariosto; sometimes he has been blamed as loudly on account of his frequent imitations. Perhaps he does occasionally appear to be too close an imitator of detached passages from the ancients: his copies preserve the severity of the originals; but if he cannot equal Homer, he is often superior to Virgil. According to the just observation of Mr. Payne Knight, the simile of the nightingale lamenting her young ones, which Virgil introduced in the Georgics, and which he borrowed from the Odyssey, is not borrowed from nature. Tasso has graced it with an expression which comes home to the human heart.

Lei nel partir, lei nel tornar del sole
Chiama con voce mesta e prega e plora;
Come usignuol cui villan duro invole
Dal nido i figli non pennuti ancora;
Che in miserabil canto afflitte e sole
Piange le notti, e n' empie i boschi e l' ôra.
Alfin co' l nuovo dì rinchiude alquanto
I lumi; e il sonno in lor serpe fra il pianto.

Tasso was fated to be exposed to contradictory censures. He was persecuted by the admirers of Ariosto, because the Gerusalemme Liberata was unlike the Orlando Furioso. On the other hand, the cold scholastic critics of Italy were equally anxious to depreciate the merits of a poem, whose author had not chosen to become a slavish imitator of the plan of classical epics, Homer and Virgil, their exclusive standards. National prejudices also came into play against him. He wrote at Ferrara, surrounded by the friends and disciples of Ariosto, and there he was a stranger. The Florentines were equally ungenerous; they tried to blast the fame of Tasso, because his native soil was not on the banks of Arno; and because he had committed another grievous sin in their estimation: he would not submit to the rule of those far famed triflers, the Della Cruscan academicians. The authority of this tyrannical oligarchy arose about thirty years after the death of Ariosto. The Florentines, who could no longer occupy themselves with their political independence, which they had lost, found serious employment in the discussion of grammatical questions. Even the noble-minded Galileo could not resist the contagion, but shared in the petty illiberality of his countrymen, and imbibed all the pedantry of the Tuscan sciolists. It had been long known, from the correspondence of Galileo, that he had drawn a parallel between Tasso and Ariosto; the work, however, was not published till within the last twenty years, when Serassi discovered

here, took it up and sent it about the kingdom in his polite and popular essays. It became a sort of watchword amongst his critics here; and on the sudden, nothing was heard on all sides but the cliuquant of Tasso.—Dr. Hurd's Remarks on the Fairy Queen.

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it in a Roman library. It is imperfect, and we suspect that parts have been suppressed by the editor, the enthusiastic biographer of Tasso. Galileo owed the richness, the purity, and the luminous evidence of his prose to his constant study of poetry; but he has anatomised the *ornate diction* of the Gerusalemme with sternness and severity; and certainly, in style and language, the poem cannot be thought equal to the Orlando Furioso. Galileo compares passages taken from Tasso and Ariosto, which describe the same objects, and where the heroes are placed in equivalent situations. This process ensures a triumph to Ariosto, for he never scrupled to sacrifice the harmony of his entire poem to its scattered beauties; whilst Tasso always endeavoured to keep the details in due subordination to his general plan. Tasso, according to Galileo, ekes out his stanzas by dovetailing them with *intarsiature* (or inlaid work). This is true; but it is a fault which Tasso shares in common, not only with Ariosto, but with all other writers of rhyme—shall we say in common with all other writers of poetry? The Greek and Latin poets were not condemned to write in rhyme. They were extremely anxious to preserve the *simplex dumtaxat et unum* in all their images and phrases; yet they were frequently compelled to have recourse to *mosaic*. If many of the hexameters of Virgil come down to us as hemistichs, he left them so on account of his dread of *intarsiature*. And Horace, in defiance of his own maxim, has only composed his odes by piecing them, though with infinite skill and workmanship. Galileo forgets these examples. His criticism is incontestable as an abstract truth; but he applies it to Tasso with dogmatical harshness. Frequently his criticisms are nothing but paltry sophisms uttered in abusive language. Galileo was the least envious and the most benevolent of men; a genius to whom Sir Isaac Newton acknowledges many obligations, and who, both as a writer and a philosopher, is ranked by Hume above Lord Bacon: but he affords another proof that the human mind is elevated or degraded by the task on which it is employed, and by its passions and feelings.

Innumerable volumes of affected criticism have been produced by the literary factions, which in Italy are yet called by the names of Ariostisti and Tassisti. The former, like Galileo, marshal phrases against phrases; the latter expound the precepts of Aristotle and Horace in favour of the Gerusalemme. Tasso intended to confine his career within a definite bound. He never allows himself to deviate from the main path, save only on those occasions when he can justify his deviations by their fitness. He measures his strength so as to reach the goal without fatigue, and he becomes more rapid whilst he advances. In the first cantos of his Gerusalemme, we are guided by the poet; in the next series we

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we are invited to proceed; and in the last we are absolutely hurried on with delight. When the Gerusalemme has been once perused with attention, it is presented to the mind like a Grecian temple, of which the entire can be contemplated in a single glance. Additional study is not required to further our comprehension, but it will convince us that the artist gave proportion to his details by maturing his genius with thought and reflection. When the subject is luxuriant, and Tasso feels that his imagination becomes too exalted by the theme, he instantly restrains his fancy. We see him in the car, the steeds 'have quenched their thirst with the fount of Hippocrene, they are fed with flame and air, and their harness is the gift of the sun; but at the instant that they are dashing along the skies he reins them in.'

... Presente odi il nitrito
De' corsieri Dircei; benchè Ippocrene
Li dissetasse, e li pascea dell' aure
Eolo, e prenunzia un' aquila volava,
E de' suoi freni gli adornava il Sole;
Pur que' vaganti alipedi ci contenne.

Tasso is delicate and even scrupulous; he avoids all objects but those which are intrinsically beautiful, and whose grandeur is incontrovertible. The description of the gardens of Armida has been successfully translated and amplified by Spenser; and the English poet has shewn that an admirable effect may be produced by freedom of fancy and unstudied irregularity. But in whatever manner the descriptions of Tasso are imitated, they preserve their primitive beauty. He had not only selected and arranged his materials, but he had settled the place which each was to occupy. Before he wrote a line, he had the poem complete and finished in his mind, like Michael Angelo, who saw the statue in the block of marble lying before him. Compare Rodomonte and Orlando with Soliman and Tancred, and the heroes of romantic chivalry appear gigantic; but they are beings whom other mortals cannot emulate, and as soon as our astonishment ceases, our admiration is checked. But we think longer on the warriors of Tasso, because their characters are more within compass. Argante is an undaunted partisan: the love of glory and hatred of the Christian name are his only passions; his virtues are barbarian pride and candour. But he does not attack an entire army single-handed, like a hero of romance; on the contrary, he prepares himself for his enterprizes with the wary caution of an experienced leader. After the conquest of Jerusalem, he enters a valley where he meets Tancredi, to finish the mortal combat.

Quì si fermano entrambi: e pur sospeso
Volgeasi Argante a la cittade afflitta.
Vede Tancredi che il pagan difeso

Non

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Non è di scudo, e il suo lontano ei gitta.
Poscia lui dice: Or qual pensier t' ha preso?
Pensi che giunta è l' ora tua prescritta?
Se antividendo ciò timido stai,
E il tuo timore intempestivo omai.
Penso (risponde) a la Città del Regno
Di Giudea, antichissima regina
Che vinta or cade! e indarno esser sostegno
Io procurai de la fatal ruina.

Soliman defends himself to the last with dignity and self-devotion. He is fearless in adversity: his dominions are conquered, but he will yet try to defend the religion of his forefathers, and to avenge the faithful soldiers who perished before him in the field of battle. Tasso describes him alone and wounded. He has no hope but in his sword, and no consolation but in the recollection of his glory. He goes up in secret towards Jerusalem and treads upon the corpses of his friends.

Si fè negli occhi allor torbido, e scuro,
E' di doglia il Soldano il volte sparse:
Ahi con quanto dispregio ivi le degne
Mirò giacer sue già temute insegne.
E scorrer lieti i Franchi; e i petti, e i volti
Spesso calcar de' suoi più noti amici,
E con fasto superbo agl' insepolti
L' arme spogliate e gli abiei infelici:
Sospirò dal profondo.

In the chronicles and legends of the middle ages Goffredo appears as a saint. Tasso has availed himself of this attribute, and created a religious hero: Livy and Plutarch give the outlines of this character; but no poet, not even Virgil, has ever delineated it with equal grandeur. Godfrey is invested with all the noble qualities which are worthy of the leader of the chivalry of Christendom. He solicits not the authority which his fellow-warriors are eager to bestow; and he rules but to guide them onwards in the path of pure and virtuous honour. Wise in the camp and valiant in the field, his eager yet prudent courage is excited not for the sake of victory, but for the fulfilment of his vow. The glare of military glory does not delude him, whilst he combats to deliver the sacred tomb: and amidst the turmoil of human passions and the bloodshed of incessant warfare, nought can disturb the sacred calmness of his mind, still wrapt in holy contemplation. The real Rinaldo of history was a knight, but not of 'high emprise,' allied to the family of Este, who is said to have fought in the holy wars. Tasso rescued him from oblivion. Rinaldo was to become the fated hero of the Gerusalemme, and yet Tasso has failed

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failed to sustain him in the epopée. Rinaldo combines the characters of Achilles and Ruggiero. We cannot participate in the partiality which the poet bears towards him, and we see too clearly the endeavours which are made for the purpose of exalting him. Loyalty towards the princes of Ferrara did not ensure their gratitude. The grandfather and the uncle would not even thank Ariosto for his prophecies and praises; and the grandchildren repaid Tasso by disgrace, poverty, and the dungeon. Tancred became the effective hero of the Gerusalemme. Tasso wished to reproduce the image of a true knight of ancient Italy, and he found the original of the portrait in his own heart. The scene of a lover who kills his beloved could not be devoid of interest, but the event is developed with unequalled dignity and pathos; nor could it have been described thus but by one possessing Tasso's elevated mind, and one who had grieved like him. His heroines are rather seducing than affecting, and he has depicted them rather from fancy than from the life. Erminia is perhaps a solitary exception. In fact, Tasso, whose morals were singularly pure, had only a visionary acquaintance with womankind: in his imagination, the woman whom he loved became a deity. Ariosto, who had more experience, knew the nature of women a great deal better. Hence in the Orlando Furioso all the female characters are commanded by their passions. Love exalts them into virtue; scorn impels them to vice, and in either case they proceed to extremes; yet they are consistent in extravagance and impetuosity. But in the Gerusalemme, the tricking jilt Armida loves most violently and most sentimentally. The virtuous Sofronia has no heart: when she is placed with Olindo on the fatal pile which is to consume both, she will not console him by confessing that she loves him. Clorinda, who is susceptible of no passion except the love of military fame, is represented as inspiring the most tender affection. Yet the genius of Tasso triumphs over his conceptions. The death of Clorinda is deeply pathetic; and the pastoral tenderness of Erminia awakens all our sympathies: she becomes the prisoner of Tancred, and she loves him. He, generously, as he supposes, refuses to retain the orphan princess in captivity, and she returns to Jerusalem where she finds no friend but King Aladin, who had been in alliance with her father. When she hears that Tancred has received a dangerous wound, she leaves the city in the dead of the night. In exploring her way, she stops on a hill which overlooks the encampment of the Italian army, and the moon is shining on the tents.

Poi rimirando il campo, ella dicea:
O belle agli occhi miei, tende Latine,

Aura

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Aura spira da voi che mi ricrea
E mi conforta pur che mi avvicine!
. . . . . .
Raccogliete me dunque, e in voi si trove
Quella pietà che mi promise Amore;
E ch'io già vidi prigioniera altrove
Nel mansueto mio dolce signore.'*

The Aminta of Tasso possesses an indescribable charm. Its delicacy and pathos proceeded from his inmost soul. Guarini has given a lively and amplified imitation of this pastoral in his well known *Pastor Fido:* common readers are better pleased with the copy than with the original; but all competent judges (even including Tasso's Italian critics) value the Aminta as a matchless specimen of Italian poetry. We must except an English critic, who considered the Aminta as trash; but this learned gentleman dealt his contempt with wonderful impartiality, for he despised Milton's Lycidas and the Odes of Gray and Pindar. Such sentences are usually pronounced with oracular gravity; and, like all oracles, they are venerated by half their hearers, and laughed at by the other half. The sonnets of Tasso are only inferior to those of Petrarch; and his odes deserve much more attention than has hitherto been bestowed upon them. Two of them are singularly affecting. He addressed one to the Princesses of Ferrara, from his prison. He began the other when he fled without hope, and without a friend, nor had ever the courage to terminate the fragment.†

Tasso composed many philosophical essays, several of which are in dialogue. He gave this form to his disquisitions for the purpose of testifying his admiration of Plato, and also in conformity to the literary fashion of the age. In these argumentative productions, his prose is florid yet majestic. His style is clear; his diction is pure; his thoughts are new and profound; and his mode of reasoning is close and logical. Tasso is worthy of being placed by the side of Dante and Milton. Like them, his erudition was unbounded, his character was dignified; and he adhered to literature in despight of every misfortune which

* 'Beholding then the campe (quoth she) O faire
And castle-like pavilions, richly wrought!
From you how sweet me thinketh blowes the aire,
How comforts it my heart, my soul, my thought!
. . . . . .
Receive me then, and let me mercie finde,
As gentle love assureth me I shall,
Among you had I entertainment kinde,
When first I was the Prince Tancredie's thrall.' *Fairfax.*

† We cannot consult the lyrical works of Tasso. The first ode begins '*O figlie di Renata;*' and the second '*O gran Padre Appenino.*'

can

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can afflict human nature. Disease and poverty, and the malignity of his persecutors, all tended to shorten his days. He died at the age of fifty-one. If we were not assured of this fact, the number and variety of his writings would induce us to suppose that he had enjoyed a long and tranquil life: but he found no friend and no resource except his pen. His feelings were too intense, and his intellectual labours too incessant. He knew the sorrows which he was bringing down upon his own head, when he composed the Aminta; he was then in his thirtieth year. He was aware that the world would consider him as a madman. 'Aye,' said he, speaking of himself, under the name of Tirsi, 'He wanders in the woods—he is distracted because his heart is consumed by fire—they pity him, and yet they laugh at him; but if they laugh at his actions, they will not dare to ridicule his writings.' In his letters to his friends, he repeats, 'solitude is my most dangerous enemy.' Meditating upon religion, he often drew inferences which terrified him, and then he would hasten to the Inquisitor and denounce himself, and humbly crave absolution. The rank of his mistress inspired him with awe. The ideas which he had formed respecting the exalted virtue of the female sex were unearthly and unnatural; he therefore withered away beneath the influence of hopeless love; nor did he find a remedy either in experience or in despair. Conscious of his superior excellence, and honestly proud of his noble birth, he was incessantly fretted and galled by poverty and dependance. 'Pur son gentilhuomo,' he exclaims with sorrowful indignation, in a letter written after he had been villanously treated by the orders of the duke. In great minds, the desire of attaining perfection is at once inherent and injurious; and he was always wrestling with his own spirit. Tasso kept up a voluminous correspondence with the learned of his age. He solicited their advice; and in these communications he unguardedly indicated many of the grounds of the evil judgments which were afterwards passed upon his poem. He would not submit to the whims and caprices of his literary contemporaries: they attacked him in return with the very weapons which he had placed in their hands; and not confining their attacks to his immortal poem, they goaded him to the quick. In all things he was too unsuspicious and unguarded; and his candour was repaid by malice and treachery. At length, in his old age, his sufferings convinced him of the necessity of caution, and then he became more unhappy than before; for he could not live without confidence and friendship. Tasso never learnt to sustain contempt: this was another ceaseless source of misery to him. He dreaded lest his passions should gain the mastery; he was ever anxious to curb his impetuous imagination; and he cherished a fierce and devouring flame in the inmost

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most recesses of his soul. Thus also the fire of his fancy is concentrated in his veins: its glow is not always visible, and yet we feel a genial unextinguishable warmth.

Tasso thought that he had written only for the erudite. He died,—and they were earnestly contesting the merits of his poem, and they yet continue the wordy war. But during two centuries the verses of the bard of Palestine have cheered the humble toils of the peasant and the fisherman, and the gondolier.

Not many years ago we met a gang of galley-slaves near Leghorn, who

> 'Chain'd down at sea beneath the bitter thong,
> To the hard bench and heavy oar so long,' *Rogers.*

were returning at night-fall from their labours. They were chained two and two, and as they passed slowly along the shore, they sang the Litany with sorrowful devotion, but in the verses in which Tasso has clothed the prayer of praises and supplication chaunted by the army of the Crusaders when proceeding to battle.

> Nè s' udian trombe o suoni altri feroci;
> Ma di pietate, e d' umiltà sol voci:
> E ne suonan le valli ime e profonde,
> E gli alti colli, e le spelonche loro
> E da ben mille parti Eco risponde;
> Sì chiaramente replicar s' udia
> Or di Cristo il gran nome, or di Maria.
> . . . . . .
> Sommessi accenti, e tacite parole,
> Rotti singulti, e flebili sospiri
> Della gente che in un s' allegra e duole
> Fan che per l' aria un mormorio s' aggiri.'

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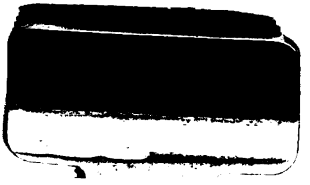

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